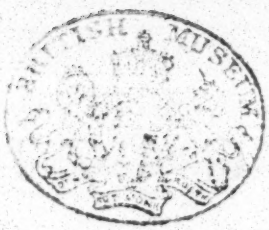
# THE BEAUTIES OF THE MAGAZINES.

VOL. II.



# THE BEAUTIES OF THE MAGAZINES, AND OTHER PERIODICAL WORKS,

Selected for a Series of Years:

CONSISTING OF

ESSAYS, MORAL TALES, CHARACTERS, and other Fugitive Pieces, in Proſe;

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Some ESSAYS by D. HUME, Eſq;

Not inſerted in the late Editions of his Works:

With many other miſcellaneous Productions of equal Merit.

*None of theſe Pieces are to be found in the Works that paſs under the Names of the above Authors.*

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VOL. II.

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ALTENBURGH.

Printed for GOTTLOB EMANUEL RICHTER.

MDCCLXXV.

# BEAUTIES

## OF THE

# MAGAZINES.

### DISTEMPERS of the MIND cured.

SIR,

BEING bred to the ſtudy of phyſic, and having obſerved, with ſorrow and regret, that whatever ſucceſs the faculty may meet with in bodily diſtempers, they are generally baffled by diſtempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief ſubject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profeſſion, I have had a tolerable ſhare of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of ſome extraordinary cures I have performed will furniſh me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myſelf, but as an act of juſtice to the public, to inſert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buſkin, taylor, was horribly infected with the itch of ſtage-playing, to the grievous diſcomfiture of his wife, and the great de-

triment of nine ſmall children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theaters to admit him for a ſingle night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly diſtinguiſhed himſelf; when, having ſecured a ſeat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *ſinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever ſince betaken himſelf quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of ſo choleric a temper, and ſo extremely apt to think himſelf affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the noſe, and adminiſtered the proper application behind; and he is now ſo good-humoured, that he will take the groſſeſt affront imaginable without ſhewing the leaſt reſentment.

The Rev. Mr. Puff, a methodiſt preacher, was ſo extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himſelf into a conſumption. By my intereſt with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reaſonable income; and he now behaves himſelf like a regular divine of the eſtabliſhed church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that ſhe was with child. I adviſed her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a huſband; and ſhe has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind ſince.

Mr.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a ſolitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low ſpirited in an eaſterly wind. I nailed his weathercock to a weſterly point; and at preſent, whichſoever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Eſq; was ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed by the ſpirit of witticiſm, that he would not condeſcend to open his lips for any thing leſs than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been ſo deplorably dull, that he has often been ſilent a whole week together. I took him into my own houſe; inſtead of laughing at his jeſts, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without ſpeaking, he began to ſpeak without thinking; at preſent he never ſays a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewiſe cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunſtable larks; and could ſend you many other remarkable inſtances of the efficacy of my preſcriptions; but theſe are ſufficient for a ſpecimen.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

R. D.

## Character of a CHOICE SPIRIT.

SIR,

THAT a tradeſman has no buſineſs with humour, unleſs perhaps in the way of his dealing, or with writing, unleſs in his ſhop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will diſpute with me. I am ſo unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a Grocer, is in danger of abſolute ruin by his ambition of being a Wit; and having forſaken his counter for *Comus's Court*, and dignified himſelf with the appellation of a *Choice Spirit*, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Inſtead of diſtributing his ſhop-bills as he ought, he waſtes a dozen in a morning, by ſcribbling ſhreds of his nonſenſe upon the back of them; and, a few days ſince, affronted an alderman, his beſt cuſtomer, by ſending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had juſt written, called, *The Citizen outwitted, or a Bob for the Manſion-Houſe.*

He is likewiſe a regular frequenter of the play-houſes, and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their reſpective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, within a mile of Covent-garden, but has had his head, or his lantern, broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turn-

I turned into his ſhop this morning, and had no ſooner ſet my foot upon the threſhold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himſelf into an attitude, as he calls it, and aſked me, in the words of ſome play that I remember to have ſeen formerly, "Whether I was *a ſpirit of health, or a goblin* "*damn'd?*" I told him, he was an undutiful young dog for daring to accoſt his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him ſpeak like a Chriſtian, and a reaſonable perſon. Inſtead of being ſenſible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fiſt, and pitched it upon his head again, ſaid, I was a dry old fellow, and ſhould certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the ſame time he thruſt a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, aſſured me, that Mr. *Twiſter* himſelf would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and ſo prodigiouſly droll, that though he had heard him ſing the ſame ſongs, and repeat the ſame ſtories, a thouſand times, he could ſtill attend to him with as much pleaſure as at firſt. I caſt my eye over the liſt, and can recollect the following items:

*To all true lovers of fun and jocularity.*

"Mr. *Twiſter* will this evening take off a cat, "worried by two bull-dogs; *ditto*, making love in a "gutter; the knife-grinder and his wheel; High-"Dutch ſquabble; and a hog in a ſlaughterhouſe."

I aſſured

I aſſured him, that ſo far from having any reliſh for theſe deteſtable noiſes, the more they reſembled the originals, the leſs I ſhould like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, ſhould at leaſt be wiſe enough to ſtop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taſte, by the elevation of his eye-brows and a ſignificant ſhrug of his ſhoulders, he thruſt his fore-finger againſt the inſide of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noiſe which very much reſembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this ſignal he meant to aſk me, if I choſe a whet? I gave my conſent by a ſulky kind of nod, and walked into the back room, as much aſhamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himſelf. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other ſide of the ſtreet, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment conſiſted, and have ſelected theſe, as the moſt material from among them:

On one of the ſconces by the chimney: A ſmart grizzle bob wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt, and bag-fronted:

On the oppoſite ſconce: A ſcratch.

On the window-ſeat: A Nankin waiſtcoat, bound with ſilver twiſt, without ſkirts or pockets, ſtained with red wine, and pretty much ſhrunk.

*Item*, A pair of buck-ſkin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart bottle, chipt and ground into a ſmooth

ſmooth ring, very fit to be uſed as a ſpying-glaſs by thoſe who never want one.

*Item*, A red pluſh frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket ſtuffed with orange-peel, and the other with ſquare bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a ſhower.

In the corner: A walking ſtaff, not portable.

*Item*, A ſmall ſwitch.

On the head of the bureau: A letter caſe, containing a play-bill, and a quack bill; a copy of verſes, being an encomium upon Mr. *Twiſter;* another of four lines, which he calls a diſtich; and a third, very much blotted and ſcratched, and yet not finiſhed, entitled, *An Extempore Epigram.*

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I ſat down before the fire, to deviſe, if poſſible, ſome expedient to reclaim him; when, on a ſudden, a ſound like the braying of an aſs, at my elbow, alarmed me to ſuch a degree, that I ſtarted from my ſeat in an inſtant, and, to my further aſtoniſhment, beheld my nephew, almoſt black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that reſpectable animal: I was ſo exaſperated at this freſh inſtance of his folly, that I told him haſtily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never ſee his face again, till he ſhould think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himſelf and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and, having advanced

vanced into the middle of the ſtreet, fell to clapping his ſides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmoſt vehemence, and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately reſolved to ſend you an account of his abſurdities, and ſhall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is bleſt with ſuch a variety of uſeful talents, and ſo completely accompliſhed as a *Choice Spirit*, I ſhall not do him the injury to conſider him as a tradeſman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any aſſiſtance in his buſineſs.

I am, Sir, *&c.*

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## A CITIZENS FAMILY ſetting out for BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

SIR,

THAT there are many diſorders peculiar to the preſent age, which were entirely unknown to our forefathers, will, I believe, be agreed by all phyſicians, eſpecially as they find an increaſe of their fees from them. For inſtance, in the language of the advertiſement, "Never were nervous diſor-"ders more frequent:" we can hardly meet with a lady, who is not *na-a-a-arvous* to the laſt degree, though our mothers and grandmothers ſcarce ever heard the word *Nerves:* the gentlemen too are

*affectated*

*affectated* in the ſame manner; and even in the country, this diſorder has ſpread like the ſmall-pox, and infected whole villages. I have known a farmer toſs off a glaſs of brandy in a morning to prevent his hand ſhaking, while his wife has been obliged to have recourſe to the ſame cordial with her tea, becauſe it otherwiſe would make her low ſpirited. But there is an epidemical diſorder, that was formerly quite unknown, and even now wants a name, which ſeizes whole families here in town at this ſeaſon of the year. As I cannot define it, I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe or account for it: but one would imagine, that the people were all bit by a mad dog, as the ſame remedy is thought neceſſary. In a word, of whatever nature the complaint may be, it is imagined that nothing will remove it, but ſpending the ſummer months in ſome dirty fiſhing-town by the ſeaſhore; and the water is judged to be moſt efficacious, where there is the greateſt reſort of afflicted perſons.

I called upon a friend the other morning, in the city, pretty early, about buſineſs, when I was ſurprized to ſee a coach and four at the door, which the 'prentice and book-keeper were loading with trunks, portmanteaus, baſkets, and bandboxes. The front glaſs was ſcreened by two round paper hat-caſes hung up before it; againſt one door was placed a guittar-caſe; and a red ſattin cardinal, lined and edged with fur, was pinned againſt the other; while the extremities of an enormous hoop-petticoat reſted upon each window. Theſe preparations were

were undoubtedly for a journey; and when I came in, I found the family were equipped accordingly. The lady-mother was dreſſed in a Joſeph of ſcarlet duffil, buttoned down from the breaſt to the feet, with a black ſilk bonnet, tied down to her head with a white handkerchief: little miſs, about ſixteen years of age, had a blue camblet jacket, cuffed and lapelled with pink ſattin, with a narrow edging of ſilver lace, a black beaver hat, covered on the outſide with white ſhag, and cocked behind, with a ſilver button and loop, and a blue feather. The old gentleman had very little particular in his dreſs, as he wore his uſual pompadourcoloured coat with gilt buttons; only he had added to it a ſcarlet cloth waiſtcoat, with a broad tarniſhed gold lace, which was made when he was choſen of the common-council. Upon my entrance, I naturally aſked them, if they were going into the country; to which the old lady replied in the affirmative, at the ſame time aſſuring me, that ſhe was ſorry to take Mr.——from his buſineſs, but ſhe was obliged to it on account of her health. "Health;" ſays the old gentleman, "I don't underſtand your "whim-whams, not I: here has it coſt me the lord "knows what in doctors ſtuff already, without your "being a pin the better for it; and now you muſt "lug me and all the family to Brighthelmſtone." "Why, my dear," ſaid the lady, "you know "Dr.——tells me, there is nothing will do my "*ſpirits* ſo much good as bathing in the ſea." "The ſea!" ſaid the old gentleman; "why then "could

"could not you have taken lodgings at Graveſend, "where I might have eaſily come in the evening, "and gone back time enough for 'Change in the "morning?" The good lady told him, that he had no taſte, that people of the beſt faſhion went to Brighthelmſtone, and that it was high time their girl ſhould ſee a little of the world. To this miſs aſſented, by declaring, that indeed ſhe had been no where but to the play, and the Caſtle-concert, ſince ſhe had left the boardingſchool. Both the females then aſked me an hundred queſtions, ſuch as, whether the ſea looked green, and how much bigger it was than the Thames,—till the maid gave them notice that every thing was put up. Accordingly I ſaw them into the coach; and the old lady did not forget to take the pug-dog with her, who, ſhe declared, ſhould go every morning into the ſea, as ſhe had been told it was good for the mange.

I cannot but agree with my city friend, that lodgings at Graveſend would anſwer all the common purpoſes of a jaunt to Brighthelmſtone; for though one pretence for viſiting theſe places is *going into the country*, people in fact do not leave town, but rather carry London with them. Their way of living is exactly the ſame as here, and their amuſements not very different. They ſuffer themſelves to be mewed up in a little dirty lodging, with not half ſo good a proſpect, or ſo good an air, as in the high road at Iſlington or Knightsbridge. Their mornings are drauled away, with perhaps

perhaps a ſaunter upon the beach, which commands the delightful view of half a dozen hoys, and as many fiſhing-ſmacks; and if it was not for a lounge at the coffee-houſe, or the bookſeller's, they would be at a loſs how to fill up the vacant hours till dinner. The evenings would hang no leſs heavy on their hands, but for the ingenious contrivance of the aſſembly-room; where, inſtead of enjoying the cool temperature of the open air, they chooſe to ſwelter in a croud, and be almoſt ſuffocated with their own breaths. Add to this the refreſhing *ſummer* diverſion of jigging to the delightful muſic of country ſcrapers,—to ſay nothing of the calmer and leſs ſudorific exerciſe of the card-table. But what is moſt ridiculous, is the attention paid to dreſs in theſe public retirements, where a gentleman or a lady is expected to appear as gay as at court, or at Ranelagh; conſequently, as ſoon as you arrive at them, you have bills civilly thruſt into your hands, acquainting you, that there is ſuch an one, a millener, and ſuch an one, an hair-dreſſer, *from London.*

I am,

A ſincere well-wiſher to your paper, *&c.*

ANTHONY FRESHWATER.

Character

## Character of a MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF MAN.

SIR,

I HAVE always thought your Mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwiſe may as well paſs over what follows.

The good qualities of a Mighty good kind of man, if he has any, are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of ſenſe and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himſelf. If he writes to you, though you have but the ſlighteſt acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, Good Sir, your ever ſincere "and affectionate friend, and moſt obedient hum-"ble ſervant." You may generally find him in company with older perſons than himſelf, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You obſerve "very right, Sir," for every word that is ſaid; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear them-

ſelves talk, makes him paſs for a Mighty ſenſible and diſcerning, as well as a Mighty good kind of man. It is ſo familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got ſuch a habit of aſſenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known ſuch a one, after having approved an obſervation made by one of the company, aſſent with a "What you ſay is very juſt," to an oppoſite ſentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himſelf five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal, and favourite topic of a Mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine ſun-ſhine, or it rains, ſnows, hails, or freezes, all in the ſame hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be Eaſt, Weſt, North, or South, South Eaſt and by Eaſt, or in any point in the compaſs, or any point not in the compaſs, juſt as you pleaſe. This, in a ſtage-coach, makes him a Mighty agreeable companion, as well as a Mighty good kind of man. He is ſo civil, and ſo well-bred, that he would keep you ſtanding half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would ſtep into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not ſuffer a glaſs of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would ſooner riſe hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, leſt

he

ſhould offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toaſt her fireſide. He is ſure to take notice of little maſter and miſs, when they appear after dinner, and is very aſſiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raiſins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpoſe. This of courſe recommends him to mama's eſteem; and he is not only a Mighty good kind of man, but ſhe is certain he would make a Mighty good huſband.

No man is half ſo happy in his friendſhips. Almoſt every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a Mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of theſe good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and I believe he pulled off his hat to every third perſon we met, with a "How do you do, my "dear Sir?" though, I found, he hardly knew the names of five of theſe intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another Mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not ſeen one another for many years, by their mutual expreſſions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a deſign of oppoſing each other, but through eagerneſs to approve what each other ſaid. I caught them frequently, crying, "Yes," together, and "Very true," "You are very right, "my dear Sir;" and at laſt, having exhauſted their

favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vaſt pleaſure of an agreeable evening with the other very ſoon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Weſtminſter, a Mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his ſchoolfellows, that was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means ſhe knew who did all the miſchief in the houſe. He always finiſhed his exerciſe before he went to play: you could never find a falſe concord in his proſe, or a falſe quantity in his verſe; and he made huge amends for the want of ſenſe and ſpirit in his compoſitions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a ſcholar, you muſt allow, he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the univerſity he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was conſtant at prayers night and morning, never miſſed gates, or the hall at mealtimes, was regular in his academical exerciſes, and took pride in appearing, on all occaſions, with maſters of arts; and he was happy, beyond meaſure, in being acquainted with ſome of the heads of houſes, who were glad through him to know what paſſed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was univerſally eſteemed by the ſenior part, to be a Mighty good kind of young man; and this even, placid turn of mind has recommended him to no ſmall preferment in the church.

We

We may obſerve, when theſe Mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people ſeldom examine, procures them a much better ſubſiſtence, and a more reputable ſituation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwiſe intitle them to. Though they are ſeldom advanced very high, yet, if ſuch a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a Mighty polite, as well as a Mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being ſuch a Mighty good kind of man will make the attornies ſupply him with ſpecial pleadings or bills and anſwers to draw, as he is ſufficiently qualified by his ſlow genius to be a dray-horſe of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbiſhop, yet, if he is admitted of the Medical College in Warwick lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profeſſion, as the ſucceſs of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hyſterical young ones, whimſical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a perſon ſo much, as his being a Mighty good kind of man.

I muſt own, that a good man, and a man of ſenſe, certainly ſhould have every thing that this *kind* of man has; yet, if he poſſeſſes no more, much is wanting to finiſh and complete his cha-

racter. Many are deceived by French paſte: it has the luſtre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardneſs, the eſſential property of this valuable jewel, diſcovers the counterfeit, and ſhews it to be of no intrinſic value whatſoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a noſe, as to expect to find a valuable man without ſenſibility and underſtanding. But it often happens, that theſe Mighty good kind of men are wolves in ſheep's cloathing; that their want of parts is ſupplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the ſhort-ſighted and unwary.

Where this is not the caſe, I cannot help thinking that theſe *kind* of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjuſt ſtewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable ſervants; and I would recommend, that this harmleſs, inoffenſive, inſipid, Mighty good kind of man ſhould be married to a character of a very different ſtamp, the Mighty good ſort of Woman—an account of whom I ſhall give you in a day or two.

N.

I am your humble ſervant, &c.

## CHARACTER OF A MIGHTY GOOD SORT OF WOMAN.

I SUPPOSE the female part of my readers are very impatient to ſee the character of a Mighty good ſort of woman; and doubtleſs every Mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what ſort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The Mighty good ſort of woman is civil without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wiſhes to be thought every thing ſhe is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing ſhe really is. If you will take her word, ſhe deteſts ſcandal from her heart; yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a ſignificant ſhrug of her ſhoulders, and ſhake of her head, ſhe confeſſes, "It is too true, and the "whole town ſays the ſame thing." She is the moſt compaſſionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one perſon, and *ſorry* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half ſentences, and does more miſchief with a *may be*, and *I'll ſay no more*, than ſhe could do by ſpeaking out. She confirms the truth of any ſtory more by her fears and doubts, than if ſhe had given proof poſitive; though ſhe always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwiſe."

One principal buſineſs of a Mighty good ſort of woman is the regulation of families; and ſhe ex-

tends a viſitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which ſhe is ſure to foment and increaſe by pretending to ſettle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to ſide with one againſt the other. She has a moſt penetrating and diſcerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their ſecrets, that ſhe may reveal them. If a man happens to ſtay out too late in the evening, ſhe is ſure to rate him handſomely the next time ſhe ſees him, and takes ſpecial care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad huſband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, ſhe will keep the poor huſband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has alſo the entire diſpoſal of the children in her own hands, and can diſinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a ſtate of celibacy, juſt as ſhe pleaſes: ſhe fixes the lad's pocket-money at ſchool, and allowance at the univerſity; and has ſent many an untoward boy to ſea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refuſal depends ſolely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a profeſſed rake, another a ſly ſinner; and ſhe frequently tells the girl, "'Tis "time enough to marry yet," till at laſt there is nobody

nobody will have her. But the moſt favourite occupation of a Mighty good ſort of woman is, the ſuperintendance of the ſervants: ſhe proteſts, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are ſluts, and good-for-nothing huſſies. In her own family ſhe takes care to ſeparate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the houſe; theſe are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his rooſting-place in the kitchen, or is ſtuffed into the turn-up ſeat in the paſſage, cloſe to the ſtreet-door. She riſes at five in the ſummer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, *&c.* and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the maſters and miſtreſſes, wherever ſhe ſees, or rather imagines, this to be practiſed. She has cauſed many a man-ſervant to loſe his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dreſſing at the men*, as ſhe calls it, looking out at the window, or ſtanding at the ſtreet-door, in a ſummer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-ſiſters, all Mighty good ſort of women, who, to prevent any ill conſequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the riſk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother, or a male couſin, be ſuffered to viſit them.

A diſtinguiſhing mark of a Mighty good ſort of woman is, her extraordinary pretenſions to religion:

gion: ſhe never miſſes church twice a day, in order to take note of thoſe who are abſent; and ſhe is always lamenting the decay of piety in theſe days. With ſome of them the good Dr. Whitefield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths; and they look upon the whole bench of biſhops to be very Jews in compariſon of theſe ſaints. The Mighty good ſort of woman is alſo very charitable in outward appearance; for, though ſhe would not relieve a family in the utmoſt diſtreſs, ſhe deals out her half-pence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and ſhe is eternally ſoliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though ſhe herſelf will not give ſix-pence to any one of them. An univerſal benevolence is another characteriſtic of a Mighty good ſort of woman, which renders her, as ſtrange as it may ſeem, of a moſt unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, ſhe bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradeſman has diſobliged her, the honeſteſt man in all the world becomes the moſt arrant rogue; and ſhe cannot reſt till ſhe has perſuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herſelf. Every one is with her "The beſt creature in the "univerſe," while they are intimate; but upon any ſlight difference——"Oh—ſhe was vaſtly miſtaken "in the perſons;—ſhe thought them good ſort of "bodies—but—ſhe has done with them;—other "people will find them out as well as herſelf:—— "that's all the harm ſhe wiſhes them."——

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As the Mighty good ſort of woman differ from each other, according to their age and ſituation in life, I ſhall endeavour to point out their ſeveral marks, by which we may diſtinguiſh them. And firſt, for the moſt common character:—If ſhe happens to be of that neutral ſex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal geſture, and the ſee-ſaw motion of her head in converſation. Though a moſt rigid Proteſtant, her religion ſavours very much of the Roman Catholic, as ſhe holds that almoſt every one muſt be damned except herſelf. But the leaven that runs moſtly through her whole compoſition is a deteſtation of that odious creature, man, whom ſhe affects to loath as much as ſome people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation ſhe cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it muſt be ſuppoſed, that ſhe can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the Mighty good ſort of body is young and unmarried, beſides the uſual tokens, you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her ſiſters, ſnapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one ſhe is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a Mighty diſcreet kind of body; and as ſhe affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her ſiſters, are not married before her, which ſhe would look upon as the greateſt mortification that could happen to her. Among the Mighty good ſort of women in wedlock, we muſt not

not reckon the tame domeſtic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her houſe, and be obliging to her huſband. On the contrary, ſhe is negligent of her home-affairs, and ſtudies to recommend herſelf more abroad than in her own houſe. If ſhe pays a regular round of viſits, if ſhe behaves decently at the card-table, if ſhe is ready to come into any party of pleaſure, if ſhe pays no regard to her huſband, and puts her children out to nurſe, ſhe is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but ſhe is——a Mighty good ſort of woman.

As I diſpoſed of the Mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I ſhould find out a proper match alſo for the Mighty good ſort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if ſhe is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character ſhe loves beſt at her heart:—or, if ſhe is a Mighty young, Mighty handſome, Mighty rich, as well as a Mighty good ſort of woman, I will marry her myſelf, as I am unfortunately a bachelor.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant, *&c.*

## On the affected STRANGENESS of ſome MEN OF QUALITY.

SIR,

AS you are a mighty good kind of man, and ſeem willing to ſet your preſs to any ſubject whereby the vices or follies of your countrymen may be corrected or amended, I beg leave to offer you the following remarks on the extraordinary, yet common, behaviour of ſome part of our nobility towards their ſometimes intimate, though inferior acquaintance.

It is no leſs common than extraordinary, to meet a nobleman in London, who ſtares you full in the face, and ſeems quite a ſtranger to it; with whom you have ſpent the preceding ſummer at Harwich or Brighthelmſtone; with whom you have often dined; who has often ſingled you out, and taken you under his arm, to accompany him with a *tête à tête* walk; who has accoſted you, all the ſummer, by your ſurname, but, in the winter, does not remember either your name, or any feature in your face.

I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the pain ſuch right honourable behaviour, at firſt meeting it, gives to a man of ſenſibility and ſentiment, nor the contempt he muſt conceive for ſuch ennobled beings. Another claſs of theſe right honourable intimates

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are indeed ſo far condeſcending, as to ſubmit to own you a little, if it be in a corner of the ſtreet; or even in the Park, if it be at a diſtance from any *real good company*. Their porters will even let you into their houſes, if my lord has no company; and they themſelves will receive you very civilly, but will ſhun you a few hours after, at Court, as a pick-pocket, though you be a man of good ſenſe, good family, and good character, for having no other blemiſh than that your modeſty or diffidence perhaps has occaſioned your being a long time in the army, without attaining the rank of a general, or at the law, without being called within the bar. I could recite many inſtances of this kind of polite high-breeding, that every man of little ſtation, who has been a quality-broker, has often experienced; but I ſhall wave that, and conclude by ſhewing you, how certainly to avoid ſuch contempt, and even decoy his lordſhip out of his walk to take notice of you, who would not have known you, had you continued in his.

The method is this: ſuppoſe we ſee my lord coming towards Spring-garden, under Marlborough-garden-walk; inſtead of meeting him, approach ſo near only, that you are certain, from the convexity of his eye, for they are all very near-ſighted, that he ſees you, and that he is certain you ſee and know him. This done, walk deliberately to the other ſide of the Mall, and my life for it, his lordſhip either trots over to you, or calls you, by your ſurname, to him. His pride is alarmed;

alarmed; he cannot conceive the reaſon, why one, he has all along conſidered would be proud of the leaſt mark of his countenance, ſhould avoid taking an even chance for ſo great an honour as a bow or a nod.—But I would not be underſtood, that his lordſhip is not much offended at you, though he make you a viſit the next day, and never did before, in order to drop you for ever after, leſt you ſhould him. This is not conjecture, but what I have often put in practice with ſucceſs, if any ſucceſs, it is to be ſo noticed; and as a further proof of it, I do aſſure you, I had once the honour of being ſometimes known to, and by, ſeveral lords, and loſt all their friendſhip, becauſe I would not let them know me at one time very intimately, at another, not at all—for which loſs I do not at all find myſelf the worſe.

I am your humble ſervant,

A PLEBEIAN.

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## On the ARROGANCE of younger Brothers of QUALITY.

SIR,

THOUGH it is commonly ſaid, that pride and contempt for inferiors are ſtrongly implanted in the breaſts of our nobility, it muſt be allowed, that their politeneſs and good-breeding render it, in general, imperceptible; and, as one may well ſay,

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He that has pride, not ſhewing that he's proud,
Let me not know it, he's not proud at all.

One may alſo affirm, with truth, of the Britiſh nobility, that he who has no pride at all, cannot ſhew leſs than they do. They treat the meaneſt ſubject with the greateſt affability, and take pains to make every perſon they converſe with forget the diſtance that there is between him and them.

As the younger brothers, and other near relations of the nobility, have the ſame education, and the ſame examples ever before their eyes, one might expect to ſee in them the ſame affable behaviour, the ſame politeneſs. But, ſtrange as it is, nothing is more different than the behaviour of my lord, and my lord's brother. The latter you generally ſee proud, inſolent, and overbearing, as if he poſſeſſed all the wealth and honour of the family. One might imagine from his behaviour, that the pride of the family, like the eſtates in ſome boroughs, always deſcended to the younger brother. I have known one of theſe young noblemen, with no other fortune than this younger brother's inheritance, above marrying a rich merchant's daughter, becauſe he would not diſgrace himſelf with a plebeian alliance; and rather chooſe to give his hand to a lady Betty, or a lady Charlotte, with nothing but her title for her portion.

I know a younger brother in a noble family, who, twelve years ago, was ſo regardleſs of his birth, as to deſire my lord his father to ſend him

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to a merchant's counting-houſe for his education: but, though he has now one of the beſt houſes of buſineſs of any in Leghorn, and is already able to buy his father's eſtate, his brothers and ſiſters will not acknowledge him as a relation, and do not ſcruple to deny his being their brother at the expence of their lady-mother's reputation.

It always raiſes my mirth to hear with what contempt theſe younger brothers of quality ſpeak of perſons in the three learned profeſſions, even thoſe at the top of each. The bench of biſhops are never diſtinguiſhed by them with any higher appellation, than *thoſe parſons:* and when they ſpeak of the judges, and thoſe who hold the firſt places in the courts of juſtice, to a gentleman at the bar, they ſay—*your lawyers:* and the doctors Heberden, Addington, and Aſkew, are, in their genteel dialect, called—*theſe phyſical people.* Trade is ſuch a diſgrace, that there is no difference with them between the higheſt and loweſt that are concerned in it; they rank the greateſt merchants among common tradeſmen, as they can ſee no difference between a counting-houſe and a chandler's ſhop. They think the run of their father's or their brother's kitchen a more genteel means of ſubſiſtence than what is afforded by any calling or occupation whatſoever, except the army or the navy; as if no body was deſerving enough of the honour to cut a Frenchman's throat, but perſons of the firſt rank and diſtinction.

As I live ſo far from the polite end of the town as Bedford-Row, I undergo much decent raillery on that account, whenever I have the honour of a viſit from one of theſe younger brothers of quality: he wonders who makes my wigs, my cloaths, and my liveries: he praiſes the furniture of my houſe, and allows my equipage to be handſome; but declares he diſcovers more of expence than taſte in either: he can diſcover that Hallet is not my upholſterer, and that my chariot was not made by Butler: in ſhort, I find he thinks one might as well compare the Banquetting-houſe at Whitehall with the Manſion-houſe for elegance, as to look for that in Bedford-Row, which can only be found about St. James's. He will not touch any thing at my table but a piece of mutton: he is ſo cloyed with made diſhes, that a plain joint is a rarity: my claret too, though it comes from Meſſ. Brown and Whitefoord, and no otherwiſe differs from my lord's than in being bought for ready money, is but by for my Port. Though he politely hobs or nobs with my wife, he does it as if I had married my cook; and ſhe is further mortified with ſeeing her carpet treated with as little ceremony as if it was an oil-cloth. If, after dinner, one of her damaſk chairs has the honour of his lordly breech, another is indulged with the favour of raiſing his leg. To any gentleman who drinks to this man of faſhion, he is his moſt obedient humble ſervant, without bending his body, or looking to ſee who does him this honour. If any perſon, even under

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the degree of a knight, ſpeaks to him, he will condeſcend to ſay Yes or No; but he is as likely as Sir Francis Wronghead to ſay the one when he ſhould ſay the other. If I preſume to talk about any change in the miniſtry before him, he diſcovers great ſurprize at my ignorance, and wonders that we, at this end of the town, ſhould differ ſo much from the people about Groſvenor-ſquare. We are abſolutely, according to him, as little alike as if we were not of the ſame ſpecies; and I find, it is as much impoſſible for us to know what paſſes at court, as if we lived at Rotherhithe or Wapping. I have very frequent opportunities of contemplating the different treatment I receive from him and his elder brother. My lord, from whom I have received many favours, behaves to me as if he was the perſon obliged; while his lordſhip's brother, who has conferred no favour on me but borrowing my money, which he never intends to pay, behaves as if he was the creditor, and the debt was a forlorn one.

The inſolence which is ſo much complained of among noblemens ſervants, is not difficult to account for: ignorance, idleneſs, high-living, and a conſciouſneſs of the dignity of the noble perſon they ſerve, added to the example of my lord's brother, whom they find no leſs dependent in the family than themſelves, will naturally make them arrogant and proud. But this conduct in the younger brother muſt for ever remain unaccountable. I have been endeavouring to ſolve this phe-

nomenon to myſelf, ever ſince the following occurrence happened to me.

When I came to ſettle in town, about five-and twenty years ago, I was ſtrongly recommended to a noble peer, who promiſed to aſſiſt me. On my arrival, I waited upon his lordſhip, and was told by the porter, with an air of great indifference, that he was not at home; and I was very near receiving the door in my face, when I was going to acquaint this civil perſon, that I had a letter in my pocket for his lord: upon my producing it, he ſaid I might leave it; and immediately ſnatched it from me. I called again the next day, and found, to my great ſurprize, a ſomewhat better reception from my friend the porter, who immediately, as I heard afterwards, by order from his lord, introduced me into the library. When I entered, I ſaw a gentleman in an armed chair reading a pamphlet, whom, as I did not know him, I took for my lord himſelf, eſpecially as he did not riſe from his chair, or ſo much as offer to look towards me, on my entering. I immediately addreſſed myſelf to him with—"My lord"—but was inſtantly told by him, without taking his eyes from the pamphlet, that his brother was dreſſing: he read on, and left me to contemplate the ſituation I was in, that if I had been treated with ſo much contempt from the porter and my lord's brother, what muſt I expect from my noble patron? While I was thus reflecting, in comes a gentleman, running up to me, and, taking me cordially by the hand, ſaid, He was heartily glad

glad to ſee me. I was greatly diſtreſſed to know how to behave. I could not imagine this to be his lordſhip who was ſo affable and courteous, and I could not ſuppoſe it was any body who meant to inſult me. My anxiety was removed by his pulling out the letter I had left, and ſaying, "He was "very happy that it was in his power to comply "with the contents of it;" at the ſame time introducing me to his brother, as a gentleman he was happy to know. This younger brother aroſe from his chair with great indifference; and, taking me cooly by the hand, ſaid, "He ſhould be proud of ſo "valuable an acquaintance;" and, reſuming his ſeat, proceeded to finiſh his pamphlet. Upon taking leave, my lord renewed his former declaration; but his brother was too intent on his reading to obſerve the bow made to him by the valuable acquaintance he a few minutes before profeſſed himſelf ſo proud of.

I am not ignorant, however, that there are many younger brothers to peers, who acknowledge, with much concern, the truth of what has been ſaid, and are ready to allow, that, in too many families of diſtinction, the younger brother is not the finer gentleman.

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I am,

Your humble ſervant, *&c.*

## PERSONS of QUALITY proved to be TRADERS.

I ALWAYS reflect with pleaſure, that ſtrong as the fondneſs of imitating the French has been among people of faſhion, they have not yet introduced among us their contempt for trade. A French marquis, who has nothing to boaſt of but his high birth, would ſcorn to take a merchant's daughter by the hand in wedlock, though her father ſhould be as rich as the Buſſy of the Eaſt Indies; as if a Frenchman was only to be valued, like a black-pudding, for the goodneſs of his blood; while our nobility not only go into the city for a wife, but ſend their younger ſons to a merchant's counting-houſe for education. But, I confeſs, I never conſidered, till very lately, how far they have from time to time departed from this French folly in their eſteem for trade; and I find, that the greateſt part of our nobility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even ſhopkeepers.

In the firſt place, we may conſider many of our nobility in the ſame light with Beaver or Henſon, or any other keepers of repoſitories. The breeding of running-horſes is become a favourite traffic among them; and we know how very largely perſons of the firſt faſhion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then ſelling the horſe

horſe for a prodigious ſum. What advantages muſt accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treaſure have they if they are poſſeſſed of the ſtallion in faſhion! I can therefore ſee no difference between this occupation of my lord and that of any Yorkſhire dealer whatſoever: and if his lordſhip is not always ſo ſucceſsful in his trade as the jockey of the North, it is not becauſe he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horſe-fleſh. If a duke rides his own horſes on the courſe, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the ſame thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a ſtallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the pariſh.

We know of many perſons of quality whoſe paſſion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and I heard one declare to me lately, that there was no truſting to ſervants in that buſineſs; that he ſhould make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himſelf; and that, for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himſelf; and for that purpoſe, ſtrange as it may ſeem, he lies in a little room cloſe by them every night. I cannot but admire this induſtry, which can make my noble friend quit his lady's bed, while tradeſmen of a lower rank neglect their buſineſs for the charms of a kept miſtreſs. But it muſt be allowed, that theſe dealers in live fowl are to be conſidered as poulterers, as well as thoſe who ſell the deer of their

park are to be ranked among the butchers in Clare-Market; though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by ſelling their veniſon to paſtry-cooks and fiſhmongers.

What ſhall we ſay of thoſe who ſend veniſon, hares, pheaſants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fiſhmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fiſh in winter, when they are in town? Though theſe ſportſmen do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing leſs than higlers and huckſters, dealers and chapmen, in the proper ſenſe of the words: for an exchange was never denied to be a ſale, though it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come now to the conſideration of thoſe who deal in a much larger and more extenſive way, and are properly ſtiled merchants, while thoſe already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing buſineſs: what immenſe ſums are received by thoſe electioneering merchants, whoſe fortunes and influence in many counties and boroughs enable them to procure a ſeat in parliament for any that will pay for it! How profitable has *nurſing* the eſtates of extravagant perſons of diſtinction proved to many a right honourable friend! I do not mean from his ſhewing himſelf a true ſteward, but from the weight and intereſt he has got by it at a general election. What Jew deals larger than many of our nobility in the ſtocks and in lottery tickets! And, perhaps, one ſhould not find more bulls and bears at Jonathan's than at Arthur's. If you cannot,

not, at this laſt place, inſure your houſe from fire, or a ſhip from the dangers of the ſeas, or the French, you may get largely underwrit on lives, and inſure your own againſt that of your mother or grandmother for any ſum whatſoever. There are thoſe who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life againſt another as any underwriter in the city of London: and, indeed, the end of inſuring is leſs anſwered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not ſet his name to any policy, where the perſon to be inſured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who inſure by means of bets inſtead of policies, will pay you any ſum whatſoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, ſhot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are perſons who will lay on either ſide, he who wants to inſure need only chooſe that which anſwers his purpoſe. And as to the dealings of theſe merchants of faſhion in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one ſells his whole eſtate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance uſed between the buyer and ſeller, than by ſhuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice: but I cannot look upon this ſort of traffic in any other light than that, when a condemned felon ſells his own body to a ſurgeon to be anatomiſed.

After all, there is no branch of trade that is uſually extended ſo far, and has ſuch a variety in it, as gaming; whether we conſider it as carried on by

cards, dice, horſe-racing, pitting, betting, *&c. &c. &c.* Theſe merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not ſeem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are ſtriking a bargain: for, though ſome expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to thoſe who deal upon truſt, nay oftentimes to thoſe who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have ſeen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has ear-rings, bracelets, and other diamonds to anſwer her ſtake: but I have much oftener ſeen a lady play againſt a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preſerve her honour if ſhe loſt. The markers, in which the multiplicity of buſineſs of this kind is tranſacted, are very many, and are *chiefly* appropriated to that end and no other, ſuch as routs, aſſemblies, Arthur's, Newmarket, and the courſes in every county. Where theſe merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank-notes, I conſider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money againſt truſt, and notes of hand of perſons that are but little able to pay, they muſt be *broken* merchants: and whoever plays with money againſt a lady's jewels, ſhould, in my mind, hang out the Three Blue Balls in a private alley; and the lady who ſtakes her virtue for gold, ſhould take the houſe of a late venerable matron in the Piazza, to carry on her trade in that place.

But

But it is with pleaſure I ſee our merchants of quality neglecting ſeveral branches of trade that have been carried on with ſucceſs, and in which great fortunes have been raiſed in former times by ſome of their anceſtors. What immenſe ſums have, we know, been got by ſome great men in the ſmuggling trade! And we have heard of large profits being made by the ſale of commiſſions in the army and navy; by procuring places and penſions; and vaſt ſums received for quartering a lord's ſiſter, nephew, or natural ſon of any one who holds a profitable poſt under the government. Smuggling, ſurely, ſhould be left to our good friends on the ſhores of Kent and Suſſex; and I think, he who ſells commiſſions in the navy or army, the free-gifts of the prince, ſhould ſuffer like a deſerter, or be keel-hauled to death under a firſt-rate man of war; and he who, like a Turkiſh vizier, levies contributions on thoſe who hold poſts and places under his maſter, ſhould, like him, be ſqueezed in his turn, till the ſponge is dry, and then bow-ſtringed for the good of the people.

I am,

C Your humble ſervant, *&c.*

On

## On PEDANTRY.

SIR,

TO diſplay the leaſt ſymptom of learning, or to ſeem to know more than your footman, is become an offence againſt the rules of politeneſs, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very ſound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a *hard name*, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to diſconcert the temper of a dozen counteſſes, and to ſtrike a whole aſſembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This ſqueamiſhneſs of theirs is owing to their averſion to pedantry, which they underſtand to be a ſort of muſtineſs that can only be contracted in a recluſe and a ſtudious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a ſtrong attachment to a particular ſubject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerneſs to introduce that ſubject upon all occaſions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or diſcretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itſelf may boaſt of producing as arrant pedants as were ever ſent forth from a college.

I know

I know a woman of faſhion who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who obſerves from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it ſpits, that it miſles, that it is ſet in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other diſcourſe, is as inſipid a companion, and juſt as pedantic, as he who quotes Ariſtotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a conſtant attendant upon parliamentary buſineſs, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the ſpeeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that ſerves him inſtead of an emphaſis. By thoſe means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to ſay for himſelf; but as it conſiſts entirely of what others have ſaid for themſelves before him; and if he ſhould be deaf during the ſeſſions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I muſt needs ſet him down for a pedant.

But the moſt troubleſome as well as moſt dangerous character of this ſort that I am ſo unhappy as to be connected with, is a ſtripling, who ſpends his whole life in a fencing-ſchool. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a moſt formidable creature; his whole converſation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce;* if you meet him in the ſtreet, he ſalutes you in the gymnaſtic manner, throws himſelf back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your ſtomach,

ſtomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midſt of a diſcourſe upon politics, he ſtarts from the table on a ſudden, and ſplits himſelf into a monſtrous longe againſt the wainſcot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, inſiſts upon teaching you his murthering thruſt, and if, in the courſe of his inſtructions, he puſhes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you, that you *flapp'd your point*, or *dropp'd your wriſt*, and imputes all the miſchief to the aukwardneſs of his pupil.

The muſical pedant, who, inſtead of attending to the diſcourſe, diverts himſelf with humming an air, or, if he ſpeaks, expreſſes himſelf in the language of the orcheſtra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of ſilks and flounces; and the coffee-houſe pedant, whoſe whole erudition lies within the margin of a news-paper, are nuiſances ſo extremely common, that it is almoſt unneceſſary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they ſhelter themſelves under the faſhionableneſs of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally eſcape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deſerve our cenſure more than the mereſt book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is uſually confined to his ſtudy, and having but little pleaſure in converſing with men of the world, does not often intrude himſelf into their company: theſe unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they have

have nothing to do but to run about and be troubleſome, and are univerſally the bane of agreeable converſation.

I am, Sir, *&c.*

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## A SUNDAY in the COUNTRY.

SIR, *Aug.* 8. 1761.

AS life is ſo ſhort, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to loſe any of that precious time, every moment of which ſhould be employed in ſuch gratifications as are ſuitable to our ſtations and diſpoſitions. For this reaſon we cannot but lament, that the year ſhould be curtailed of almoſt a ſeventh part, and that, out of three hundred and ſixty-five days, fifty-two of them ſhould be allotted, with reſpect to many perſons, to dullneſs and inſipidity. You will eaſily conceive, that, by what I have ſaid, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whoſe impertinent intruſion puts a check on our amuſements, and caſts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Perſons, indeed, of high faſhion regard it no more than any other part of the week, and would no more be reſtrained from their pleaſures on this day, than they would keep faſt on a faſt-day; but others, who have the ſame taſte and ſpirit, though leſs fortunes, are conſtrained, in order to ſave appearances, to debar themſelves of

of every amuſement except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar. The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy-day into a day of extraordinary feſtivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, becauſe he has nothing elſe to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets looſe from his counter, to which he had been faſtened all the reſt of the week like a bad ſhilling, and riots in the luxuries of Iſlington or Mile-end. But what ſhall be ſaid of thoſe who have no buſineſs to follow but the bent of their inclinations? on whoſe hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amuſements and diverſions. How can a woman of any ſpirit paſs her time on this diſmal day, when the playhouſes, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, are ſhut, and no places of public meeting are opened, but the churches? I talk not of thoſe in higher life, who are ſo much above the world that they are out of the reach of its cenſures; I mean thoſe who are confined in a narrower ſphere, ſo as to be obliged to pay ſome regard to reputation. But if people in town have reaſon to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleaſures, how unhappy muſt they be who are immured in the old manſion-houſe in the country, and cloiſtered up, as it were, in a nunnery? This is my hard caſe: my aunt, who is a woman of the laſt age, took me down with her this ſummer to her houſe in Northamptonſhire; nor

nor ſhall I be releaſed from my priſon till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me as the act of grace to an inſolvent debtor. My time, however, is ſpent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, ſee a good deal of company, pay a good many viſits, and are near enough Aſtrop Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfaſtings, and to dance at the aſſemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-faſhioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing ſo much as the coming round of Sunday, which is ſure to prove, to me at leaſt, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family-coach, to the pariſh-church, not a ſtone's throw off the houſe, for grandeur-ſake; and, though I dreſs me ever ſo gay, the ignorant bumkins take no more notice of me than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to her chin. At dinner we never ſee a creature but the parſon, who never fails coming for his cuſtomary fee of roaſt-beef and plumbpudding; in the afternoon the ſame dull work of church going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal who is to be executed the next morning. When I firſt came down, I propoſed playing a game at whiſt, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could be no harm in a little innocent muſic; and therefore, one morning, while ſhe was getting

ready for church, I began to tune my guittar, the ſound of which quickly brought her down ſtairs, and ſhe vowed ſhe would break it all to pieces, if I was ſo wicked as to touch it; though I offered to compromiſe the matter with her, by playing nothing but pſalm-tunes to pleaſe her. I hate reading any thing, but eſpecially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ myſelf, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelſon on the Feaſts and Faſts, or a chapter in the Bible. You muſt know that the day I write this on is Sunday; and it happens to be ſo very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture herſelf in the damp church, for fear of increaſing her rheumatiſm; ſhe has therefore put on her ſpectacles, ordered the great family-bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herſelf to the ſervants. I excuſed myſelf from being preſent by pretending an head-ach, and ſtole into my cloſet in order to divert myſelf in writing to you. How I ſhall be able to go through the reſt of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not ſuffer us to ſtir out, and we ſhall ſit moping and yawning at one another, and looking ſtupidly at the rain out of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beaſts in Noah's ark. It is ſaid, that the gloomy weather in November induces Engliſhmen commonly to make away with themſelves; and, indeed, conſidering the weather, and all together, I believe I ſhall be tempted to drown myſelf at once

once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myſelf up in my own garters.

I am your very humble ſervant,

DOROTHY THURSDAY.

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## On the MILITIA.

SIR, *Aug.* 9. 1761.

THE weather here in England is as unſettled and variable as the tempers of the people; nor can you judge from the appearance of the ſky, whether it will rain or hold up for a moment together, any more than you can tell by the face of a man, whether he will lour in a frown, or clear up in a ſmile. An unexpected ſhower has obliged me to turn into the firſt inn; and I think I may e'en as well paſs my time in writing for your paper, eſpecially as I have nothing elſe to do, having examined all the prints in the room, read over all the rhymes, and admired all the *Dear Miſſes* and *Charming Miſſes* on the window panes.

As I had the honour to pay my ſhilling at the ordinary in this town with ſome of the officers of the militia, I am enabled to ſend you a few thoughts on that ſubject. With reſpect to the common men, it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that in many military practices, no body of regulars can poſſibly exceed them. Their proweſs in marauding

is unqueſtionable; as they are ſure to take priſoners whatever ſtragglers they meet with on their march, ſuch as geeſe, turkies, chickens, *&c.* and have been often known to make a perfect deſert of a farmer's yard. By the bye, it is poſſibly on this account, that a turkey bears ſo great an antipathy to the colour of red. Theſe fellows are, indeed, ſo intrepid, that they will attack any convoy of proviſions that falls in their way; and my landlord aſſures me, that as ſoon as they come into a town, they immediately lay cloſe ſiege to the pantry and kitchen, which they commonly take by ſtorm, and never give any quarter; as alſo, that they are excellent miners, in working their way into the cellar.

I little imagined that I ſhould have met with my old univerſity acquaintance *Jack Five Bar* in this part of the country, as I could not but think we had been at leaſt two hundred miles aſunder. Indeed I did not know him at his firſt accoſting me, as he approached ſlowly to me with a diſtantly-familiar air, and a ſliding bow forward, and a "Sir, your moſt humble ſervant," inſtead of ſpringing upon me like a greyhound, and clapping me on the ſhoulder like a bailiff, ſqueezing my four fingers in his rough palm, like a nut-cracker, and then whirling my arm to and fro, like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How doſt do?—I am "glad to ſee thee"—and an hearty *Damme* at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you muſt know, by being a Militia Captain is become a fine gentleman;

man; ſo fine a one, indeed, that he affects to deſpiſe what he never knew, and aſked me, if I had not as well as himſelf, forgot all my *Greek*.

It is true, that my friend Jack, I beg his honour's pardon, I ſhould ſay Captain, has had the advantage of an Oxford education; and therefore it is not wonderful, that he has been worked, kneaded, moulded, fine-drawn, and poliſhed into a better kind of pipe-makers clay than the clods of which ſome of his brother officers were compoſed. Yet theſe, I found, had in ſome meaſure caſt their ſlough, and put on the martial gentility with the dreſs: ſuch are the ſurprizing effects of a red coat, that it immediately dubs a man a gentleman; as, for inſtance, every private man in his Majeſty's Foot-guards is dignified with the title of gentleman-ſoldier.

To the honour of the militia be it ſpoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficients in them as any of the regulars; I mean thoſe arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country in the time of peace. Firſt then, with reſpect to dreſs and politeneſs of behaviour. The red coat, the cockade, the ſhoulder-knot, and the ſword have metamorphoſed our plain country 'ſquires into as arrant beaus as any on the parade. The ſhort jerkin, ſtriped waiſtcoat, leather breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig has ſprouted to a queüe; the boots are caſt off for ſilk ſtockings

and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold-hilted ſword, with a flaming ſword-knot. They have reconciled themſelves to ruffles, and can make a bow, and come into a room with a good grace. With theſe accompliſhments, our bumkins have been enabled to ſhine at country aſſemblies; though it muſt be confeſſed that theſe grown gentlemen ſtand ſomewhat in need of Mr. *Dukes's* inſtructions. Some of them have alſo carried their politeneſs ſo far as to decide a point of honour with their ſwords; and at the laſt town I paſſed through, I was told, there had been a duel between a militia officer and the ſurgeon of the place, when the former being pricked in the ſword-arm, his antagoniſt directly pulled out his ſalve-box, and kindly dreſſed the wound upon the field of battle.

Another neceſſary qualification of a ſoldier is, curſing and ſwearing; in which exerciſe, I aſſure you, our militia-gentry are very expert. It is true, they had had ſome practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not diſciplined in diſcharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may ſwear indeed like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or puſh with a ſword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice, I ſuppoſe, was introduced among our regiments, and tolerated by the chaplains, that it might familiarize them to the moſt ſhocking circumſtances: for, after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, ſouls, and even

even their own, they muſt certainly be fearleſs of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another abſolute requiſite in the character of a good officer; and in this our militia are not at all deficient. Indeed, they are kept to ſuch conſtant duty in this exerciſe, that they cannot fail of being very expert at it. No veterans in the ſervice can charge their glaſſes in better order, or diſcharge them more regularly at the word of command. By the way, this is the only duty that is expected from the chaplain; and he is commonly as ready to perform it as any of the corps.

Intrigue is as eſſential to a ſoldier as his regimentals; you will therefore imagine the militia do not fall ſhort of the regulars in this military accompliſhment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder: ſome they beſiege by ſecret ſap and undermining, and ſome they take by aſſault. It has been frequently a practice in the moſt civilized armies, whenever they ſtorm a town, not only to cut the throats of the men, but to raviſh the women; and it is from this example, I ſuppoſe, that our officers think it an indiſpenſible branch of their duty to debauch the wives and ſiſters of the inhabitants wherever they are quartered; or perhaps, conſidering the great loſs of men we have ſuſtained by ſea and land, they are deſirous of filling up the chaſm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The laſt circumſtance which I ſhall mention, as highly neceſſary in an officer, is, the ſpirit of gaming. The militia-officer was undoubtedly poſſeſſed of this

ſpirit in ſome degree before, and would back his own horſes on the turf, or his own cocks in a main, or bye-battle; but he never thought of riſking his whole patrimony on a ſingle card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have ſuffered more by a peaceful ſummer's campaign, than if their eſtates had been over-run, pillaged, and laid waſte by the invader: and what does it ſignify, whether the timber is cut down and deſtroyed by the enemy, or ſold to ſatisfy a debt of honour to a ſharper?

But—the rain is over, and I am glad of it—as I was growing ſerious, contrary to my uſual humour. I have ordered my horſe out—and having ſome miles to ride—ſo no more at preſent from

Your conſtant correſpondent, *&c.*

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## On going to BATH, TUNBRIDGE, and other WATERING-PLACES, in the Summer.

*Nunc eſt bibendum.*

Sadlers Wells.

IT has long been a doubt with me, whether his Majeſty loſes more ſubjects in the year by water or by ſpirituous liquors: I mean, I cannot determine within myſelf, whether Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, *&c. &c. &c.* do leſs harm to the conſtitutions of my fellow-creatures than brandy, gin, or even Britiſh ſpirits. I own, nothing gives me more ſurprize in the practice of the learned in Warwick-lane, than their

their almoſt unanimouſly concurring in ducking their patients in the ſea, or drenching them with ſalt, ſteel, or ſulphureous water, be their diſtemper what it may. If a man has a dropſy, they will not heſitate to give gallons of this element, as they do not ſcruple to give the ſtrongeſt cordials ſometimes in the moſt violent fever.

Though the faculty ſeem to agree, one and all, that every patient ſhould viſit ſome watering-place or other in the ſummer, I do not find they are ſettled in their opinions, what particular waters ſuit particular diſorders. I have viſited them all for my amuſement; and upon converſing with the invalids in each place, I have found, to my great ſurprize, in Bath, Tunbridge, Briſtol, and Brighthelmſtone, many perſons drinking the waters for the gout, bilious cholics, or weak nerves, as if the ſame effects could be produced by ſteel, ſalt, and ſulphur; nay, a gentleman of my acquaintance was ſent by different phyſicians to different places, though they were all agreed about the nature of his caſe. I verily believe, if a man would conſult every phyſician in the kingdom, he would viſit every ſink in the whole iſland; for there is not an hole or bottom, in any county, that has not its ſalutary ſpring; and every ſpring has its phyſician to prove, in a long pamphlet of hard words, that thoſe waters are ſuperior to any other, and that any patient, in any diſorder whatever, may be ſure of relief. In ſhort, we ſeem to have a ſecond deluge, not by the wickedneſs, but the folly of the people, and every one is taking as much

pains to periſh in it as Noah and his family did to eſcape it.

The preſent thirſt after this element, which the phyſicians have created, makes it neceſſary for them to ſend their patients to ſome waters in vogue; but the choice being left to the doctor, he is determined in it by various circumſtances: ſometimes the patient is ſent where the beſt advice and aſſiſtance may be had, in caſe the diſtemper ſhould increaſe; ſometimes where the phyſician of the place is a couſin or a pupil of the phyſician in town; ſometimes where the doctor has an eſtate in the neighbourhood; and I have, more than once, known a patient ſent to a place, for no other reaſon, but becauſe the doctor was born within four miles of it.

I cannot eaſily ſuggeſt to myſelf any reaſon, why phyſicians in London are fond of ſending their patients to waters at the greateſt diſtance, whilſt the country practitioners generally recommend the ſprings in their neighbourhood. I cannot come into the notion that prevails among many perſons, that ſome of the faculty in London divide the fees with thoſe they recommend in the country, like the lawyers who deal in agency; but I am induced to think, that, as they are conſcious the waters are out of the caſe, they hope the exerciſe and change of air in a long journey will lay the ground-work of that cure, which the temperance and diſſipation preſcribed by the doctor may poſſibly perform: on this account they decline ſending their patients to Sadlers-Wells, Powis-Wells, Pancras-Wells, Acton-

Acton-Wells, Bagnigge-Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Iſlington-Spaw, which are as ſalutary as thoſe of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live at a diſtance, and who can receive no benefit from the wells and ſpaws in their neighbourhood.

Another circumſtance confirms me in the opinion, that the waters of any ſpaw do nothing more towards the cure than what is to be had from any pump whatſoever. I never found the inhabitants of the place appear at the ſprings and wells with the company of foreigners; and I have ſeen many invalids among them complaining of cholics, aſthmas, gouts, *&c.* as much as the viſitors of the place: and if it is ſaid, that many who come to Bath on crutches go away without them, I have ſeen, more than once, thoſe very crutches ſupporting ſome miſerable cripple of the town.

It may be urged, that many cures have been performed at theſe public places; but whether they are to be attributed to the waters, or the air, exerciſe, and temperance preſcribed by the doctor, will appear from the following ſtory.

An honeſt country baker having, by his cloſe and anxious application to buſineſs in the day-time, and very conſtant attendance at the Three Horſe-ſhoes at night, contracted a diſtemper that is beſt underſtood by the names of the *Hip* or the *Horrors*, was ſo very miſerable, that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the perſuaſion of his friends, he applied to a phyſician in the neighbourhood for advice: the doctor, I ſuppoſe a quack,

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by the low fee which he demanded, told him, he would cure him in a month, if he would follow his directions; but he expected, in the mean time, a new quartern loaf whenever he ſhould ſend for it. In return for the firſt quartern, he ſent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at ſix in the morning faſting, after which to walk four miles; to take the ſame number at ſix in the evening, and to walk the like number of miles; to repeat the ſame number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the uſe of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock, going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor kept his with the patient; for, at the end of the month, the honeſt fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high ſpirits, as when he was a boy. The cheapneſs of his cure induced the baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine ſo ſpeedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him, the pills were made of his own loaf covered with gold leaf; and added, if he would take the ſame medicine and follow the ſame directions, whenever his relapſing into his former courſe of life ſhould bring on the like diſorder, he might be ſure of as ſpeedy and effectual a cure.

I ſhould, however, want gratitude, as well as candour, if I did not acknowledge a very laſting obligation I lie under to Tunbridge-waters: my wife and I had lamented, for two or three years, that

that the very good eſtate which I enjoyed would, probably, after my death, go into another family, for want of an heir in my own. My wife was adviſed to go to Tunbridge, and to drink the waters for eight or nine months: we were very much grieved to part for ſo long a time; but ſuch has been our amazing ſucceſs, that the dear creature returned to me, at the end of half a year, four months gone with child.

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## The FAINT-HEARTED LOVER.

SIR,

I Do not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my caſe, as, without queſtion, every one of them either has been, or is at preſent, as much in love as your humble ſervant. You muſt know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* deſcribed in the proverb, who *never won fair lady:* for though I have paid my addreſſes to ſeveral of the ſex, I have gone about it in ſo meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a queſtion, whether I was in earneſt. One of my *Dulcineas* was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of ſcarlet; another was ſeduced from me by a ſuit of embroidery; and another ſurrendered, at the firſt attack, to the long ſword of an Iriſhman. My preſent ſuit and ſervice

is

is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a diſtance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger it puts her all in a ſweat; and, like the ſenſitive plant, ſhe would ſhrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtſhip I never offered to ſalute her but once; and then ſhe made ſuch a wriggling with her body, ſuch a ſtruggling with her arms, and ſuch a toſſing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, inſtead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her noſe. I even dared at another time to take her round the waiſt; but ſhe bounced away from me, and ſcreamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I alſo once plucked up courage ſufficient to attempt ſqueezing her by the hand, but ſhe reſiſted my attack by ſo cloſe a clench of her fiſt, that my graſp was preſented with nothing but ſharppointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after ſaluted with a violent ſtroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I uſe all my endeavours to keep cloſe at her ſide; but ſhe whiſks away from me as though I had ſome catching diſtemper about me: if there are but three of us, ſhe eludes my deſign by ſkipping ſometimes on one ſide and ſometimes on t'other as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, ſhe takes care to be ſheldered from me by placing herſelf the very midmoſt of the rank. If we ride in a coach together,

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I am not only debarred from ſitting on the ſame ſide, but I muſt be ſeated on the furthermoſt corner of the ſeat oppoſite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at diſtance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom cuſtom has directed to be kept aſunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, ſhe would ſooner run the riſk of having the contents ſpilt over her than take the cup and ſaucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a ſyllable that in the leaſt borders upon love, ſhe immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a looſe or indelicate expreſſion; and when I deſire to have a little private converſation with her, ſhe wonders at my impudence to think that ſhe could truſt herſelf with a man alone. In ſhort, Sir, I begin to deſpair of ever coming to cloſe contact with her: but what is ſtill more provoking, though ſhe keeps me at ſo reſpectful a diſtance, ſhe tamely permits a ſtrapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my preſence. If you, or any of your readers, can adviſe me what to do in this caſe, it will be a laſting obligation conferred on

Your very humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY MILDMAN.

On

## On a Handſome LANDLADY.

SIR, *Aug.* 28. 1761.

IT has been obſerved of the writings of the late Harry Fielding of facetious memory, that he ſeemed never ſo happy as when he could get into the chimney corner of an inn kitchen. In like manner you muſt have perceived, that my letters to you during my ruſtication have ſavoured of the affection which I have always entertained for my honeſt friend landlord, and his civil attendants, up from John Boots to Betty Chambermaid. I ſhall therefore make no apology for giving you an account of the reception I met with at the laſt inn I put up at; where, indeed, I ſufficiently experienced the truth of the following obſervation of Biſhop Corbet:

"All travellers, this heavy judgment hear!
"An handſome hoſteſs makes a reck'ning dear;
"Each word, each look, your purſes muſt requite 'em,
"And every welcome adds another *item*."

My horſe and myſelf being both of a mind with reſpect to baiting, I ſuffered him to turn in with me to the firſt inn I came to, which happened to be the Caſtle; when I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dreſs, I ſhould have conceived to have been ſome gueſt of faſhion, if ſhe had not, upon my alighting, moſt politely made me an apology,

logy, that all her rooms were taken up, and desired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of hers, together with a look that would have unlooſed the purſe-ſtrings of any old city churl, at once removed all my prudent oeconomical reſolutions of eating only juſt a ſnap of cold meat, and away: of my own accord I moſt generouſly ordered a chicken to be put down; but my landlady dropping an hint that ſhe herſelf had not dined, I could not reſiſt the temptation of deſiring the pleaſure of her company to eat with me, which ſhe readily accepted; and on her obſerving that the chickens were very ſmall and nice, and to be ſure I muſt be hungry after my ride, I conſented to have a couple of them done. She then aſked me, in a moſt bewitching manner, if I choſe to drink any thing? but though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet ſhe inticed me to toſs up a glaſs of ſherry to get me an appetite, which before ſhe had concluded I could not want, and ſhe even had the complaiſance to pledge me. When dinner was ſerved up, I was ſurprized to ſee a diſh of eels brought in; and on my ſaying, that I fancied the cook had made a miſtake, ſhe moſt civilly begged ten thouſand pardons, and ſaid, She thought I had ordered them; but added, that indeed ſhe did not doubt but I ſhould like them, and for her own part ſhe was exceſſively fond of them. As that was the caſe, I could by no means conſent to their being taken away; and after we had done with the fiſh and the chicken, a diſh of

tarts ſpontaneouſly made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command. My kind landlady intreated me to taſte this, and inſiſted upon helping me to another, which ſhe aſſured me was moſt excellent, till ſhe had either forced upon me or taken to herſelf a bit out of each ſort. I ſhould have told you, that during dinner, beſides the uſual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, Rheniſh, mountain, Liſbon, *&c.* and, to crown all, my landlady would even riſe from table herſelf to make me a *cup*, at which ſhe declared ſhe had a moſt excellent hand. When the cloth was removed, I could not but aſk her, what ſhe choſe to drink; to which ſhe modeſtly anſwered, whatever I liked, at the ſame time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than ſhe had. However, I thought proper to diſregard all her hints of that kind, and order'd a ſimple bottle of Port. When this was brought, I aſked if I ſhould help her; ſhe told me ſhe never touched that ſort of wine; ſo that I could not but call for a pint of Liſbon, which ſhe liked better. She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to ſuffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, ſhe ſaid ſhe could drink a glaſs or two herſelf; but finding me inflexible on that head, ſhe compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to conſent to our having a flaſk of Florence, the beſt that ever was taſted. I need not tell you the agreeable chat, or the pleaſing familiarities, that paſſed between us,

till

till it was time for me to mount my horſe; but I could not even then get away without doing her the pleaſure firſt to drink a diſh of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was alſo added, though I did not touch a drop. In ſhort her behaviour was ſo engaging, her looks ſo inviting, and her artifices ſo inveigling, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the juſtneſs of Biſhop Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed, as I had ordered a ſuperfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the ſake of my hoſteſs's ſweet company, I think that the bill, inſtead of the uſual articles of bread and beer—chicken—wine, *&c.* might have been made out—for a ſmile—an ogle—a ſqueeze by the hand,—a chuck under the chin—a kiſs, *&c.*—ſo much. For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to ſet my foot in an inn where the landlady is not as ugly as Mother Redcap.

I am

Your very hearty Friend,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

A Circumſtantial DETAIL of every PARTICULAR that paſſed at the CORONATION.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I regret leaving you ſo ſoon, eſpecially as the weather has ſince proved ſo fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honeſtly confeſs, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have ſeen it, I declare I would not have miſſed the ſight upon any conſideration. The friendſhip of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a paſs-ticket as they call it, enabled me to be preſent both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the proceſſion out of doors, I had a fine view of it from an onepair of ſtairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired, at the ſmall price of one hundred guineas, on purpoſe to oblige his acquaintance. I wiſh you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a ſight, which probably very few that were preſent will ever ſee again, I will endeavour to deſcribe it to you as minutely as I can, while the circumſtances are freſh in my memory, though my deſcription muſt fall very ſhort of the reality. Firſt, then, conceive to yourſelf the fronts of the houſes in all the ſtreets that could command the leaſt point of view, lined with ſcaffolding, like ſo many galleries or boxes raiſed

raiſed one above another to the very roofs. Theſe were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which preſented a pleaſing variety to the eye; and if you conſider the brilliant appearance of the ſpectators who were ſeated in them, many being richly dreſſed, you will eaſily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the ſhow. The mob underneath made a pretty contraſt to the reſt of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for ſome time before, the day cleared up, and the ſun ſhone auſpiciouſly, as it were in compliment to the grand feſtival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a ſhelving roof, which was covered with a kind of ſail-cloth; but near the place where I was, an honeſt Jack Tar climbed up to the top, and ſtripped off the covering, which gave us not only a more extenſive view, but let the light in upon every part of the proceſſion. I ſhould tell you, that a rank of foot-ſoldiers was placed on each ſide within the platform; and it was not a little ſurprizing to ſee the officers familiarly converſing and walking arm and arm with many of them, till we were let into the ſecret, that they were gentlemen who had put on the dreſſes of common ſoldiers, for what purpoſe I need not mention. On the outſide were ſtationed, at proper diſtances, ſeveral parties of horſeguards, whoſe horſes, indeed, ſomewhat incommoded the people, that preſſed inceſſantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though, luckily, I do not hear of any

great miſchief being done. I muſt confeſs, it gave me much pain to ſee the ſoldiers, both horſe and foot, moſt unmercifully belabouring the heads of the mob with their broad-ſwords, bayonets, and muſquets; but it was not unpleaſant to obſerve ſeveral tipping the horſe-ſholdiers ſlily from time to time, ſome with half pence, and ſome with ſilver, as they could muſter up the caſh, to let them paſs between the horſes to get nearer the platform; after which theſe unconſcionable gentry drove them back again. As ſoon as it was day-break, for I choſe to go to my place over night, we were diverted with ſeeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry paſſing along with much ado; and ſeveral perſons, very richly dreſſed, were obliged to quit their equipages, and be eſcorted by the ſoldiers through the mob to their reſpective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage: Mr. Jennings, whom you know, had his chariot broke to pieces; but providentially neither he nor Mrs. Jennings, who were in it, received any hurt.

Their Majeſties, to the ſhame of thoſe be it ſpoken who were not ſo punctual, came in their chairs from St. James's through the Park to Weſtminſter about nine o'clock. The King went into a room which they call the court of wards, and the Queen into that belonging to the gentleman-uſher of the black-rod. The nobility and others who were to walk in the proceſſion, were muſtered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Requeſts, Painted Chamber, and Houſe of Lords,

from

rom whence the cavalcade was conducted into Weſtminſter-hall. As you know all the avenues and places about the Hall, you will not be at a loſs to underſtand me. My paſs-ticket would have been of no ſervice, if I had not prevailed on one of the guards, by the irreſiſtible argument of half-a-crown, to make way for me through the mob to the Hall-gate, where I got admittance juſt as their Majeſties were ſeated at the upper end, under magnificent canopies. Her Majeſty's chair was on the left hand of his Majeſty; and they were attended by the great chamberlain, lord high conſtable, earl marſhal, and other great officers. Four ſwords, I obſerved, and as many ſpurs, were preſented in form, and then placed upon a table before the king.

There was a neglect, it ſeems, ſomewhere, in not ſending for the dean and prebendaries of Weſtminſter, *&c.* who, not finding themſelves ſummoned, came of their own accord, preceded by the choriſters, ſingers, *&c.* among whom was your favourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this leſſer proceſſion from the Abbey, when the biſhop of Rocheſter, that is, the dean, and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the King, *viz.* St. Edward's crown, reſted on a cuſhion of gold cloth, the orb with the croſs, a ſcepter with te dove on the top, another tipt with a croſs, and what they call St. Edward's ſtaff. The Queen's regalia were brought at the ſame time, *viz.* her

crown upon a cuſhion, a ſcepter with a croſs, and a rod of ivory with a dove. Theſe were ſeverally laid before their Majeſties, and afterwards delivered to the reſpective officers who were to bear them in the proceſſion.

Conſidering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there ſhould be much confuſion in marſhalling the ranks. At laſt, however, every thing was regularly adjuſted, and the proceſſion began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform leading to the weſt door of the Abbey was covered with blue bays for the train to walk on; but there ſeemed to me to be a defect in not covering the upright poſts that ſupported the awning, as it is called, for they looked mean and naked, with that or ſome other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I ſhall wave mentioning the minute particulars of the proceſſion, and only obſerve that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to ſee the proceſſion paſs along the platform through the ſtreets, I haſtened from the Hall, and by the aſſiſtance of a ſoldier made my way to my former ſtation at the corner of Bridgeſtreet, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning. I ſhall not attempt do deſcribe the ſplendor and magnificence of the whole; and words muſt fall ſhort of that innate joy and ſatisfaction which the ſpectators felt and expreſſed, eſpecially as their Majeſties paſſed by; on whoſe countenances a dignity ſuited to their ſtation, tempered with the moſt amiable complacency,

cency, was ſenſibly impreſſed. It was obſervable, that as their Majeſties and nobility paſſed the corner which commanded a proſpect of Weſtminſter-bridge, they ſtopt ſhort, and turned back to look at the people, whoſe appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which roſe gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to ſee all that paſſed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have ſo diſtinct a view as I could have wiſhed. But our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be ſtationed in the firſt row of the gallery behind the ſeats allotted for the nobility, cloſe to the ſquare platform which was erected by the altar, with an aſcent of three ſteps, for their Majeſties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for ſeveral particulars which I could not otherwiſe have informed you of. He tells me, as ſoon as their Majeſties entered the church, the choir ſtruck up with an anthem; and, after they were ſeated, and the uſual recognition and oblations were made, the Litany was chanted by the biſhops of Cheſter and Chicheſter, and the reſponſes made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of muſic. Then the firſt part of the communion-ſervice was read; after which a ſermon was preached by the biſhop of Saliſbury, now archbiſhop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will ſay, did I much deſire it; but, by my watch, it laſted only

only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry ſays he ſaw very diſtinctly his Majeſty ſubſcribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the ſolemnity of which ſtruck him with an unſpeakable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the Engliſh enjoy of binding their kings by the moſt ſacred ties of conſcience and religion. The King was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breaſt, and the palms of his hands: after which he was preſented with the ſpurs, and girt with the ſword, and was then inveſted with the coronation-robes, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the croſs was alſo preſented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his Majeſty's right hand by the archbiſhop, who then delivered the ſcepter with the croſs, and the other with the dove; and being aſſiſted by ſeveral biſhops, he laſtly placed the crown reverently upon his Majeſty's head. A profound awful ſilence had reigned till this moment, when, at the very inſtant the crown was let fall on the King's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as a ſignal, the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets ſounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated ſhouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their hands, now put them on, as the biſhops did their caps, and the repreſentatives of the dukes of Aquitain

tain and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a moſt ſplendid figure, when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be obſerved, that there were no commoners knights of the Garter; conſequently, inſtead of caps and veſtments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their reſpective ranks. I ſhould mention, that the kings of arms alſo put on coronets.

Silence again aſſumed her reign, and the ſhouts ceaſing, the archbiſhop proceeded with the reſt of the divine ſervice; and after he had preſented the bible to his Majeſty, and ſolemnly read the benedictions, his Majeſty kiſſed the archbiſhops and biſhops one after another as they knelt before him. The *Te Deum* was now performed, and this being ended, his Majeſty was elevated on a ſuperb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their homages.

The coronation of the Queen was performed in nearly the ſame manner with that of his Majeſty: the archbiſhop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breaſt, and after he had put the crown upon her head, it was a ſignal for princeſs Auguſta and the peereſſes to put on their coronets. Her Majeſty then received the ſcepter with the croſs, and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his Majeſty.

I can-

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to obſerve their Majeſties going through the moſt ſerious and ſolemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when, after having made their ſecond oblations, the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the conſecrated place in which they were. Prayers being over, the King and Queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, juſt behind the altar. You muſt remember it—it is where the ſuperſtition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confeſſor of ſome of its precious ornaments; here their Majeſties received each of them a crown of ſtate, as it is called, and a proceſſion was made in the ſame manner as before, except in ſome trifling inſtances, back again to Weſtminſter-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, *&c.* You know, I have often ſaid, that if one loſes an hour in the morning, one may ride after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. This was the caſe in the preſent inſtance; for, to whatever cauſes it might be owing, the proceſſion moſt aſſuredly ſet off too late: beſides, according to what Harry obſerved, there were ſuch long pauſes between ſome of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly ſhewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impoſſible to conceive the chagrin and diſappointment, which the late return of the proceſſion occaſioned; it being ſo late indeed, that the ſpectators, even

even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to thoſe who had ſat patiently in Weſtminſter-hall waiting its return for ſix hours, ſcarce a glimpſe of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till juſt upon his Majeſty's entrance. I had flattered myſelf, that a new ſcene of ſplendid grandeur would have been preſented to us in the return of the proceſſion from the reflection of the lights, *&c.* and had therefore poſted back to the Hall with all poſſible expedition: but not even the brilliancy of the ladies jewels, or the greater luſtre of their eyes, had the power to render our *darkneſs viſible*; the whole was confuſion, irregularity, and diſorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompenſed for this partial eclipſe by the bright picture which the lightening of the chandeliers preſented to us. Your unlucky law-ſuit has made you too well acquainted with Weſtminſter-hall for me to think of deſcribing it to you; but I aſſure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given againſt you. Inſtead of the incloſures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raiſed with ſeveral aſcents of ſteps, where their Majeſties in their chairs of ſtate, and the royal family, ſat at table. On each ſide, down the whole length of the Hall, the reſt of the company were ſeated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to repreſent marble, the deſerts, *&c.* Conceive

ceive to yourſelf, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loſs to deſcribe, ſo magnificent a building as that of Weſtminſter-hall, lighted up with near three thouſand wax-candles in moſt ſplendid branches; our crowned heads, and almoſt the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, moſt ſuperbly arrayed and adorned with a profuſion of the moſt brilliant jewels; the galleries on every ſide crouded with company for the moſt part elegantly and richly dreſſed: but to conceive it in all its luſtre, I am conſcious that it is abſolutely neceſſary one muſt have been preſent. To proceed in my narration—Their Majeſties table was ſerved with three courſes, at the firſt of which earl Talbot, as ſteward of his Majeſty's houſhold, rode up from the Hall-gate to the ſteps leading to where their Majeſties ſat; and on his returning the ſpectators were preſented with an unexpected ſight in his lordſhip's backing his horſe, that he might keep his face ſtill towards the King. A loud clapping and huzzaing conſequently enſued from the people preſent. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at, at its repreſentation laſt winter; but I aſſure you, it had a very ſerious effect on thoſe ladies who were near him, though his horſe was very gentle, as he came up, accompanied by lord Effingham as earl marſhal, and the duke of Bedford as lord high conſtable, likewiſe on horſeback: it is needleſs to repeat what paſſed on this occaſion. I am told, that the horſe which the champion rode was the ſame that his late Majeſty was mounted

on

on at the glorious and memorable battle of Dettingen. The beaſt, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I ſhould give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number of diſhes that were provided and ſent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpoſe. No leſs than ſixty haunches of veniſon, with a ſurprizing quantity of all ſorts of game, were laid in for this grand feaſt: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their Majeſties deſert, in which the confectioner had laviſhed all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other deſerts were no leſs admirable for their expreſſive devices. But I muſt not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be ſeated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was ſerved up to them inſtead of a ſubſtantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preſerve their rank of precedency to their ſucceſſors, were placed at the head of the judges table above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermoſt ſide of the tables, and the peereſſes within, neareſt to the walls. You cannot ſuppoſe that there was the greateſt order imaginable obſerved during the dinner, but muſt conclude, that ſome of the company were as eager and impatient to ſatisfy the craving of their appetites as any of your country 'ſquires at a race or aſſize ordinary.

It

It was pleaſant to ſee the various ſtratagems made uſe of by the company in the galleries to come in for a ſnack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters, I will not ſay of a different ſex, were united for the ſame purpoſe. Some had been ſo provident as to bring baſkets with them, which were let down, like the priſoners boxes at Ludgate or the Gate-houſe, with a *Pray, remember the poor.*

You will think it high time, that I ſhould bring this long letter to a concluſion. Let it ſuffice then to acquaint you, that their Majeſties returned to St. James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleaſed to give time for the peereſſes to go firſt, that they might not be incommoded by the preſſure of the mob to ſee their Majeſties. After the nobility were departed, the illuſtrious *mobility* were, according to cuſtom, admitted into the Hall, which they preſently cleared of all the moveables, ſuch as the victuals, cloths, plates, diſhes, *&c.* and, in ſhort, every thing that could ſtick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that ſeveral coronation medals, in ſilver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the proceſſion. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap as ſhe ſat upon a ſcaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is ſaid, were alſo thrown among the peereſſes in the Abbey juſt after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to ſtoop to pick them up.

My

My wife deſires her compliments to you: ſhe was *hugeouſly* pleaſed with the ſight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a ſwelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid upon a ſtool, on account of a broken ſhin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horſe as a reward for his mobbing it. I ſhall ſay nothing of the illuminations at night: the news-papers muſt have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expect to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town; and deſire to know whether you was able to get a ſlice of the ox which was roaſted whole on this occaſion.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours moſt heartily,

JAMES HEMMING.

*P. S.* The Princeſs Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand proceſſion, but made up a leſſer proceſſion of their own; of which you will find a ſufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to ſee the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themſelves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the ſword of ſtate, by ſome miſtake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's ſword was carried before the King by the

of Huntingdon, in its ſtead; but when the proceſſion came into the Abbey, the ſword of ſtate was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the ſcaffold, at the return of the proceſſion, cloſed in with the rear; at the expence of half a guinea was admitted into the Hall; got brim-full of his Majeſty's claret; and, in the univerſal plunder, brought off the glaſs her Majeſty drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curioſity.

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## A Letter from a ſucceſsful ADVENTURER in the LOTTERY.

SIR,

YOU will not be at all ſurprized when I tell you, that I have had very ill luck in the lottery; but you will ſtare when I further tell you, it is becauſe unluckily I have got a conſiderable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune laſt Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the liſt of the prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000 l. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then fooliſhly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by inſiſting that I ſhould treat them that evening. Friends are never ſo merry, or ſtay longer, than when

when they have nothing to pay: they never care too, how extravagant they are on ſuch an occaſion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In ſhort, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me as uſual, for ſtaying out ſo long, I told her the occaſion of it; but inſtead of rejoicing, as I thought ſhe would, ſhe cried—"*Piſh*, ONLY two thouſand pounds!" However, ſhe was at laſt reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that ſhe had choſen the ticket herſelf, and ſhe was all along ſure it would come up a prize, becauſe the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of ſleep, though I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing which ſhe wanted, and which ſhe would now purchaſe, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my ſucceſs ſpread ſo ſoon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one ſhe knew, or not knew, at church. The conſequence was, that I had no leſs than ſeven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wiſhing us joy; and the number of theſe hearty friends was increaſed to above a dozen by ſupper time. It is very kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's ſucceſs; they made themſelves very merry literally at my expence, and, at parting, told me they

would bring ſome more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occaſion.

When they were gone, I made ſhift to get a little reſt, though I was often diſturbed by my wife talking in her ſleep. Her head, it ſeems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery-wheels: ſhe frequently called out that ſhe had got the ten thouſand pounds; ſhe muttered ſeveral wild and incoherent expreſſions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces, and I once heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning, when I got up, how was I ſurprized to find my good fortune publiſhed to all the world in the news-paper! though I could not but ſmile, and Madam was greatly pleaſed, at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Eſquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes ariſing from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In conſequence of the information given in the news-paper, we were no ſooner ſat down to breakfaſt than we were complimented with a rat-a-tatoo from the drums, as if we had been juſt married: after theſe had been ſilenced by the uſual method, another band of muſic ſaluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the ſame tune. I was haraſſed the whole day with petitions from the hoſpital boys that drew the ticket, the commiſſioners clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my *Honour* would conſider them." I ſhould be glad

you

you would inform me what theſe people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they ſhould wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in ſuch ſhoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One inſiſted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy, my two-and-fortieth couſin, out 'prentice; another, lately *white-waſhed*, propoſed to me my ſetting him up again in buſineſs; and ſeveral of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now ſpare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be ſure, was not idle in contriving how to diſpoſe of this new acquiſition. She found out, in the firſt place, according to the complaint of moſt women, that ſhe had not got a gown to her back, at leaſt not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no leſs deficient; and ſhe diſcovered ſeveral chaſms in our furniture, eſpecially in the articles of plate and China. She is alſo determined to *ſee a little pleaſure*, as ſhe calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to ſupply theſe immediate wants and neceſſities, ſhe has prevailed on me, though at a great loſs, to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuſe her, becauſe the number was her own chooſing; and ſhe has further perſuaded me, as we have had

ſuch good luck, to lay out a great part of the produce in purchaſing more tickets, all of her own chooſing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find, I ſhall be a loſer by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thouſand or ten thouſand.

I am,

Your very humble ſervant,

JEOFFREY CHANCE.

*P. S.* I am juſt going to club—I hope they wo'n't deſire me to treat them again.

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## On CHRISTMAS CARROLS.

SIR,

I REMEMBER Lord Bacon ſays ſomewhere, That ſuperſtition is worſe than atheiſm. Though I will not determine in what latitude this opinion of the noble writer is to be taken, I will venture to affirm, that an ignorant zeal in religion has occaſioned many ſhocking ſentiments to be broached, that the greateſt ſcoffers at Chriſtianity would not dare to have uttered.

I was led into this reflection by having my ears peſtered in every ſtreet this laſt week, by number-

leſs

leſs women and children ſinging what they called Chriſtmas carrols, but what, if I had heard them in an alehouſe, or if they had been ſung by drunken people in a night-cellar, I ſhould have thought the moſt bare-faced reflections and the groſſeſt buffoonry upon the moſt ſacred ſubject that could be deviſed by the devil himſelf. A poor woman with two children bundled at her back and one in her arms, and who, I am perſuaded, was very far from knowing what ſhe ſaid, appeared greatly ſurprized at the indignation I could not help diſcovering while ſhe was ſinging her carrols, as I paſſed by her; and, I dare ſay, thought me a very wicked perſon for declaring, "If ſhe preſumed to utter "another word out of the papers in her hand, I "would have her committed to Bridewell." However, I believe, I made her perfectly eaſy, by buying up all ſhe had, which I did to prevent her giving the ſame offence to any other. And, in hopes that ſome ſteps will be taken to prevent this profane treatment of ſacred ſubjects, I have ſent you the following extracts from what I purchaſed, which I find to be the ſame carrols I have heard ſung about the ſtreets at this ſeaſon for above theſe thirty years.

## CARROL I.

GOD reſt you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you diſmay,
Remember Chriſt our Saviour
Was born on Chriſtmas-day

To ſave poor ſouls from Satan's power,
Which had long time gone aſtray,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father
The bleſſed angels came
Unto ſome certain ſhepherds,
With tidings of the ſame;
That he was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by name. And, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our ſweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay.
The bleſſed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray. And, &c.

With ſudden joy and gladneſs,
The ſhepherds were beguil'd,
To ſee the Babe of Iſrael
Before his mother mild.
O then with joy and cheerfulneſs
Rejoice each mother's child. And, &c.

Now to the Lord ſing praiſes,
All you within this place,
Like we true loving brethren,
Each other to embrace;
For the merry time of Chriſtmas
Is coming on a-pace. And, &c.

## CARROL II.

THE moon ſhines bright,
And the ſtars give a light,
And a little before 'twas day
Our Lord our God he called on us and bid
Us awake and pray.

The fields were *green* where *green* can be,
Where from his glorious ſeat
Our Lord our God he water'd us
With his heavenly dew ſo ſweet.

And for the ſaving of our ſouls,
Chriſt died on the croſs,
We ne'er ſhall do for Jeſus Chriſt,
As he has done for us.

The life of man is but a ſpan,
And cut down in his flower,
We're here to-day and gone to-morrow,
We're dead all in an hour.

My ſong is done and I muſt be gone,
I can ſtay no longer here,
God bleſs you all, both great and ſmall,
And God ſend you a joyful new year.

## CARROL III.

THE firſt good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of one;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus

To

To ſuck at her breaſt-bone,
To ſuck at her breaſt-bone.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of two;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To make the lame to go,
To make the lame to go.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of three;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To make the blind to ſee,
To make the blind to ſee.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of four;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To read the Bible o'er,
To read the Bible o'er.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of five;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To raiſe the dead to life,
To raiſe the dead to life.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of ſix;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To wear the crucifix,
To wear the crucifix.

The abſurdity of making the holy Infant ſuck at the breaſt-bone, for the ſake of the rhyme, can only

only be equalled by a Dutch picture which I ſaw when I was in Holland. To repreſent Abraham's ſacrifice, the painter made the good old patriarch preſent a piſtol to his ſon's breaſt, and you almoſt hear him ſay, Stand, and deliver; but, to prevent bloodſhed, an angel was introduced watering into the pan; and, that the powder ſhould not be thrown away, a crow was flying over Abraham's head to receive his ſhot. Though it was impoſſible not to laugh at the picture, I could not help being ſhocked when I reflected on the ſtory here ſo ſhamefully diſgraced.

To ſay the truth, the Dutch poets have full as coarſe a manner of treating ſacred matters as their painters. I have ſeen a repreſentation of the creation in one of their ſhows, that would have been thought moſt profane and ſhocking under the management of an *Ariſtophanes* or a *Foote*. But as to our carrols, I think they muſt be offenſive to any ears, unleſs they be truly Dutch; I would have them therefore exported to Holland. I could wiſh that the beadle of every pariſh would ſilence all perſons who ſing them in the ſtreets, or will treat them as vagabonds, if they will not obey. I will venture to ſay, if his Majeſty's birth-day was celebrated in ſuch a ſtile of poetry ſcreamed through the ſtreets and lanes by draggled-tailed wenches, or roared out by drunken vagrants in ſailors habits, every loyal ſubject would pelt the wretches with ſtones, or drag them to the next pump.

C. I am, *&c.*

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DISPUTATIONS by the SOCIETY aſſembled for FREE ENQUIRY, at the ROBIN HOOD in the Butcher-row, on Monday Nov. 2. 1761.

Taken in ſhort hand by PETER PERDUE.

## DEBATES.

*Preſident.* GENTLEMEN, to order!

[*Knocks with his mallet.*

The firſt queſtion upon the book, Gentlemen! to be debated to-night, is this;

"Whether ſerpents did not walk upon legs, pre-
"vious to the temptation of Eve, and the fall of
"man?"

This queſtion is ſigned *Adam Carrot.* Mr. Carrot, will you pleaſe to open the queſtion?

*A man in a blue apron ſtands up.* Mr. Preſident! I am a plain man, and follow the primitive employment of the firſt man, whom God formed of the duſt of the earth, and appointed to till the garden of Eden. This garden, Mr. Preſident, like my garden at Hogſden, had ſnakes in it; I ſay, Mr. Preſident, it is my humble opinion, that before they was curſed by the Almighty, that, Mr. Preſident—I ſay, Mr. Preſident, I am inclined to think, that they was of the ſpecies of fourfooted beaſts, which they call, I believe, quadruple legs, by reaſon that, if it were not ſo, I do not comprehend the meaning of ſaying to the ſerpent that tempted Eve, that

that he ſhould go upon his belly all the days of his life: I ſay, Mr. Preſident! that if the ſnakes went upon their bellies without legs at that time, to tell the ſerpent, that he ſhould go upon his belly all the days of his life, was ſaying nothing but what a beaſt ſo wiſe, as he is ſaid to be, knew already. I have no more to ſay, Mr. Preſident; if any other gentleman here is of another way of thinking, I ſhould be glad to hear him. [*Sits down.*

*Preſident.* Does any gentleman at that end of the room chooſe to ſpeak to the queſtion? Any gentleman at that table?

*A member riſes.* Mr. Preſident! the worthy gentleman who ſpoke laſt, has had the honour of opening one point of knowledge, which, though clearly evident now it is inſiſted on, I do not remember to have ever ſeen mentioned before. I have the pleaſure, Mr. Preſident, of being entirely of his opinion: for it is ſaid, Mr. Preſident, that the ſerpent was more ſubtle than any beaſt of the field; now, Mr. Preſident, we do not call ſerpents beaſts at this time of day; no, Mr. Preſident, we call them reptiles! and you know, Mr. Preſident, that a reptile ſignifies—a reptile, that is, ſomething which ſcrabbles along how it can without legs: and, in another place, the Lord God, in ſpeaking to the ſerpent, curſes him above all cattle: ſo that, Mr. Preſident, it appears to me, that he was no inconſiderable beaſt; for cattle is a term uſed in ſpeaking of beaſts of a larger ſpecies: thus oxen is called horned cattle; and as we believe

lieve this ſerpent to have been Satan himſelf, who from thence was called the Grand Deceiver, this ſerpent might be properly called a horned cattle too. [*A great laughing among the company.*

*Preſident, rapping with his mallet,* To order, gentlemen! to order!

*Member continues.* I ſay, Mr. Preſident, that the ſerpent might in this ſenſe be termed a horned as well as a four-footed beaſt: but it is probable, that leſt he ſhould fright the mother of mankind, he put his horns in his pocket, as a man may ſay, and appeared like any other ſerpent; and it is very reaſonable to think, from the expreſſions in the holy ſcriptures, that in conſequence of the curſes beſtowed upon him, that his feet rotted off, and he was left in the miſerable deſtitute condition his poſterity has continued in ever ſince. Nay, Mr. Preſident, that is not all the marks of diſgrace which the ſerpent bears; for, like the infamous Cain, he bears the mark in his forehead: man was predicted to bruiſe his head: and I appeal to the experience of all this reſpectable ſociety, if ſerpents has not a flat head, juſt, for all the world, as if a man had ſet his foot upon it. So that, Mr. Preſident, I think I have proved, beyond doubt, that the ſerpent kind had legs before the fall of man; and I make no queſtion but you are of the ſame opinion. [*Sits down.*

*Mr. Preſident.* Any gentleman here chooſe to ſpeak to the queſtion?

[*Two*

[*Two members riſe in different parts of the room*]

*Preſident, to one of them.* Sir, a gentleman is up already on the other ſide of the room.

*The member ſpoke to.* Sir, I got up firſt, and I do not underſtand ſuch uſage. Sir, this here ſociety is a ſociety for free debate; and, Sir, I pay my three pence half-penny as well as that there gentleman, and claim the privileges I purchaſe by it: and I think, Sir, that as that part of my purchaſe which conſiſts in beer is ſo very hard to be got, and ſo bad when it comes, I ought to be allowed my pennyworth of talking.

*Several members call out together.* Aye, aye, good beer, and free diſcourſe. Some beer at this end of the room here.

*Preſident.* Pray, gentlemen, behave decently: gentlemen, we do not come here to fuddle, I hope; but the waiters are coming up with ſome, and you ſhall be ſatisfied in time.

*A member ſtands up.* Mr. Preſident, you talk very well; but I have not taſted a drop of drink ſince I came, and really my ſpirits are not exalted enough to ſpeak to the queſtion until I have ſome liquor.

*Preſident.* Sir, you ſhall be inſpired with the ſpirit of malt preſently; and then, I hope, we ſhall all benefit by the effects of it.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Preſident.* I beg, gentlemen, you would be ſilent. Sir, I think that you intended to ſpeak to the queſtion before this interruption happened. Silence, gentlemen! to order! [*Raps.*

*Member*

*Member ſtands up.* Gentlemen, it appears to me——

*Preſident.* Sir, you muſt always addreſs yourſelf to the chair.

*Member.* Sir, I crave pardon for my miſtake; but, as I was ſaying, Mr. Preſident, that it appears to me, that we are all in the wrong in this matter. The fall of man, Sir, if we keep to the word of God, which all Chriſtians hold to be the word of God; if, Sir, as—what I was going to obſerve—the matter appears very plain—I ſay it is evident—we ought not, I mean, do depart one tittle from the letter. Now, Mr. Preſident, the holy penman never—that is to ſay, he always—the meaning of what I was going to obſerve is, in few words, that the ſerpent in the fall of man is called neither more nor leſs than a ſerpent. This, therefore, being the caſe, I cannot conceive how we are authoriſed, that is, how we are juſtified, in calling this here ſerpent, who, to be ſure, was but a ſerpent; this, I think, is paſt doubt: therefore, as I obſerved before, I am—I mean, I am not clear—that is to ſay, I cannot conceive, by what authority we can ſuppoſe an evil ſpirit to make uſe of the ſerpent as a vehicle; obſerve well what I ſay, Mr. Preſident; I ſay, a vehicle, whereby to deceive this here woman to her and her huſband's deſtruction. Therefore, Mr. Preſident, what I was going to remark is this, —I mean, I was going to obſerve that——in brief, I think it is demonſtrably clear, that the ſerpent, before the fall, poſſeſſed the faculty—that is to

ſay

ſay—I ſay it is evident, he could talk alſo—by which I mean, that as how ſerpents was created loquacious alſo; which I believe to be the reaſon why the woman contracted—that is, aſſociated—I mean, it was from that cauſe the mother of mankind ſcraped ſo intimate an acquaintance with him.—

[*A great laugh here. The Preſident knocks with his mallet.*]

But, Mr. Preſident, if we ſuppoſe—that is, if we conjecture—for, to be ſure, it is but a conjecture—that the ſerpent was poſſeſſed; that is, if the devil was in him; why then, Mr. Preſident, there would be an evident abſurdity,—I ſay it would be a palpable act of injuſtice, in ſo cruelly puniſhing the innocent ſerpent with the loſs of ſpeech, and to take away his legs. Therefore, ſince we are certain—that is to ſay, ſince we are ſo credibly informed, that this here ſerpent could talk, and had legs to walk like other cattle; and ſince we now ſee that he can only hiſs, and that he has no more legs than this here ſtick in my hand; I therefore poſitively affirm, that the ſerpent himſelf, and he only, was the ſeducer of our common mother. The contrary ſuppoſition, Mr. Preſident, includes a reflection on the moral juſtice of God, to make him puniſh the innocent for the guilty: a principle which—that is, a principle that—that is to ſay, I mean—I would ſay, I do not conceive how ſuch a principle is reconcileable to the Chriſtian ſyſtem.

It would be more properer—but I muſt crave the indulgence of the good company while I—for really I am at this time greatly oppreſſed—I hope, Mr. Preſident, that my exigency will be conſidered, and—that you will have patience while I only diſcharge a little water; for I can really hold it no longer: I am ſorry to be ſo troubleſome, but *Neceſſitas non habit leggem.*

[*Retires into a corner to the large pewter receiver.*

*Returns.* But as I was a ſaying, Mr. Preſident.

*Preſident.* [*laying the Minute glaſs ſide-ways.*] Sir, I muſt hint to you that your time is expired.

*Member.* Sir, the glaſs, as I obſerved myſelf, was not out when I broke off my diſcourſe; and therefore I think—that is to ſay, I humbly propoſe to the company, that I may be allowed to make two or three more obſervations which occur in the courſe of my argument——

*Preſident.* Sir, you know you are allowed five minutes to ſpeak to any queſtion; and though, Sir, you meet with an interruption, yet, Sir, our time is but ſhort, and therefore we cannot permit you to exceed your bounds. I imagine this is the ſenſe of the company.

*Omnes.* Very right, Mr. Preſident.

*Member reſumes.* One word more, Mr. Preſident, and I have done. You obſerved very judiciouſly, Mr. Preſident, that we are allowed, or permitted to uſe, five minutes to ſpeak to a queſtion; but, Mr. Preſident, I was not ſpeaking—I aſk the company's pardon, while I was making water:

water: therefore, Mr. Preſident, as I was a ſaying, and I make no doubt but that all this good company, all the worthy gentlemen preſent, will allow that the time I ſpent in that act of neceſſity ought not to be—I would ſay, it ought to be not reckoned into the time of diſcourſe, ſince it was not applied to that purpoſe. I have no more to ſay, Mr. Preſident.

*Preſident.* [*after writing on a ſlip of paper.*] I ſhould be ſorry, Sir, to give you any occaſion to think me partial, or to ſuppoſe I wanted to ſuppreſs what you had to ſay: I muſt only act according to the rules of the ſociety; but as we may improve our methods of diſputation by new regulations, as circumſtances occur, this ſeems to offer an opportunity of propoſing a new caſe to your conſideration, which may ſerve as a queſtion at our next meeting. I have expreſſed it in theſe words.

"Whether, if a member meets with an involun-
"tary interruption during his diſcourſe, by a fit of
"coughing, a ſudden impulſe to evacuation, or
"from any other cauſe, the glaſs ought not to be
"laid ſideways until he is able to reſume it again."

You gentlemen who are for having it debated, pleaſe to hold up your hands.

You on the negative ſide.

This queſtion then, gentlemen, will be debated next Monday.

Does any other gentleman chuſe to ſpeak to the queſtion in debate to-night, before it is cloſed?

*A member riſes.* Pleaſe to read the queſtion, Mr. Preſident,

*Preſident.* The queſtion, Sir, is, "Whether the "ſerpents did not walk upon legs previous to the "temptation of Eve and the fall of man?"

*Member.* Mr. Preſident, it is an odd queſtion; I do not perceive its tendency! Suppoſe they were created with legs; what then? Suppoſe not, what are we the wiſer? But, however material it may be to ſettle this point, what *data* have we to reaſon from? I have liſtened to the notable ſpeeches it has given riſe to, with as much gravity as I could retain; but, alas! I have not acquired one tittle of information, though I muſt confeſs, I have not entirely loſt my time neither, having been treated with two or three involuntary laughing fits: and riſibility is a very wholeſome, and very entertaining mode of bodily exerciſe.

But to reaſon ſeriouſly: This queſtion has aroſe from a literal acceptation of the unintelligible puerile ſtory of the fall of man; a ſtory which we cannot accept without giving up our underſtandings in exchange for it. A man was created in the image of God, who, for the paltry theft of an apple, brought death upon himſelf, and entailed depravity and death upon all his poſterity! Now he himſelf was created with certain powers and faculties; could he incur juſt puniſhment for acting according to deſires and feelings his maker conſtituted him with?

[*A hiſſing among the company.*]

*Preſident.*

*Preſident raps with his mallet.* To order, gentlemen! I beg of you.

*Member continues.* Pray, gentlemen, when a clock or a watch is erroneous in its movements, who is in the fault, the wheels, or the conſtructor of thoſe wheels? Again, gentlemen, if a father gives a command to his young unexperienced child, will he knock him on the head for the firſt failure? or will he not rather give him a whipping, and freſh inſtructions dictated by the circumſtances of his firſt fault?

I am told I am ſubject to a conſtitutional depravity in conſequence of this apple-ſtory. But the frailties of human nature may be much more rationally accounted for from the principles which, with your indulgence, I will briefly lay down, and which every thinking man's feelings will convince him to be true.

It will be granted me, Mr. Preſident——

[*An univerſal hiſſing.*]

*Preſident raps, but the hiſſing continuing more violently, he deſiſts. At laſt it ſubſides.* Gentlemen, I am aſhamed—Sir, I am extremely ſorry you meet with ſuch ungenteel uſage; but I hope you will paſs over it and go on.

*Member.* No, no, Sir, I ſee what treatment a perſon muſt expect, who——

[*The company exclaim*—An Atheiſt! an Atheiſt! an Infidel! an Heathen! a Papiſt! he deſerves to be ſent to priſon, *&c. and at length break into parties; and, after many wiſe obſervations, in which*

*the Preſident, now abdicating the chair, was obſerved to call him as many hard epithets as the reſt, they depart in great diſorder.*]

## A CHARACTER in the BEDFORD COFFEE-HOUSE.

SIR,

THERE is not a more whimſical creature under the ſun, a woman excepted, than a coffee-houſe frequenter; one who makes the moſt inſignificant things appear of the greateſt conſequence, and, in the ſpace of one quarter of an hour, tranſacts more buſineſs than he who lounges away four. I have often thought, if a journal of one of theſe buſy triflers was committed to paper, it would afford more entertainment to its readers than one from *London* to *Aleppo*. Having a little leiſure time upon my hands a few days ago, I reſolved to make trial of my abilities that way, which I here ſend you, if approved of, for the uſe of your paper. The occurences of every coffee-houſe being pretty much upon an equality, give me leave to ſuppoſe the *Bedford*, as the moſt noted in this great metropolis. No ſooner does one of theſe would-be-thought men of importance enter at the door, than he flies to the bar, throws his calico carcaſe half over it, runs his head full drive into Miſs *Barber's* face, like an old *Roman* battering-ram againſt the walls of

of a city. "Pray, Miſs, has Captain *Blunderbuſs* "been to enquire for me?" Being anſwered in the negative, he turns ſhort upon his heel, trips to the other end of the room, and though the dial is placed directly over his noſe, "*William*, ſays he, "what's o'clock;" "Paſt twelve, Sir." "*Anthony*, "give me ſome waſte-paper." "Yes, Sir." Then exits at the back-door, and, after ſtaying ſome time to do that which nobody is able to do for him, re-enters and ſeats himſelf in an indolent tooth-pick manner, as Lady *Townly* has it, calls for pen, ink, and paper, and ſcrawls over a genteel billet of about a line and a half. The porter muſt next be ſought after, to convey it away with his uſual dexterity.—Enter *John*.—You are now preſented with a whiſpering-ſcene, in imitation of that between the phyſician and gentleman uſher to the two kings of *Brentford* in the *Rehearſal*. "Make haſte, and "I'll wait here till you come back."—Exit *Mercury*. —To kill the tedious moments till the return of the meſſenger, a news-paper is ordered to be brought upon the tapis, which he careleſsly runs through, like a cat over a harpſichord, rare muſic, then lays it aſide, ſwallows a couple of warm jellies by way of provocative, diſturbs the company in the next box by humming or whiſtling *Murdoch O'Blaney*, or any other polite air moſt in vogue; and as a farther proof of his good-breeding, beating time with the paper upon the table, curiouſly rolled up in the form of a *tragedy* truncheon, when all the while ſome ravenous *quidnunc* is waiting

with the moſt eager expectation for the happy poſſeſſion of it. At length, like an infant cloyed with the jingling of his own coral, he ſtarts up, repairs to the looking-glaſs, and pays his addreſſes to his own ſweet phiz, which, by the by, is as ugly as the late unfortunate *The. Cibber's*, or the renowned *Mary Squire's*, adjuſts his ſtock, ſtrokes his eye-brows, and cleans his teeth with his pocket-handkerchief, with many other little embelliſhments very neceſſary towards ſetting off a *pretty fellow* to the beſt advantage, till, ſuddenly interrupted by the appearance of his ambaſſador, the whiſpering-ſcene is a ſecond time repreſented, and *John* is rewarded with ſix-pence for his diligence and ingenuity. To the bar he then goes again, and gives Miſs *Barber* another repreſentation of the battering-ram, puts the good-natured liſper out of countenance, by thinking to ſhew his wit in ſome fulſome double entendre, diſcharges his reckoning, and concludes the farce by way of epilogue, with, "If the Captain ſhould come, he will find me at "the *Shakeſpear*." Thus a full diſcovery is made of *John's* important embaſſy, like all other grand ſecret expeditions before they are ever put in execution.

I am, Sir,

Lincoln's-Inn, No. 12.
Dec. 23, 1761.

Yours, *&c.*

O. SNARLER.

A Genuine

## A Genuine Sketch of MODERN AUTHORSHIP.

I AM one of thoſe exalted geniuſes who, for the moſt part, lodge in a garret, and, as the phraſe is, live by their wits. It is my employment to ſupply the republic of letters with ſonnets, odes, epigrams, and acroſtics, and in humble proſe with tranſlations from the original *Engliſh*, ſurprizing love-tales, full and faithful narratives, remarks on late tranſactions, and conſiderations on the preſent poſture of affairs: in ſhort, whatever hath come from the preſs of late years by an impartial hand, a lover of truth, a well-wiſher to his country, a gentleman abroad, or a perſon at home, are the genuine offspring of my fertile head-piece.

That yo may be the better acquainted with my merits, and the occaſion of my giving you this trouble, I muſt inform you, that I am a native of Ireland, the younger ſon of a gentleman, who derived his pedigree from a noble family in that kingdom, with what juſtice I cannot pretend to determine. My father gave me an education liberal enough for thoſe parts. I could read, write, and figure tolerably well, and my head was furniſhed with a reaſonable quantity of Latin; but as I was never likely to inherit any part of his ſmall eſtate, he began to think of putting me into ſome way of doing for myſelf, and with this view I was ſoon after

after articled to an attorney in Dublin. The city was quite new to me, and I was quickly ſingled out by a knot of young fellows, who helped me to ſquander away my little allowance, and initiated me into a more agreeable method of ſpending my time than in copying writs, ingroſſing deeds, and making long bills for our cuſtomers. By theſe means I contracted ſuch a thorough averſion to the uſe of my pen, that in three months time I ran away from my maſter, and gave myſelf up entirely to my new companions, hiding myſelf in the day-time, and ſcouring the city all night. In this way of life, I ſoon contracted more debts than I was able to diſcharge; and being beſides taken notice of for ſome few miſdemeanors and breaches of the peace, I had no other alternative, but to ſerve his Majeſty, or go inſtantly to gaol; I choſe the former, as the leaſt evil of the two, and inliſted myſelf into a marching regiment, with which in a few weeks after I was ſhipped for Germany, without ever acquainting my father with this change in my ſituation, and of my having laid down the quill for the more honourable profeſſion of the ſword.

I will not detain you with a relation of my military adventures, of what I ſuffered and atchived during a five years ſervice: it is enough to tell you, that upon concluding the famous treaty at Utrecht in 1713, we were ſent home and diſbanded, and thus I became once more my own maſter. A wandering genius, and a deſire of ſeeing ſomething more of the world, brought me to this metropolis, which

which took my fancy ſo much, that I began to think of ending my travels, and taking up my abode here, provided I could meet with any employment that would keep me from ſtarving. While I was buſied in theſe thoughts, fortune threw in my way a tall ſlender perſonage of the age of fifty, with a meagre aſpect, an old campaign wig, and a coat that ſeemed to have been made for him before he was full grown, and to have been worn by him ever ſince; care and contemplation were ſeated upon his brow, and it was not eaſy to ſay, whether his leanneſs aroſe from poverty or hard ſtudy; and he appeared in my eyes to be nothing leſs than an almanack-maker, or an alchymiſt, who was maſter of the ſecrets of nature, and dived into the book of futurity, to learn his own and other people's fortunes; I judged him a very fit perſon to conſult with in my emergency, and one who was likely to ſteer me out of this ſea of troubles into the port of plenty and good fortune. Addreſſing myſelf therefore to him in a very ſubmiſſive ſtrain, and bribing his benevolence with a pot of ſtrong beer, which ſeemed to relax ſomething of the ſeverity of his features, I ventured to lay before him the ſtate of my affairs, and conſult him upon ſome plan of future operations.

"Young man," ſaid he, "I can point out to you "the path not only to ſubſiſtence, but renown. I "diſcern your qualifications in your countenance, "and venture to predict, that you will one day "ſtand the foremoſt in the rank of modern authors.

"If

"If you can but read and write, your way to glory "is eaſy and expeditious." "Thanks to my parents," ſaid I, "I am perfect enough in both theſe ac- "compliſhments, if they are the ones which are "neceſſary to ſuch an employment." "Know," he replied, "that I am an author by profeſſion, not "hindermoſt in the liſts of fame, though I ſet out "with no greater furniture, than what I juſt now "mentioned; for you muſt learn, that as there is "nothing new under the ſun, ſo the art of writing "now-a-days is no more than the art of ſaying over "again what hath been ſaid a thouſand times al- "ready: nothing therefore is requiſite to an author "of the preſent day, but boldneſs in tranſcribing "from thoſe who have gone before him, and a "little dexterity in applying what they have wrote "to his own time, and the ſubject which he hath "in hand."

I was furniſhed with a native ſtock of impudence, which I had not run out during my ſtay in the army; and as I had learned ſo eaſy a method of turning it to account, I made no difficulty of embracing the propoſal. I kept cloſe to my tutor, who treated me with great unreſervedneſs and good nature. Under his inſtructions I made conſiderable improvements in a very ſhort time, and was initiated into all the myſteries of authorſhip. With a ſet of news-papers, an old gazetteer, a new art of poetry, an Engliſh dictionary, and a bundle of dirty pamphlets, procured at very eaſy rates, I entered upon my new profeſſion. My firſt

care

care was to hire an apartment up three pair of ſtairs, for the convenience of being near to the ſky, and to give myſelf ſome importance in the eyes of the bookſellers; for there are ſome things which cuſtom and uſe have ſo cloſely connected with others, that they ſeem to be of the eſſence of the ſubject, and cannot be ſeparated ſo much as in idea: of this kind are a biſhop and lawn ſleeves, a lawyer and the gown, an author and his garret; and I will add too, a patriot and a penſion. If any one ſhould queſtion the juſtice of my laſt inſtance, I muſt refer him, for complete ſatisfaction, to my new ſyſtem of patriotiſm, which is now in the preſs; wherein I have ſhewn at large, the perfect ſimilarity and congruity which ſubſiſts between theſe two ideas, and demonſtrated upon principles, which no man will venture to diſpute, that the patriot was made for the penſion, and the penſion for the patriot.

My firſt attempts were in verſe, which ſucceeded tolerably for a young beginner; complaints of cruel miſtreſſes, ſatires upon the inconſtancy of the ſex, and all thoſe unmeaning topics which ſwarm in every poetical miſcellany, paid the rent of my garret through the winter, and helped me to a comfortable livelihood into the bargain; but growing too adventurous, and ſoaring above myſelf, I met at length with a fall. A ſet of paſtorals, which my bookſeller abſolutely refuſed to meddle with, lay upon my hands above three months, and almoſt reduced me to death's door, before I could meet with

with a purchaſer: this unlucky accident put me out of humour with the muſes, and made me determine to try my talent at plain proſe.

Having it hinted to me by two or three of the trade, that in the preſent dearth of news, a volume or two of travels might take with the public, I offered them my ſervice to go to any part of the world which they would chuſe. They ſeemed to think, that the tour of the Eaſt would be as profitable a one as any I could make; and being furniſhed with books, and other neceſſary inſtruments, I finiſhed my travels through Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, in leſs than a month's time, without ſtirring out of my garret, and they were immediately publiſhed in three neat pocket volumes.

The taſte of the age being pretty much turned for intrigue and gallantry, I was next engaged in writing ſecret hiſtories, memoirs of the court of * * * *, and adventures of rakes and ladies of quality. It would be tedious to recount the ſeveral ſtages and revolutions of my art, in which I was a mere Proteus, every thing by turns, but nothing long: if I excelled in any one branch of ſcience more than another, it was in politics. This was my maſter-piece; and vanity apart, I believe I went beyond all who have gone before me, or ſhall come after me.

In matters of government I was like the academics, who you know were a ſet of philoſophers, that maintained both ſides of a ſyſtem with great fluency, and believed one as much as the other.

I had

I had no opinions of my own, but could write and diſpute for any which happened to be in vogue. I took care to have by me a ready ſtock of panegyrics upon miniſters in place, and invectives againſt thoſe that went out; for I have obſerved, that all men in office have nearly the ſame good qualities, and thoſe who are out the ſame bad ones. I have wrote for and againſt continental connections within the month, and with great applauſe. I have demonſtrated the divine original of monarchy in one pamphlet, and in the next aſſerted the rights of the people. I have ſhewn, that we could not be fifty millions in debt without being bankrupts, and upon the next riſe of ſtocks have made out as clearly, that the danger of ſtraining our public credit was a mere fiction. I have proved inconteſtibly, that the Engliſh nation was upon the brink of ruin in a wet ſpring, and have hailed them conquerors of the world before autumn.

In the year 1745, I compoſed an elaborate defence of hereditary right; but things taking a different turn to what was expected, I publiſhed the ſame piece, after having undergone ſome neceſſary alterations, as a panegyric upon the act of ſettlement, and the glorious Revolution. Thus diligently did I obſerve the times and the ſeaſons; for it is the grand ſecret with us political writers, and I have never known it to fail of ſucceſs: it is the only infallible way to guide the voice of the nation, and be quoted with applauſe in all taverns and coffee-houſes. I wrote for the people, I ſtudied

died every look, feature, and caſt of their eye, traced them from gay to cloudy, and from cloudy to gay; collected every voice, numbered their nods, winks, and ſignificant ſhrugs, and laboured with indefatigable pains to catch, drag home to my garret, and draw out upon paper before they were changed, the politics of that minute. Many an half-finiſhed piece hath been thrown aſide, many an embryo and ſhapeleſs conceit been ſuppreſſed upon a ſudden change of the wind, or an unexpected expreſs from abroad. My works, if they were in being, when compared with their dates, would ſpeak for me how well I had calculated them for their day: but, alas! poor works! born in an unlucky hour, fated to flouriſh one day and ſink the next.

How hard is the lot of modern performances! inſtead of being a match for the thunderbolts of Jupiter, the devouring flame, the edge of the ſword, the maw of time, or being more durable than braſs, the boaſt of ancient bards, ſuch flimſy materials as ours were never contrived to turn a bullet, they are driven away with the wind, drowned in the jakes, and conſumed with the blaze of a farthing candle. I declare to you upon the word of an honeſt man, that I have wrote volumes enough in number to compoſe a handſome library. But I believe, upon the ſtricteſt enquiry, there could not above three or four of them be found at the preſent inſtant. Theſe eyes, theſe eyes have ſeen whole cart-loads fetched away by

pedlars

pedlars and tobacconiſts; and thus, to my unſpeakable misfortune, I have loſt the moſt unexceptionable witneſſes of my patriotic zeal. But notwithſtanding I will venture to affirm, with all becoming modeſty, that I have been the moſt public ſpirited perſon breathing: *Si quid eſt in me ingenii, quod ſentio quam ſit exiguum*, that is to ſay, if I have any brains at all, which I am very ſenſible can be but few, they have every fibre of them been at work for the public good.

I have ruined my health, waſted my ſpirits, and exhauſted my little ſtock of wit in the ſervice of my country. I now begin to find myſelf abſolutely unfit for buſineſs; and having ſat for near fifty years at the helm of politics and literature, I am obliged to quit the ſhip which I am no longer able to ſteer. I will now withdraw into a port of ſafety, where I hope to enjoy a calm old age, to waſh my hands of this world, and prepare for another. Though I richly deſerve a penſion for my ſignal ſervices to theſe kingdoms, I ſhall content myſelf with an invidious proviſion for my declining years, by way of ſubſcription to a work which I ſhall give ſome account of below. I ſhould not have troubled you in this manner, but that my bookſeller, who had engaged to print it as a work of a ſociety of gentlemen, which at preſent is the faſhionable way of recommending a bulky performance, upon ſome little quarrel ariſing between us about the profits, poſitively refuſed to have any thing to do with it.

Thus I find myſelf neceſſitated, ſore againſt my will, to apply immediately to the public; for I mortally hate every thing which carries the leaſt appearance of vanity and oſtentation, and would chuſe to ſit in ſilence, and leave my ſervice to ſpeak for themſelves: but, as things are circumſtances, I muſt ſubmit to be the trumpet of my own praiſes, and lay my undoubted claims before the world. If you will permit your Magazine to be the vehicle of my modeſt requeſt to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, you will eternally oblige,

Gentlemen,

Your very humble Servant,

*Grub-ſtreet,*
*Feb.* 20, 1762.

ELIAS MOUNTGARRET.

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## An ESSAY on GHOSTS.

"*Happy the man, who tracing nature's laws,*
"*Sees and adores one all controuling cauſe;*
"*Borne on the wings of fair philoſophy,*
"*Devils, and ghoſts, and death, he dares defy;*
"*Looks down on ſuperſtition with diſdain,*
"*And hears, unmov'd, the knockings of* COCK-
"LANE."

SIR,

FOR the entertainment of your readers in the country, you ought to give us an eſſay upon ghoſts, which

which at this time is the moſt ſeaſonable ſubject you can hit upon; I have no objection to your paying your reſpects ſometimes to Freethinkers, if you will but believe one honeſt truth, that they are proof againſt all the raillery, reaſoning, or wit you can employ; nor to your ſliding into politics, if you will but allow, that the characters of miniſters of ſtate are ſeen through a very deceitful medium, and that from the vaſt complication of human events, we are ſometimes led to condemn what we ought moſt to admire; nor to your talking of ways and means, provided it be granted, that no man cares about them, if he can but raiſe *his own ſupplies* within the year.

I thought ſuperſtition had lived in the country; but it ſeems it goes to town for the winter ſeaſon. We have not a news-paper that does not contain a long account of the proceedings in Cock-lane. The only contention among your compilers of chronicles is, who ſhall give the beſt hiſtory of apparitions. I impatiently look for "a ceſſation of "arms betwixt the Ruſſians and the Pruſſians;" and I read, "that there was no knockings heard "laſt Friday, only about ſeven o'clock there was a "little ſcratching." I flatter myſelf, that the next paragraph will contain an account of the junction of the houſes of Auſtria and Brandenburgh againſt the conſpiracy of the family of Bourbon; and it is nothing but a converſation betwixt Fanny and the Rev. Mr. M——

I am in hopes that the poſtſcript will cheer me with relating a ſucceſsful expedition of Luckner againſt the French, and, give me patience, heavens! it is nothing but an idle ſtory, about a detachment of ſpectre-takers ſent to a vault to hear a noiſe, which might be heard much more commodiouſly in Miſs Parſons's bed-chamber. If our papers were under proper regulation, they might be the vehicles of inſtruction, amuſement, and morality; but when they are ſtuffed with tales calculated to ſet a ſuperſtitious imagination at work, and ſupported by the countenance of men of character and learning, the whole kingdom will be peopled with abſurdities and chimeras. The village where I live enjoyed much peace and quietneſs for many years; but this Smithfield ſtory has occaſioned a world of wrangling and diſpute, terror, and credulity. A neighbour of mine, a warm advocate for the new miniſtry, will needs have it to be nothing but an artifice of Mr. Pitt's friends, to draw the attention of the kingdom from conſidering the errors of his adminiſtration. The ſexton is a firm believer, the clerk a half one, and the parſon a quarter. There is not a houſe in the country round about, that has not been haunted ſome time or other; and no body walks through the church-yard but myſelf: my wife would be an infidel, if it was not for Saul and the witch of Endor: my daughter is become a convert to my opinion; but ſhe relapſes every time there is knocking at the hall door, and the whiteneſs of her cheeks is apter than her tongue to tell her

her fears; every night one or other of my family is terrified by ſome dreadful dream; and I am obliged to take proper caution for fear Betty, who is at her wit's end, ſhould entrench herſelf in the arms of John againſt all midnight hobgoblins.

If the genius of a people is marked by the occurrences that make the greateſt noiſe among them, what eſtimate ſhall be made of the underſtanding of the preſent time? In the middle of the eighteenth century, in the reign of George III. in the metropolis of Great Britain, and under the meridian of philoſophy—the ridiculous rumour of a ſpeechleſs female ghoſt, throwing an innocent girl into convulſions, and anſwering ſcandalous queſtions by knocks, gains ſo much ground, as to become the ſubject of univerſal converſation—to be credited by ſome, debated by more, and examined by all! The houſe where this farce is tranſacted is frequented by thouſands of people, viſited by perſons of diſtinction. The accomplices in this trick receive no moleſtation in carrying on their impoſture, and ſpread defamation and miſchief with impunity; the journal of the night is regularly retailed to the public the following day. Clergymen celebrated for their piety and learning; authors renowned for their prodigious talents, form themſelves into committees, and enter ſeriouſly into the confutation of what confutes itſelf; and by the dignity of their own great names give a ſanction to vulgar fears and ſuſpicions. This tranſanction continues for many weeks, and becomes with ſome

perſons the teſt of faith. Immediately all the ghoſts of antiquity riſe out of their dormitories, and all the wild dreams and imaginations, which impoſed on former ages, are revived to gratify the curioſity of a people, prepared to receive any abſurdity whatſoever.

If there were no executions, nor coronations, nor expeditions, nor battles, nor lies; if there was any dearth of ſcurrility, or any famine of politics, we might be indebted to Miſs Fanny to entertain the intervals betwixt dreſſing and cards; but when there is plenty of all theſe, what occaſion is there to have recourſe to ſo low an expedient?

In the moſt diſmal and direful tragedy in which Britons ever acted a part, the plot is ſuſpended, the events are diſregarded, the machinery is all at once interrupted,——and for what? the ſcene opens, a bed with a child in it is ſeen upon the ſtage; the ſpectators ſtand around waiting with ſolemn looks and ſtarting eyes: the ſcratching proclaims the ſpirit near: hark! it knocks!——Again—again. It tells the hour of the night very nearly; it diſtinguiſhes a clergyman even by his dreſs; it counts the number of perſons in the room, within one or two; the ſound is audible and diſtinct, yet no perſon knows from whence it comes. Aſtoniſhing! how can it be accounted for? Every eye is fixed, every ear liſtens, and all other concerns are neglected, or poſtponed, till the ſtrange myſtery is revealed.

I do

I do not know whether philoſophers have ranged ghoſts under the claſſes of bodies or ſpirits, or whether they call them only impalpable ſubſtances; but the genealogical account of them, as nearly as I can collect it, is this: pride committed a rape upon innocence, and produced fear; fear entered into a contract with ignorance, and their legitimate offſpring was ſuperſtition; guilt married ſuperſtition, and from their inſeparable embrace proceeded a ghoſt. From this fertile parent deſcended an innumerable family of elves, ſpirits, apparitions, fantoms, ſpectres, and hobgoblins, which at firſt only aſſociated with traitors and aſſaſſins, but afterwards perſecuted the juſt and virtuous for a long ſucceſſion of ages. They have been wandering, like Jews, all over the world, and flouriſhed or decreaſed according to the reception they have met with. There are few countries in which they have not been reſpected; they have found patrons among the moſt learned men, from Luther down to the committee of Cock-lane: their Auguſtan æra was under our Britiſh Solomon, king James, of pedantic memory; ſince that time they have been very much upon the decline, and were thought to be extinct, till Miſs Fanny began her atchievements, to the great wonder of mankind, and thus reſcued the reputation of her anceſtors.

## NEWS FOR THE YEAR 1862.

### FOREIGN NEWS

*PARIS, Jan.* 1, 1862.

THIS day Chancellor Noailles received the annual prize from the Academy of Faſhions, for his new invented machine for curling feathers.

Monſieur Volage, ſuperintendant of the Italian Comedy, is choſe ſecretary for the marine department; and Signior Senza Pietra, from the Opera-houſe, grand maſter of the ordnance.

### *BERLIN.*

We hear that an Engliſh ſoldier was publicly whipped there for ſelling a remnant of London broadcloth to his landlord, to diſcharge his wife's lying-in expences. The grenadier was puniſhed upon a law made by Frederic the Great, as it is ſaid, which prohibited the vending Engliſh cloth in his dominions. But there muſt be ſome error in this account; for we know that monarch received a large ſubſidy from England, to the amount of 600,000 guineas annually; and a Prince ſo remarkable for his ſtrict adherence to juſtice would never be guilty of ſuch flagrant ingratitude.

From Vienna we are informed, that the precious relics, which had been enſhrined for upwards of ninety years, *viz.* Maria Thereſa, her Apoſtolic Majeſty's great toe-nail of the right foot, and what

was

was to have been expoſed to the people on the Emperor's name-day, is miſſing; which occaſions great ſpeculations among the politicians throughout all the courts in Europe.

## *BRUSSELS.*

Since the forming Flanders into an Imperial domain, eleven Emperors have been crowned here: and his preſent moſt Evangelic Majeſty has this year been pleaſed to remit thoſe taxes the Dutch uſed annually to pay him for cutting turf in Holland, out of his extraordinary clemency, it having been proved, they are unable to raiſe the tribute; for that once flouriſhing country, called then the United Provinces, by the encroachments of their envious neighbours, and their own ſtupidity, is almoſt all ſwallowed up; which has been entirely owing to the intrigues of a French faction, who, as the hiſtorians of thoſe times record, lulled them into a ſtate of defenceleſs inactivity.

## *CONSTANTINOPLE.*

The Grand Signior made laſt year a promotion of general officers.

*Mahomet Beg*, the Water-carrier's ſon, *Grand Vizier*. *Muſtapha*, the Sherbet-ſeller, *Boſtangi-Ben Saddi*, the Turband-twiſter, *Baſha of Natolia*. *Caprara*, the Arrow-pointer, *Cadi of Adrianople*.

So that, in Turky, ſtill merit more than birth recommends men to great places. Now although it is not proper our kingdom ſhould be ſo regulated; yet, if ſometimes here a man, who was not born

born to a tittle, might be allowed any chance of making his fortune without being a freeholder, people in England would take pains to accompliſh themſelves in arts and ſciences; but party deſtroys even the good intent of generous inſtitution; and Malignity, Pride, and Ignorance prevent Merit from making its way to Independency.

They write from Lyons, that a ſurprizing phænomenon was lately ſeen there, conſiſting of an opake body, darting perpendicularly towards the zenith; the length of whoſe tail formed an arch of 45 degrees; and when it was vertical to the gentleman who ſent us this account, it burſt with amazing exploſion, occaſioned, as we ſuppoſe, by the ætherial denſity, being more than ordinary impregnated with nitrous particles, and kindling by its extraordinary velocity, was the immediate impulſe of that inſtantaneous irruption which followed, ſprinkling the atmoſphere with fiery *Stellites*, as if the fret-work of the Milky Way was raining upon our heads.

P. S. A drunken Engliſhman is this moment put into the Inquiſition for aſſerting—this unuſual appearance, which had alarmed our Electrical Collegians ſo much, was only a ſky-rocket he let off himſelf.

The King of Corſica has publiſhed an order, forbidding the Genoeſe from uſing of any ice but what they import from his kingdom.

*VENICE.*

## *VENICE.*

The Doge and Senate ſat very late laſt night, on the ſubject of what ſort of maſks muſt be uſed next Carnival; and this morning a placart was put up round St. Mark's-place, forbidding any other to be worn than thoſe made of Papier Maché. This will bring in a great revenue, as the government have all the paper-works.

## *LONDON.*

Great intereſt is making for Brief the gambler, who killed Mr. Jeltby with a caſe-knife, for detecting him with falſe dice in his pocket; it is ſaid the murderer will be pardoned, becauſe he married the Ducheſs of Phaeton's Swiſs hair cutter's ſiſter.

The great match ſo long depending, concerning the eleven games at put, between Paddy Murdoch the chairman, and Sooty Dun the chimney-ſweeper, on which large betts were depending, was determined yeſterday morning in Bow-ſtreet night-cellar in favour of the former.

Laſt week at Newmarket there was a race for 500, between the wooden leg walker and a ham-ſtringed hog. It was ſix to four at ſtarting upon Timber-toe, and large ſums were laid; but he loſt it by half a diſtance, his artificial leg breaking in the middle—and *the knowing ones were all taken in.*

The Counteſs of Hurricane's rout is poſtponed to the 10th inſtant, on account of her parrot being ſeized with an epilepſy.

The

The great match at cricket between eleven maids of Hampton-court, and eleven wives of Windſor, will be played one day next week in Buſhy Park.

## *ADVERTISEMENTS.*

Ladies may be furniſhed with half boots for ſnipe-ſhooting, at Mr. Broderic's, Crane-court, No. 7.

Gentlemens muffs, made of a curious ſortment of ſables for the out-ſides, and lined with the utmoſt neatneſs and preciſion, with the ſofteſt velvet mole ſkins; they being found, when heated by the animal ſpirits of the fingers, to add by their effluvia that delicate cream-colour tint to the hands, which is now the only complexion made uſe of.

Whereas the Company of Spouters thought proper to publiſh a prize, to be beſtowed on him who could repeat *Honorificabilitudinitatibuſque*, ofteneſt in a breath; and as the premium was given to me —I propoſe to give lectures upon volubility and vociferation at Weſtminſter-hall coffee-houſe, the Gun at Billingſgate, and Jonathan's in Change-alley, ſome time in March next.

Eſſence of Chineſe cream to be ſold by the importer; alſo the true Turkiſh water, for ſpotting lap-dogs ſkins, now uſed by the ladies in the Seraglio, at the Carved Lamp, Piccadilly.

Whereas I have lately gained a patent for my new invented ſhoe-ſtrings; this is to let gentlemen and ladies know, that I am removed to the Piazza Covent-garden, where all orders ſhall be punctually obſerved by their humble ſervant,

H. NARROW.

N. B.

N. B. Lady Languiſh's daiſy-water, to be had only at the old original water-warehouſe, at the New River Head.

The true He Tortoiſhell Cat, to leap this ſeaſon at ten guineas a puſs, and half a guinea to the ſervant.

Tortoiſhell got Miſs Tabby, and Moll Mouzer, and Grimalkin, who won the great ſcratching match; he is full brother to the Purring Stallion, who got the famous Rat-catcher, who came out of the African Filly Cat, O Mountain.

The 60th. Night,
At the Theatre in COVENT-GARDEN,
This preſent Evening will be performed
The Comic Opera, called

CATO,

Moderniſed from Mr. Addiſon,
With the laſt new Pantomime, called

HIGGLEDE PIGGLEDE.

The whole to conclude with the celebrated Repreſentation

Of an *Auto da Fe* Proceſſion.

At the Opera-houſe, this Evening,
Will be exhibited the laſt Serenata, called

BURLETTA AFFETUOSA.

The Dog and Cat Duet, by the two Paſquawlini's;
Firſt Jews-harp, by Mynheer Grotinghen;
A Solo on the ſalt-box, by Picklini.
Pit and Boxes 10s. 6d. Gallery 5s.

The

The *Chineſe* Company of Rope-dancers only perform in London nine nights more, being obliged to go to Dublin, as their grand ſubſcription opens there in three weeks. But to oblige the perſons of quality in England, from whom they have received ſuch ſignal favours, they ſhall play at only the uſual Prices, viz. Boxes 7s. 6d. Pit 5s. Gallery 3s.

Signiora Errantiſſima, from Padua, propoſes to oblige the ladies and gentlemen of England with four more Concerts, at no more than one guinea each ticket.

N. B. Ladies with hoops will not be admitted.

For the benefit of Muley Molock, from Africa, who imitates all the wild beaſts voices at the Opera-houſe, on Thurſday next will be performed the Burletta, called NOAH'S ARK.

Boxes and Pit laid together at half a guinea.
Gallery 5s.

For the benefit of Mr. Coventry, Mr. Darby, Mr. Exeter, Miſs Kent, Mrs. Suſſex, and the widow Lincoln,

At the Theatre in Drury-lane, on Monday next,
Will be revived a Tragedy, called

HAMLET,

Not acted theſe thirty years.
With ſeveral alterations to the preſent times.
Boxes 4s. Pit 2s. 6d. 1ſt. Gallery 2s. Upper Gallery 1s.

N. B.

N. B. We humbly hope, that the prejudice which the polite part of the town has imbibed againſt us, becauſe we are Engliſh actors, will for this one night ſubſide, as we have let our theatre, at the particular deſire of the members of the Whiſt and Jockey Clubs, for the remainder of the ſeaſon to the famous Italian Slight-of-hand artiſt.

The Pigmies are deſired to meet their Grand at brother Dapper's, about changing their feaſt from the ſhorteſt day of the year.

Bird-cages and ſquirrel-huts made in the neweſt Muſcovy taſte; the proprietor of the patent, for his late improvements in thoſe articles, keeping a perſon at a vaſt expence in Siberia to ſend over the neweſt patterns.

Wanted a genius who can crow like a cock, or bray like an aſs, or take off the Hottentots, or cry like a Jackall—ſuch a one, by applying at the Choice Spirit-houſe, the ſign of the Go-cart in Puddle-dock, may meet with encouragement.

MYNHEER SOOTERKIN HOOG STRAAT, from the Cape of Good Hope, effectually eradicates all traces of the ſcurvy, gives eaſe at once in all acute pains ariſing from ſtones lodging in the urinary paſſages; extracts *Funguſes* from the bladder; reſtores old and young to their ſight, the diſtemper ariſing either from coagulations of the retina, mortifications of the *optic nerve*, or *gutta ſerena*, *by his Lymphatical Lotion;* or Bullruſh Elixir.

N. B.

N. B. All patients diſcharged from the hoſpitals as incurable, he engages to make ſound in a week's time.

He is to be heard of every Monday and Thurſday at the academy for teaching grown gentlemen good manners; at the hoſpital for decayed Italian Singers every Wedneſday; and the reſt of the week at the ſign of the Group of Gamblers in Change-alley.

*Nunc aut Nunquam.*

Doctor Benjamin Biſmuth deſires every body who is *really* afflicted with diſtempers, to come away at once, call of him, and he'll cure them.

Upwards of forty years practice has he had: and as *Hippokrates* ſays, *Experientia docet*; ſo that in mere pity to mankind, leſt they ſhould be impoſed upon by ignorant quacks, who never know no knowledge, even of their own language, but go about puffing themſelves as phyſicians, when the black-guards, though I ſcorn to uſe unpoliteneſs, but the ſcoundrels have no ſort of ideal conception of the *materia medica* of anatomy.

I give advice *gratis* in hyſterics, amputations, palpitations, cramps, and all other morbid caſes.

I am to be ſpoke with in Tottenham Road, next door to the hoſpital for ideots, formerly Whitefield's Tabernacle.

Printed for Mr. Type, at the ſign of the Preſs in Founders-alley, where advertiſements are taken in.

HISTORY.

## HISTORY of a STROLLING COMPANY'S Romeo, Proceſſion, and Coronation.

THERE is nothing in *painting* ſtrikes perſons who have ſeen the world more than the *Caracatura*—Aukward imitations in another part of life give us *equal* pleaſure—What think you of the *ſervile copyiſts* now of country-ſhop-keepers, who, with about five ſhillings worth of ribbon, a brace of caps, and a paper-ſkull *buſt* to place them on, call themſelves *milliners*—Every barber's is, now, the *wig-warehouſe*—And I daily expect to ſee a common *paſtry-cook's* called by the ſame name—of the cheeſe-cake and pie-warehouſe.

But of all imitations, and in the caracatura ſtile, commend me to a ſet of ſtrollers in a barn, whoſe *day* bills, for I ſhould wrong them to call it a *play-bill*, promiſe us the *poſſeſſion* of Juliet to the monument of the *Capulets*, after the manner of London; accompanied with a ſolemn *drudge*, for ſo it is ſpelt in a manuſcript one now before me—and the ceremony of the coronation with the *champion*; all ſtill after the manner of London, and the noble theatres *royal*.

My curioſity led me a month ſince, for we play *here* but once a week: the cant word being, that we have but *two* audiences—a London expreſſion no doubt,—to ſee the *former*—when, to my moſt *laughing* ſurprize, myſelf and company were happy

to ſee this famous *poſſeſſion*, myſelf holding the play-bill in my *hand* all the time, to heighten the ſcene, where the word was really ſpelt ſo, to the monument of the *Capulets*.

The monument was a large *ebony* preſs with *folding* doors, ſuch as we ſee carefully preſerved by the old houſewives in farm-houſes: a fellow with a tolerable large *peſtle* ſtruck a *cracked* mortar, for no apothecary would lend an *entire* one, by way of *great bell*——ſome charity girls with *ſhifts*, and no bad *ſhift* neither, over their cloaths, marched two a-breaſt, with green *ruſh* candles in their hands, ſinging the *laſt* new anthem made on their *founder's*, day—the different colours of the *ſeeming* ſurplices, according the care of the wearer, or the quantity they had to make a proper change, much *heightened* the ſcene.

The ſolemn *drudge*, or dirge, conſiſted, thanks to a *recruiting* ſerjeant of the Black Rangers, of a *flageolet*, or *fife*, accompanied with the thorough baſs of a *ſide*-drum; and which indeed the fellow humoured tolerably well; only inſtead of a *dead* march he beat a *living* one—and I don't think it was very mal-à-propos, as it covered the ſhrillneſs of the charity *Mattei's*, who ſcreamed occaſionally as they do in the *open* air at a funeral.

And now for the greateſt of all exhibitions, the *coronation!* after the manner of London—— Unluckily for them! Covent Garden had ſet the unlucky example of a *double* proceſſion; and they, like *fools*, would imitate them; though moſt of the

the audience would have been content with a *barn* king unaccompanied with a *bride*.

The *worſhipful* Mayor of the town, and the *reſpectable* corporation aided and abetted the proceſſion, very good-naturedly, by accommodating them with their *gowns*, *maces*, *cap of maintainance*, &c. &c. &c. &c.——The town beadle was not wanting in his kind offices; and his glittering *lace* very much heightened the otherwiſe dull eclipſed view of the whole—Two *teſters* of good harrateen four-poſt beds made no un-extraordinary figure, I can aſſure you; and, being on *fixed* poſts, did not bob up and down as thoſe, ſo unſightingly, did at the *real* coronation.

The houſhold trumpets were *excuſed* attendance: but an arch boy repreſented the houſhold *fife* well enough—and as more recruiting parties than one were in town, there was no lack of *drums*, of *ſoldiers*, or *ſerjeants*.

Such was the magnificent proceſſion! at laſt the champion entered, in a poſtillion's leather jacket, which was adorned with braſs *claſps*, and a light-horſe-man's cap, by way of *helmet*—the horſe unluckily was one of his maſter's *coach* retinue, and had a *dock'd* tail—I much wondered they did not make an *artificial* one. But was anſwered, the horſe was very *ſkittiſh*, and would bear nothing to touch him *behind*—This was ſoon verified! for a candle falling from one of the *wooden* chandeliers on his rump, he immediately threw down all the *wings*, which were but too geometrically fixed; and created

ſuch confuſion, that the whole houſe of lords came into the pit for *ſhelter*, and diſcovered the fallacy of their *ermin*, which was white paper *fringed* and dotted occaſionally with ink.

We are now endeavouring to *repair* this almoſt *irreparable* loſs—and one of the butchers in town having a *pad* for his lady, we ſhall exhibit again immediately—We have the aſſurance to write on our bills the *8th and 10th night*, in imitation of London too—— But do aſſure you, our banquet beats any of your's *in town*; for the tradeſmen alternately ſend ſome of their commodities *gratis*. The laſt was a bread and cheeſe ſupper, as it was the cheeſemonger's and baker's turn to treat—But when the *butcher*'s turn comes, I can well aſſure you, that not only their *majeſties*, but the *houſe of lords*, and their *ladies* too, come in for a ſlice of good *mutton*.

In ſhort, we are great creatures! and I will defy Mr. Garrick himſelf, or the late 'Squire Rich's *executors*, to exhibit any thing which we will not take off ſome how or other.—The *butchereſs*'s pad has had one rehearſal; and though it was the *firſt* time of appearing in *that* character, the beaſt kept a good countenance—— Adieu! and believe me,

Your conſtant Reader,

ANSWERS.

On

## On the preſent faſhionable TASTE for ORATORY.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an acquaintance in London, congratulating me on the dawn of a golden age in England, and aſſuring me that the period is not far off, in which venality and corruption will be totally baniſhed from among us; the laws continue no longer obſcure and expenſive, juſtice be adminiſtered with equal ſpeed and integrity, and the nominal profeſſors of Chriſtianity become truly religious.

Upon peruſing the firſt part of my friend's epiſtle, I ſuppoſed he had been dabbling in the prophecies, and that he expected the immediate commencement of the Millenium; or elſe that he was ſo charmed with the virtues of our excellent young monarch, as to believe they would infallibly produce an univerſal reformation. But his hopes do not ſpring from either of theſe ſources: no, gentlemen, they ariſe from another cauſe. He has heard Mr. Sheridan's lectures with admiration, is ſeized with the preſent oratorical enthuſiaſm, and thinks that a right elocution will bring about the wonderful effects I have mentioned.

For my own part, I rejoice at every improvement which is made in the art of ſpeaking; I ſincerely lament the neglect of a juſt and forcible delivery; am perſuaded, that a greater attention to it would be extremely uſeful; and am glad that it

excites a more general regard than formerly: I heartily wiſh ſucceſs to any rational ſcheme for its advancement, and believe Mr. Sheridan deſerves the encouragement of his country. But, notwithſtanding all this, I cannot perſuade myſelf, that the introduction of oratory would be attended with ſuch prodigious conſequences as my ſanguine London friend imagines. To me it ſeems, that his expectations are not grounded upon a due conſideration of the ſtate of the world. I am afraid that human beings are carried away from their duty, by temptations too ſtrong for the cords of eloquence intirely to bind; and that, when they have been twiſted as firmly as poſſible, they will ſtill be broke by the violence of contending intereſts, appetites, and paſſions.

But we are often told of the ſurprizing effects which were produced by the art of ſpeaking in ancient times. The mighty names of Demoſthenes and Cicero, and the vaſt things that were done by them, are perpetually ſounded in our ears. I admire theſe famous orators as much perhaps as ſome who affect to be continually talking about them; and yet it muſt be acknowledged, that they did not thoroughly reform the ages in which they lived. Did the remonſtrances of Demoſthenes totally baniſh corruption from Athens? Did his animated and pathetic exhortations really inſpire his countrymen with wiſdom and fortitude? It was a long while before he could perſuade them to vigorous meaſures; and when he did prevail upon them to engage

engage Philip at Chæronea, it was out of his power to give them the true magnanimity of their anceſtors; nor could he, at laſt, preſerve himſelf from being condemned to exile and death. As to Cicero, I do not find that the maſter-piece of his eloquence prevented the baniſhment of Milo; or that his invective againſt Anthony deſtroyed the power of that tyrant. The caſe of Ligarius is often inſiſted upon; but either Cæſar paid an artful compliment to Tully, or the fact itſelf is doubtful, ſince it is only related by one ancient author, and he mentions it not as a certainty, but a report.

Should it, however, be granted, that oratory has been attended with all the mighty effects aſcribed to it, may it not be an inſtrument in the hands of wicked as well as worthy men; a two-edged weapon which cuts both ways? If any credit is due to hiſtory, it is much to be doubted whether the gift of elocution, though excellent and uſeful in its own nature, has not, in fact, been applied in ſuch a manner as to do more harm than good. Factious demagogues, ambitious and artful ſpeakers, have led the multitude captive, have deceived, plundered, and deſtroyed them. When I conſider that ingenious, but profligate perſons, may oppoſe eloquence to eloquence, I am of opinion, that were the ſenate, the bar, and the pulpits to be filled with nothing but orators, there might ſtill be ſome remains of corruption and venality in the world; law-ſuits might be protracted; and many of the

profeſſors of Chriſtianity retain the form, without the reality of religion.

I am the more inclined to apprehend this would be the caſe, becauſe it doth not appear that our Saviour and his diſciples, even with the advantage of inſpiration and miracles, worked an univerſal reformation. Jeſus of Nazareth, beſides his ſupernatural powers, had juſtly the character of ſpeaking as never man ſpoke; and yet he was diſregarded, deſpiſed, and perſecuted by great numbers. Can it then be expected, that human elocution will perform what Chriſt and his apoſtles, with all their divine accompliſhments and aſſiſtances, were not able to effect? If ſo St. Paul was very much to blame for renouncing the enticing words of man's wiſdom. Was I acquainted with our preſent admired preachers, I would aſk them, whether their moſt applauded modes of expreſſion, and their fineſt attitudes, did always penetrate the heart; or whether they did not frequently end in giving a mere temporary entertainment?

Beſides, was eloquence the property of every ſpeaker, it would become a common qualification, and would excite no peculiar attention. It is to be feared that, in a courſe of time, a ſober citizen, who had eaten a plentiful dinner, might take his nap, even under an orator little inferior to a F——.

Still however, as was declared in the beginning of my letter, I am a real friend to an improvement in the art of delivery, and think that all methods ſhould be zealouſly purſued, which may tend

tend to promote the intereſts of truth and virtue. The clergy will do well to correct, as much as poſſible, any defects in their elocution; the younger ones eſpecially, and ſuch perſons as are deſigned for the ſenate or the bar, ſhould endeavour to acquire, in early life, a juſt and pleaſing manner of compoſition, pronunciation, and action. But what reaſon can there be for the ladies, and for tradeſmen, to run in ſhoals to Sheridan's lectures? Do haberdaſhers and mercers want to learn a better method of recommending their wares to their cuſtomers? I fancy they have already as much addreſs that way as is ſufficient to the purpoſes of their buſineſs.

As to the ladies, they naturally poſſeſs the graces of oratory in their full perfection, and require no artificial helps. They can reprove their ſervants, or deſcant upon the beauties of a piece of ſilk, with a pathos of ſentiment, a variety of language, and harmony of utterance, which the moſt applauded ſpeakers would be glad to equal. Beſides, the too public appearance of the fair ſex has a tendency to leſſen *one* accompliſhment highly ornamental to their elocution. A good aſſurance, which Mr. Truſler, an Engliſhman, propoſes to teach, may be very neceſſary to male eloquence; but I am ſure, that female eloquence is infinitely more charming when accompanied with modeſty.

I am really apprehenſive that the preſent oratorical zeal of the citizens, if not properly directed, may do harm, as it may render them critics without

out candour and without judgment, and carry them to church, not to worſhip their Maker and mend their lives, but to receive amuſement, and gratify a curious taſte. Let them, however, be adviſed not to exerciſe too much ſeverity againſt their old preachers; let them conſider that eſtabliſhed habits cannot be intirely rooted out; that gentlemen ought not to be condemned for being deficient in accompliſhments which their education did not provide for; and that, as perfect ſpeakers can only be expected among the riſing generation, we muſt, in the mean time, be contented with ſuch plain and uſeful inſtructions as may ſave the ſoul, though they do not come recommended by all the graces of delivery, and all the vehemence of action.

With regard to the young candidates for oratorical fame, I would earneſtly beg of them not to think themſelves ſufficiently qualified to appear in public, when they have learned to diſplay their hands, to exhibit fine attitudes, and to make ſolemn and pompous pauſes. They ſhould remember the prodigious pains that were taken by the ancient pleaders to acquire, in the firſt place, a large ſtock of ſound knowledge; and ſhould attend to the obſervation of Cicero, *Eſt eloquentiæ, ſicut reliquarum rerum fundamentum, ſapientia.* An emphatical pronunciation, and a variety of geſture, will ſoon come to be deſpiſed among ſenſible men, if they are only employed to ſet off quaint antitheſes, puerile flights, and ſuperficial ſentiments.

Another

Another thing I would adviſe preachers to is, to ſuit their elocution to their diſcourſes, and not their diſcourſes to their elocution. What I mean is, that they ſhould not, in the compoſition of their ſermons, contrive to bring in certain brilliant thoughts or expreſſions for the ſake of delivering them in a particular way; but write from a thorough acquaintance with their ſubject, and from the fullneſs of their hearts, and then adjuſt their manner to their matter. Demoſthenes and Tully did not invent little quirks to make their auditors ſtare; did not ſay fooliſh things on purpoſe to correct them, but ſpoke in the language of nature, and, while they aſſiſted her with conſummate art, ſeemed only to follow her directions.

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AUTHENTIC CONVERSATION between the King of PRUSSIA and the ingenious Mr. GELLERT, late Profeſſor in Belles Lettres at Leipſic; being an Extract of a Letter from Leipſic, Jan. 27, 1761.

THE 18th of October laſt, about three o'clock in the afternoon, while profeſſor Gellert was ſitting in his night-gown at his deſk, much out of order, he heard ſomebody knock at his door—"Pray, Sir, walk in."——"Sir, your ſervant, my name is Quin-"tus Icilius, and I am extremely glad to have the "pleaſure of forming an acquaintance with one ſo "famous

"famous in the republic of letters. I am not, how-
"ever, come here in my own name only, but in
"that of his Pruſſian Majeſty, who deſires to ſee
"you, and has commanded me to conduct you to
"him." After ſome excuſes founded on his ill health, M. Gellert accompanied Major Quintus, who introduced him into the apartment of his Majeſty, where the following converſation was carried on by the King and the two Literati.

*King.* Are you profeſſor Gellert?

*Gellert.* Yes, Sir.

*K.* The Engliſh envoy has mentioned you to me as a perſon of eminent merit. From whence are you?

*G.* From Haynichen, near Freyberg.

*K.* What is the reaſon that we have no good German writers?

*Major Quintus.* Your Majeſty has before your eyes an excellent German writer, whoſe productions even the French have judged worthy of a tranſlation, and whom they call the La Fontaine of Germany.

*K.* This Mr. Gellert, is, no doubt, a ſtrong proof of your merit. Pray, have you read La Fontaine?

*G.* Yes, Sir, but without imitating him. I have aimed at the merit of being original in my way.

*K.* Here you are in the right. But what is the reaſon that we have not in Germany a greater number of ſuch good authors as you?

*G.* Your Majeſty ſeem prejudiced againſt the Germans.

*K.* By

*K.* By no means!

*G.* Againſt the German writers at leaſt.

*K.* That may be, and the truth is, I have not a very high opinion of them. Whence comes it that we find no good hiſtorians among them?

*G.* We have, Sir, in Germany, ſeveral good hiſtorians; among others Cramer the continuator of Boſſuet, and alſo the learned Maſcow.

*K.* A German continue the Univerſal Hiſtory of Boſſuet! how can that be?

*G.* He has not only continued it, but alſo performed this difficult taſk with the greateſt ſucceſs. One of the moſt eminent profeſſors in your Majeſty's dominions has declared this *Continuation* equal in eloquence, and ſuperior in point of exactneſs, to Boſſuet's hiſtory.

*K.* How does it come to paſs that we have no good tranſlation of Tacitus in the German language?

*G.* That author is extremely difficult to tranſlate, and the French tranſlations that have been given of him, are entirely deſtitute of merit.

*K.* This I acknowledge.

*G.* There are ſeveral cauſes that have contributed hitherto to prevent the Germans from becoming eminent in the different kinds of writing. While the arts and ſciences flouriſhed among the Greeks, the Romans were ſolely occupied in the pernicious art of war. May we not look upon this as the military age of Germany? May I not add to this, that they have not been animated by

by ſuch patrons of learning as Auguſtus and Lewis XIV.

*K.* And yet you have had two Auguſtus's in Saxony.

*G.* True, Sire, and we alſo have ſeen good beginnings in that country.

*K.* How can you expect that there ſhould be one Auguſtus for all Germany, divided as it is?

*G.* That, Sire, is not my meaning. I only wiſh that every Prince would encourage, in his own dominions, men of true genius.

*K.* Were you never out of Saxony?

*G.* I was once at Berlin.

*K.* You ought to travel.

*G.* Sire, I have no inclination for travelling, nor would my circumſtances enable me to travel, had I ever ſo much inclination to it.

*K.* What kind of ſickneſs are you troubled with? I ſuppoſe it is the malady of the learned?

*G.* Be it ſo: ſince your Majeſty does me the honour to give it that name. I could not, without the greateſt vanity, have given it that appellation myſelf.

*K.* I have had this diſeaſe as well as you; and I think I can cure you. You have only to uſe exerciſe, ride every day, and take once a week a doſe of rhubarb.

*G.* This remedy, Sire, might prove to me worſe than the diſeaſe. If the horſe I uſe has more health and ſpirits than I myſelf have, I dare not ride him, and if he has leſs, I certainly ſhould not receive much benefit from the uſe of him.

*K.* Why

*K.* Why then don't you make uſe of a carriage?

*G.* I am not rich enough for that.

*K.* Aye, there it is that the ſhoe generally pinches the German *Literati.* The times, indeed, are but bad at preſent.

*G.* Very bad indeed, Sire. But if your Majeſty would be ſo generous as to give peace to Germany——

*K.* How can I do that? Have you not heard that I have againſt me three crowned heads?

*G.* My chief knowledge, Sire, lies in ancient hiſtory: I have ſtudied much leſs that of modern times.

*K.* Which do you prefer as an epic poet, Homer or Virgil?

*G.* Homer certainly, as an original genius, merits the preference.

*K.* Virgil, however, is a more poliſhed writer.

*G.* We live in an age too remote from that of Homer's to form an accurate judgment of the language and manners of that early period: I therefore depend upon the judgment of Quintilian, who gives Homer the preference.

*K.* We muſt not, however, pay a ſlaviſh deference to the judgment of the ancients.

*G.* Neither do I follow it blindly; I only adopt it when antiquity throws ſuch a miſt over an object as prevents my ſeeing it with my own eyes, and conſequently hinders me from judging for myſelf.

*K.* You

*K.* You have compoſed, I am told, fables remarkable for their elegance and wit. Can you repeat me one?

*G.* I really don't know, Sire, if I can; my memory is far from being good.

*K.* Do your beſt; I ſhall take a turn in the apartment, and give you time to recollect one—Well, have you ſucceeded?

*G.* Yes, Sire. "A certain painter of Athens, "who exerciſed his art with a view to reputation "rather than from the love of gain, addreſſed himſelf to a connoiſſeur for his opinion of one of his "pictures which repreſented the god Mars. The "connoiſſeur could not diſſemble; he found the "piece defective; he objected particularly to the "too great appearance of art that reigned through "the whole. The painter defended his work with "all the warmth of an inordinate ſelf-love; the "critic anſwered his arguments, but without producing conviction. In the mean time arrives a "coxcomb, who caſts an eye upon the picture, and "without giving himſelf a moment's time to reflect, cries out in a rapture, Gods! what a maſterpiece! Mars lives, breathes, terrifies in that admirable production. Obſerve thoſe feet, thoſe "nails! What taſte, what an air of grandeur in the "helmet, the ſhield, and in the whole armour of "the terrible deity! The painter bluſhed, beheld "the true connoiſſeur with a look that ſpoke confuſion and conviction; and ſaid to him, I am now "perſuaded that your judgment is well founded.

The

"The coxcomb retired, and the picture was "effaced."

*K.* Now for the moral.

*G.* It is this; "When the productions of an "author do not ſatisfy a good judge, this is a ſtrong "preſumption againſt them; but when they are "extolled by a blockhead, then it is high time to "commit them to the flames."

*K.* Excellent, Mr. Gellert! The piece is admirable; and there is ſomething elegant in the conſtruction of this fable. I can perceive the force and beauty of this compoſition. But when Gottſched read to me his tranſlation of *Iphigenia*, I had before me the French original, and did not underſtand a word of what he read. If I ſtay here ſome time, you muſt come and ſee me often, and read me ſome of your fables.

*G.* I don't know, Sire, if I may venture to read, as I have acquired by habit that ſinging tone of voice which is common in our mountains.

*K.* Aye, like that of the Sileſians. You muſt, however, read your fables yourſelf, otherwiſe they will loſe.—Return ſoon hither.

When Mr. Gellert was gone, the King ſaid, "This is quite another man than Gottſched;" and the day following, he ſaid at table, that "of all "the learned Germans, Gellert was the moſt rational "and judicious."

## On WHIMSICAL WIVES.

WE are told, that in Spain it is the cuſtom for huſbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them: and in Turky it is the faſhion to lock up their miſtreſſes under the guard of a truſty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the ſame reſtrictions. My wife is to me a very Duena: ſhe is as careful of me as the Kiſlar Aga, or chief eunuch, is of the Grand Signior's favourite Sultana: and whether ſhe believes, that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, ſhe will never truſt me out of her ſight; but ſticks as cloſe to me, as if ſhe really was, without a figure, bone of my bone and fleſh of my fleſh. I am never ſuffered to ſtir abroad without her, leſt I ſhould go aſtray; and at home ſhe follows me up and down the houſe like a child in leading-ſtrings: nay, if I do but ſtep down ſtairs on any ordinary occaſion, ſhe is ſo afraid I ſhould give her the ſlip, that ſhe always ſcreams after me, "My dear, you are not going out?" though for better ſecurity ſhe generally locks up my hat and cane together with her own gloves and cardinal, that one might not ſtir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myſelf that I am handſomer or better made than other men: nor has ſhe, in my eyes at leaſt, fewer charms than any other woman.

Need

Need I add, that my complexion is not over ſanguine, nor my conſtitution very robuſt: beſides, we have not been married above a month; and yet ſhe is ſo very doubtful of my conſtancy, that I cannot ſpeak, or even pay the compliment of my hat to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealouſy. Such a one, ſhe is ſure, from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than ſhe ſhould be; and ſhe ſaw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of ſome private aſſignation between us. A nun, Madam, might as ſoon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our houſe; ſhe has therefore affronted all her acquaintance of her own ſex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody but maiden ladies in the bloom of threeſcore, and beauties of the laſt century.

She will ſcarce allow me to mix even with perſons of my own ſex; and ſhe looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common ſeducers. One evening ſhe indeed vouchſafed to truſt me out of doors at a tavern with ſome of my male friends; but the firſt bottle had ſcarce gone round before word was brought up, that the boy was come with the lanthorn to light me home. I ſent him back with orders to call in an hour; when preſently after the maid was diſpatched, with notice, that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the

ſummons, when, to our great ſurprize, the ſick lady herſelf bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit, from which ſhe did not recover till the coach had ſet us down at our own houſe. She then called me the baſeſt of huſbands, and ſaid, that all taverns were no better than bawdy-houſes, and that men only went thither to meet naughty women: at laſt ſhe declared it to be her firm reſolution, that I ſhould never ſet my foot again in any one of them, except herſelf be allowed to make one of the company.

You will ſuppoſe, Madam, that while my wife is thus cautious that I ſhould not be led aſtray when abroad, ſhe takes particular care that I ſhould not ſtumble on temptations at home. For this reaſon, as ſoon as I had brought her to my houſe, my two maid-ſervants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and ſome open accuſations of too near an intimacy between us: though I proteſt to you, one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as mother Shipton; and the other a ſtrapping wench, as coarſe and brawny as the female Sampſon. Even my man John, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was packed off, as being too well acquainted with his maſter's ſly ways. A chair-woman was forced to do our work for ſome time, before madam could ſuit herſelf with maids for her purpoſe. One was too pert an huſſy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At preſent our houſhold is made up of

ſuch

ſuch beautiful monſters as Caliban himſelf might fall in love with; my lady's own young woman has a moſt inviting hump-back, and is ſo charmingly paralytic, that ſhe ſhakes all over like a Chineſe figure; the houſe-maid ſquints moſt delightfully with one ſolitary eye, which weeps continually for the loſs of its fellow; and the cook, beſides a moſt captivating red face and protuberant waiſt, has a moſt graceful hobble in her gait, occaſioned by one leg being ſhorter than the other.

I need not tell you that I muſt never write a letter, but madam muſt ſee the contents before it is done up; and that I never durſt open one till ſhe has broke the ſeal, or read it till ſhe has firſt run it over. Every rap from the poſt-man at the door makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burſt with ſpleen, at ſeeing a ſuperſcription written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick out an intrigue even from the impreſſion on the wax: and a Cupid or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or ſtamped with a thimble, ſhe interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux. The other week I received a letter from Derbyſhire, which awakened all her miſtruſt. She knew from the ſcrawl, and ſtrange ſpelling on the outſide, that it muſt come from a woman: ſhe therefore tore it open in a violent rage, in hopes of making a moſt material diſcovery; but to her great diſappointment the contents were perfectly illegible. She was now convinced, that it

came from ſome naſty creature, whom I maintained in the country; and that we correſponded together in cypher. I was obliged to confeſs the truth; that it was, indeed, drawn up in cypher, and that I had the key to it. At length, with much ado, I explained the whole matter to her, telling her that it was a letter from my farmer, who not being bred at a writing-ſchool, expreſſed his meaning by characters of his own invention. However, this aſſurance did not at all pacify her, till ſhe had diſpatched a truſty meſſenger to be certified of the truth.

This loving creature happened to be taken ill lately, when ſhe thought that ſhe was going to die. She called me to her bedſide, and with tears in her eyes told me, that ſhe could not be able to die in peace, except I would promiſe her one thing. I aſſured her, I would promiſe any thing to make her eaſy——"O my dear," ſays ſhe, "I cannot "bear the thought of your being another's; and "therefore I ſhall not reſt in my grave, if you do "not ſwear to me that you will never marry again, "or think of another woman as long as you live." My poor dear is however recovered, without putting my faith to ſo hard a trial; though I may venture to ſay, that I have already had ſo much of matrimony, I could ſubmit to any conditions to part with her.

## A LETTER upon the ill placing of great MEN and WOMEN'S PORTRAITS.

SIR,

I HAVE often read ſatires, that have appeared to me to be panegyrics; and I have been frequently concerned to ſee vindications publiſhed, that have left my mind in doubt when I have read them, whether I was to conſider what was before me as intended to clear or aſperſe the perſon to be defended. But nothing has puzzled me more than the conduct I have generally obſerved in thoſe who would ſhew their regard to a particular great man, whom they admire, by fixing up his head or portrait before their door, or ſticking it up in different parts of their houſes. The vileneſs of the daub, the place allotted to it, and the company it is aſſociated with, make the intention of the proprietor ſo equivocal, that it is very hard to determine, whether he means to compliment or inſult the great perſonage in his poſſeſſion.

When I ſee before the door of an alehouſe, a Harp-alley daub of the King and Queen, which might paſs as well for the Little Carpenter and his Indian Squaw, if George and Charlotte were not ſubſcribed, I am forced to enquire whether the landlord is a loyal ſubject to the King, or Newcaſtleman, before I can determine what is to be underſtood by the ſign. And I could never ſettle

to this day, whether the man in Butcher-row, or the tooth-drawer in Blood-bowl-alley, who, in the year 1745, put up a ſign that might as well paſs for the Saracen's-head, or the Red-lion at Brentford, as the half-length of the Duke of Cumberland, if it had not been for the D. C. really were well-wiſhers to his royal Highneſs, or not.

I was ever diſguſted at the thoughts of blowing my noſe in his Majeſty's face upon my handkerchief; and it lately went much againſt me, to ſee a waiter throw two ſhillings worth of rum and brandy-punch over his Sovereign at the bottom of the bowl. But I can ſcarce reflect, without the utmoſt confuſion, that the Queen lay proſtrate under me, for a whole night, at the bottom of a piece of Chelſea china in my bed-chamber, which I broke in the morning, as ſoon as I diſcovered the indignity.

I could not help laughing, when, in one of my midnight rambles, I ſaw the Twelve Judges among a parcel of thieves, chairmen, watchmen, and market-people, at the night-cellar near Templebar. The wiſe and learned gravity of theſe great lawyers, compared with the ſtupid drunken figures out of the frames, afforded me much entertainment. I was alſo much diverted at ſeeing the Archbiſhop's picture in Mrs. Phillips's ſhop in Halfmoon-ſtreet; and, upon aſking this uſeful old matron, why the Archbiſhop was ſo great a favourite of her's? "He "always was," ſays ſhe, "for I ever thought him a "*good man.*" But I cannot underſtand what buſineſs the

the Biſhop of Glouceſter has among the fiſh women at Billingſgate, or my Lord of Cheſter in ſo many apartments of the Jews. Should my Lord Chancellor be ſeen in Kitty Fiſher's bed-chamber? or the Duke of York at Haddock's Bagnio? And what has Lord Littleton to do at the Goat alehouſe in Cuckold's point? or the Earl of Hardwick at the three Blue Balls in St. Giles?

I am never ſurprized to ſee his Majeſty's picture at the houſe of an Antigallican, or my Lord Bute's at the Hand-in-hand Fire-office, or the Union Coffee-houſe, any more than I am to ſee Mr. Garrick's at the Shakeſpeare, or at the Society of Arts, &c. But what muſt I ſuppoſe, when I ſee the Duke of Newcaſtle among a parcel of old caſt off cloaths in Monmouth-ſtreet, that never were worth a farthing in their beſt days? Would any perſon think of looking for Mr. Fox among the brokers at Jonathan's? or expect to ſee Charles Townſhend at the Windmill near Hanover-ſquare, or at the Weather-cock in Turn-ſtile? Sir John Philips is naturally to be found at the Royal Oak, or at *pro bono publico*, Aſhley's; but don't it ſeem exceedingly out of character for a King to be ſeen among drunken priſoners in a ſpunging-houſe? I am ſorry to ſay, I have ſeen his preſent Majeſty in moſt of the jails within the bills of mortality: and I am confident the Queen would not be pleaſed, if ſhe knew, in how many bad houſes, in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, our moſt gracious Sovereign is to be ſeen every night by the meaneſt of his

his ſubjects. I have been mortified with the ſight of Lady Northumberland in a waſh-houſe, and the Princeſs Amelia in a gin-ſhop.

People have another way of puzzling me, beſides the place in which they fix their picture or print; and that is, by the company they often pitch upon for their favourite. When I ſee the picture of his preſent Majeſty, with an Alfred or Edward the Third its companion, I underſtand what is intended; but I am at a loſs, when I ſee the King of Pruſſia, the Marquis of Gramby, and Lord George Sackville, at the ſign of the Gun. Nothing was clearer to me, than my friend's intention, who Placet Pitt between Sir William Wyndham and Pulteney; but I was forced to aſk an explanation when I ſaw Walpole, Pelham, and Newcaſtle, as he called them, together on the oppoſite ſide of the room. A child would think of running to a *grocer's*, or a *chandler's* ſhop, for a ſight of the preſent Lord Mayor; but nobody would look for him in Mr. Beardmore's ſtudy, between Demoſthenes and Tully. Theſe two great orators might receive honour from being grouped with a Mansfield or a Pitt, but they would not, if they were alive, be able to hold a converſation with an Alderman of London, as they have no word, in either of their languages, for *ſugarcanes, melaſſes, and rum-puncheons.*

I am, Sir,

Yours, *&c.*

WM. IRONSIDE.

ON

## ON a particular FRENCH FASHION.

A CERTAIN French faſhion, during the preſent war, hath gradually crept into this kingdom; a faſhion which hath already ſpread through this metropolis, and, if not timely prevented, muſt infallibly infect the whole nation. It is not merely becauſe it is a French faſhion that I find fault with it, but becauſe it is a filthy faſhion. Cleanlineſs is no part of the character of the French nation; with all their politeſſe they are in ſome reſpects a naſty people. You cannot but have taken notice, Sir, you who are ſo univerſally converſant with the ladies, that of late there appears to be an additional growth of hair on the heads, I ſay, Sir, on the heads, of ſuch of our females as are commonly ſeen in places of public entertainment: there ſeems, ſince the preſent faſhion, to be an additional quantity both in front and rear. Now poſſibly you imagine this increaſe to be owing to ſome newly diſcovered pomatum, bear's greaſe, or ſomething of that ſort.—No ſuch thing. It is entirely owing to the French manner of Frizzlation. Perhaps you have no idea how this is performed. I'll tell you, Sir, —Monſieur having, with an inimitable air of gentility, depoſited his utenſils on the table, and familiarly enquired after her ladyſhip's health, begins his operation thus: he dextrouſly ſeparates from the reſt, ſix hairs near the crown of the head, twiſts

twiſts them between his thumb and finger, rolls them up from the points to the root, and before you can ſay Jack Robinſon, locks them faſt in a ſquare inch of paper. He then takes the next ſix hairs towards the front, papering them up in the ſame manner; and thus he proceeds in a ſtrait line, from the crown of the head towards the noſe, till he completes a file, to ſpeak in the military phraſe, of ten papers. He then gradually deſcends towards the right ear, which exactly completes a rank of thirty papers.

Thus, ſuppoſing both ears to be equi-diſtant from the crown, we have ſixty papers in front, which being multiplied by the depth makes the whole ſix hundred. Theſe are ſeparately burnt with hot irons. In this ſituation her ladyſhip looks exactly like a ſun-flower. The papers being now taken off, he daubs her head with at leaſt half a pound of greaſe, to which he adds one pound of meal. Theſe hot irons anſwer a double purpoſe; they not only criſp the hair, but, by their heat, increaſe the natural perſpiration of the head, and thus the pudding is ſupplied with the neceſſary ſalt; I ſay neceſſary, for without this ſalt the pudding would infallibly ſtink in twenty-four hours. He now begins with all his dexterity to work her ladyſhip's pate into ſuch a ſtate of confuſion, that you would imagine it was intended for the ſtuffing of a chair bottom; then bending it over his finger with one thouſand black pins, he nails the hair ſo faſt to her head, that neither the weather nor time have power

to

to alter its poſition. Thus my lady is dreſſed for three months at leaſt; during which time it is not in her power to comb her head. What is the conſequence? ſorry I am to uſe ſo filthy an expreſſion! but really her ladyſhip ſtinketh. Fie, ladies, fie! if ever you mean to get huſbands, or to keep them when you have them, reſtore this naſty faſhion with the reſt of our conqueſts. If you knew the power of a tainted breeze over the manhood of the ſtouteſt of us, you would be more careful of offending our noſes, than any of our other ſenſes.

I am,

TRUEPENNY.

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## A LOVING WIFE deſcribed.

HARD is the lot of that man who is plagued with a wanton wife, a jealous wife, a drunken wife, or a ſcolding wife; but it is better to have a wanton, jealous, drunken, or ſcolding wife, nay, I may ſay, all together, than to be yoked to a loving wife. The wanton wife will let the poor man wear his horns on his head with peace and quiet, if he'll give her no interruption in planting them there. The jealous wife will ceaſe upbraiding, while her deary is fixt to her apron-ſtring. The drunken wife is at leaſt ſober when ſhe wakes in the morning; and the ſcolding wife, we may ſuppoſe

poſe, is ſilent when ſhe is aſleep. But the loving wife torments her unfortunate helpmate morning, noon, and night, nay, and all night too.

When my dear partner, who, I may ſay, is the moſt loving of her ſex, firſt wakes in the morning if ſhe finds me aſleep, ſhe ſeldom fails of letting me know that ſhe thinks I have had reſt enough, and that to ſleep much is not good for me. If I happen to be awake when ſhe firſt opens her eyes, ſhe will not ſuffer me to get up, inſiſting I muſt take another nap, for ſhe is ſure I have had but an indifferent night. When we get to break-faſt, if I chooſe toaſt, it is ten to one but ſhe finds it gave me the heart-burn the day before, and then I muſt eat bread and butter; if I chooſe the latter, it is the ſame odds but I am obliged to eat Yorkſhire muffin, becauſe ſhe well knew I was fond of it. Sometimes ſhe turns down my cup herſelf after the firſt diſh, becauſe ſhe fancies my hand ſhakes, and tea is nervous. At other times I am ſwilled with half-pint after half-pint, as ſhe conceives I ate too much ſupper over night, and tea is good for digeſtion. One time I am poiſoned with brandy in my diſh, at another with ſaffron, though ſhe knows I deteſt them both;—but it is good for me, ſhe ſays.

If I happen to come home any ſhort time before dinner, I am obliged to ſwallow down a large diſh of chocolate, and to eat a ſaucer of dry toaſt, though perhaps I was juſt come from the coffee-houſe, to keep the wind off my ſtomach; and I am in great luck that a pint baſon of peaſe-ſoup, in

which

which a ſpoon will ſtand upright, is not ſet before me, by way of whet to my appetite. Though my loving tormentor may have thus crammed me like a turkey till the dinner makes its appearance upon the table, I am obliged to eat whatever ſhe puts on my plate, or ſhe is otherwiſe the moſt miſerable creature alive, and is ſure I am not well, which never fails of introducing the apothecary into the houſe, almoſt as ſoon as the cloth is taken away. And I have more than once, on ſuch an occaſion, ſuffered myſelf to be drenched with gallons of camomile tea, becauſe no remonſtrance could ſatisfy her but my ſtomach was out of order. If I preſume to help myſelf at table, my female Sancho Panſa phyſician is ready with her interdict to reſtrain me. If I call for ſmall-beer, perhaps my ſweet loving wife thinks water better for me; and ſhould this have been my choice, it is great odds but ſhe orders wine to be mixed with it, as it is too cold for my ſtomach alone. Do I go to hob or nob in white wine, I am probably told red is better for my nerves; and ſhould I mention red, ſhe would inſiſt white is better for my cold. When the deſert appears, though I am in general fond of fruit and ſweet-meats, I almoſt tremble at the ſight of it, for as the dear loving ſoul is fond of theſe things herſelf, ſhe thinks ſhe cannot give a ſtronger proof of her regard for me, than in making me eat what ſhe likes beſt. Accordingly, if ſhe takes a peach that appears to her remarkably good, I am forced to finiſh what ſhe has half eat, though I prefer a

necta-

nectarine. And however wiſh-fully I may caſt my eye upon any glaſs or ſaucer of ſweet-meats, I am forced to reſiſt the temptation, well knowing my loving taſter will ſupply me abundantly with her relics of thoſe things which ſhe is ſure I am fond of. I muſt add too, that though the company cannot help ſmiling when ſhe loads my plate with jellies, I dare not refuſe my love's kindneſs, if ſhe declares they are admirable, and ſhe is certain I ſhall like them.

Her anxiety about my health, and her earneſtneſs to pleaſe me, acts ſo vehemently upon her mind, that ſhe is never cool enough to judge what is the beſt for my conſtitution, or moſt agreeable to my taſte. She is too intent upon the end to conſult well about the means. Hence my female phyſician often proves the reverſe of the ſmoakers adage of *Tobacco hic;* for if I am well ſhe'll make me ſick; if I am ſick ſhe don't make me well. And when ſhe is moſt induſtrious to prove her love for me, I am frequently inclined to prefer envy, hatred, and malice to ſuch loving-kindneſs, and could heartily cry out with captain Flaſh to the dear miſchief, "Oh! damn your love," though I am convinced of the ſincerity of it. My great coat, which I number among my beſt friends, by her means deſerves a place among my falſe ones. In diſtreſs, either from rain or froſt, my good friend does me no ſervice, for my wife often hates a great coat, I am ſo apt to take cold when I leave it off; and then I muſt weather every inclemency,

and

and ſtand every ſhower of rain without it. When I am in no want of it, my good friend is ready with its kind office; and if my love ſhould take it into her head that I have at any time ſuffered for want of my great coat, I am forced to groan under the weight of it, even in the hot month of July. Her deſire to have me pleaſed will not let me ſee the play I admire, or viſit the friends which I like. Should I preſume to engage for myſelf, I ſhall find myſelf perhaps one of an agreeable party which ſhe knew before I ſhould be happy with in another place. And if I ſhould ſettle to ſee Garrick the next time he plays Lear, I am certainly engaged by her to the new opera; and ſhe has procured tickets herſelf to be an agreeable ſurprize to me. As to the playhouſes, indeed, I am afraid I ſhall never be ſuffered to enter their doors again, ſhe is ſo terrified by the modern Mohawks, the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and the theatres, that ſhe would as ſoon truſt me to a campaign in Flanders, or among the Catawaws and Cherokees in North America, as at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

What adds to my misfortunes is, that there is no hopes of an alteration for the better. You may be ſure I have taken much pains to convince her, that though ſhe is the beſt of women, ſhe is the worſt of wives; that I would rather feel the ſevereſt effects of hate than her love. If ſhe was a termagant, I could make her a ſilent woman, and I could undertake to tame a ſhrew; but my dear tormentor is

ſo meek, that ſhe weeps without complaining, and pines in private with grief, if I oppoſe the moſt trifling circumſtance which ſhe judges for my good, or has conceived would pleaſe me: ſhe imagines I have no love for her, if ſhe thinks I ſlight any inſtance of hers to me. After having ſuffered her to waſte herſelf almoſt to a ſkeleton, I have been reduced to the cruel neceſſity of giving way to her diſpoſition, and ſubmitting a ſecond time to the go-cart and leading-ſtring. And though I am the jeſt of all my friends, and the ſport of both ſexes, though I can neither eat, drink, ſleep, or wake as I pleaſe, though I muſt appear merry when I am hipt, and well when I am ill, keep company I don't like, and ſcarce ever ſee my old acquaintance and friends; though I am to be purged, ſweated, and bliſtered in perfect health, I cannot fly from my perſecutor, as my love is at leaſt equal to hers, and I am content to bear the weakneſs of her mind, as I am ſo ſenſible of the ſtrength of her affection. Therefore, Sir, when you ſee a monkey play with a kitten, a boy with a puppy, and miſs with her goldfinch, pray remember

Yours, *&c.*

TRUELOVE.

BOB BINNACLE'S EPISTLE to the Landmen, who cleared Decks on board the Playhouſe, Common Garden.

*Why now heark y'me maſters.*

I HAVE been in as much bad weather as moſt folks, and I know what it is to cut away carve work as well as my meſſmates. But if ever I wou'd board any of my own countrymen, in the way of damage deſignedly, keel haul me.

May hap I love fun in my fighting as well as other folks, but why ſhou'd we pour broad-ſides upon one another? And why ſhou'dn't I ſee the ſhow when I paid for it? You know I ax'd that night who it was fired the chany orange ſhot, and wounded the handſome young gentlewoman in the ſtarboard eye? I only wiſh I was along ſide of him, that's all.

I ſhipp'd myſelf on board the Portſmouth machine to make a trip to London, on purpoſe to ſee a ſhow, and a queer ſort of a voyage I had on't, for as ſoon as they ſtowed me in the veſſel, I was ſea-ſick, becauſe they clapped me under the hatches, but I got upon the poop, and then I was in right trim again.

But one of the wheels came athwart a ſtone, and gave our veſſel ſuch a heel, that if I had not catch

hold of the weather-braces, I ſhou'd have been canted overboard, and caſt away upon land, before ſhe righted again.

When I landed in London, I ſhaped my courſe right a-head, and ſteer'd for the Playhouſe, ſo I ſaw ſome tickets ſtuck up aloft againſt the wall, to ſartify there was to be fine fun that evening, and what it was to be.

So I would go to ſee the Engliſh hoppera, there was a great long name in the bills about it full of X's; but I never minded that, becauſe why—— that long word was the name of the gentleman who made the hoppera, I ſuppoſe; and ſo becauſe he muſt be a ſcholar, therefore he was criſſened with a hard name.

Well, I paid my three ſhillings for a birth at the play, and they piloted me into the hole; but avaſt that; thought I, I an't to be clapp'd to wind-ward in that manner neither. So I got my money again, and went aloft into one of the quarter galleries, and gave five ſhillings for it, and there I ſaw ſitting tier over tier, all abaft one another, a great cargo of company, and they called it the two ſhilling places: it was a hundred times bigger than mine I paid ſo much more for too. Howſomdever I ſet as ſnug as a maggot in the bread-room, and the muſic began to heave away handſomely; but then there was ſuch a hollo bulloo among the folks, as if all the ſhip's company were mutenying. As ſoon as the fore-ſheet was clewed up, and a fine gentlewoman and a gentleman ſtep'd upon deck to talk

talk about their own buſineſs I ſuppoſe, there was ſuch a noiſe, and then there was a chace ſhot chany orange fired, but whether it came from the round-tops, or the lower deckers, I cou'dn't tell, I knew it was no buſineſs of mine, but I cou'dn't bear to ſee any body uſed ill; no, when I do may I be cut into four pound pieces, and put into the devil's pickling tub. So I got down, and ſtepp'd upon deck, and ſaid I would fight the beſt man among'em.

Then there was the tall gentleman, Muſter *Tin Dutchy* I think they call'd him, and he was more afraid than the young woman,—ſo I went up to him, and ſaid, what cheer, meſſmate? and would have took hold of his hand, by way of ſplicing friendſhip together; but he look'd as pale and as thin as a ruſh candle, and he run ſqueaking away as the monkies jabber, and he ſhook like a flagſtaff in a tempeſt; well, but what's all this to the purpoſe? why then, ſays I, what was all your noiſe to the purpoſe? roaring like ſo many watermen at plying-place.

You made a noiſe about pay and no pay, well, and I paid to ſee the ſhow, and you wou'dn't let me—What was your ſhort allowance money to me? why I wou'd ha' lent you ſome to make it up rather than you ſhould expoſe yourſelves.

I fancy you'd make ſpecial hands to board an enemy, you'd ſoon pull up the gratings, and break up their gang-ways,—that you did pretty well at the ſhow: why you ſtav'd out the dead-lights, ſkuttled between decks, hove the benches over-

board, and made a wreck of the ſtate rooms,—and that was becauſe the owners wou'd not alter their freight.

Mayhap inſurance is very high, and the crew won't work without great wages, and then there was Muſter Mounſhere *Niverne* the mbaſſador there; I am ſorry he was there that night, becauſe he knows before, he and all he's countrymen did, that we cou'd drub every body elſe, but it was pity he ſaw us fight among ourſelves.

Pray tell a body what all this was about?

If you do want the merchants and agents to ſettle the price, why, what then, why ſhould that ſtop the ſhip's voyage? Why didn't you let the play come out of dock as you ſhou'd do?

If ever I heard ſuch a noiſe ſince I lay againſt Guadaloupe, bilbo me. I wou'd have forced my diſcourſe among ſome of you, if I had had a ſpeaking-trumpet; it was ſuch weather I cou'dn't make one obſervation, ſo I cou'dn't tell what latitude we were in.

But for all that, I can ſee which way the wind blows without ſpectacles; I ſay it's all wrong; Engliſhmen won't be frighted with words, we an't to be threatened into any thing, you may palaver us with good words, and make our left hands give up ALL that our right hands ever got, but then that's in the way of civility;—but if Engliſhmen are to be bully'd, why they'll play the devil among the taylors, and make as much work as grapeſhot in a china-ſhop.

As

As to my five ſhillings, why the owners are welcome to it towards repair, for you ſtripp'd plank, timbers, and ſcantlings—you gutted her, ſhe look'd like a French prize, after a yard-arm engagement.

I ſhan't ſay who's right or who's wrong, no more, not I. I can ſay my compaſs, and as to any thing elſe——Why I'll keep a ſtopper upon my tongue, while the wind's in this quarter. But I wiſh you were all friends,—quarrelling's a bad trade, if you can't get prize-money by it; and as to your going to law, why both ſides will have a deal of leeway to fetch up, and make but a bad voyage at beſt on't.

I know ſome folks are adviſed to do this, and ſome folks are adviſed to do that, but 'tis all wrong. Forget and forgive, I ſay, peace and good neighbourhood, and let us fight that have ſerv'd our times to it. So no more to conclude,

Yours

B. B.

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A LETTER wrote by a French officer after the Expedition againſt Portugal.

SIR,

OUR entry into this kingdom was through a very little town, adorned with the title of a place called Miranda. Diſpoſed to fight, we expected

to find ſome reſiſtance, and that the governor would not fail to defend it, for the honour of the king's arms and ſtandards; but the devil a bit. At our approach the inhabitants ſought their ſafeties only by a ſhameful flight; and we entered the town without the leaſt oppoſition, and without coſting one drop of French or Spaniſh blood. Miranda is ſituated in a province called Tra los Montes, that is to ſay, Behind the mountains. The name is certainly the propereſt in the world; for the whole province is nothing elſe but mountains, as frightful as barren. Having paſſed from thence to a town called Braganza, which is alſo a fortified place, we took that with the ſame eaſe, finding here alſo no kind of reſiſtance. In approaching the town of Chaves, which is the beſt and ſtrongeſt in the ſaid province, the governor and garriſon had ſhamefully fled in haſte, and left us maſters of the whole province. The inhabitants appeared to us rather like thoſe ſatyrs we read of in fables than men fit to people the earth, and reſembled them in their brutiſhneſs and nakedneſs. Marching along, as if it were a ſmooth road, though it is naturally the moſt rugged, we entered the province of Beyra without any trouble. We found that Almeyda was one of the beſt towns in the kingdom, well fortified, well enough ſupplied with artillery, and a good number of troops; the ideas of finding ſome to fight with here, and even that the ſiege of this place would be of ſome length, were very natural, but very ill grounded. The cowardly governor,

naturally

naturally baſe and faithleſs to his ſovereign, ſhook like a leaf at the noiſe of the firſt bombs thrown into the town, and aſked to capitulate immediately without a ſtroke. The only favour he craved was to go out with military honours. In my opinion this favour was very improperly granted him; for I ſhould have thought, that theſe honours being only due to great captains, and thoſe commanders who knew how to defend the cauſe of their king and country, they ought never to be allowed to cowards and traitors. By frightful roads, and croſſing divers mountains utterly deſtitute of neceſſaries for life, we came by Covilham and Caſtello Branco almoſt to the village of Abrantes, where we propoſed to enter, and carry our arms to Liſbon. The heavy rains, which were increaſed much that year, and the arrival of the Engliſh troops, ſtopped our progreſs. You know we fought theſe troops commanded by the count La Lippe and by Engliſh officers. I muſt do them juſtice, for it is certain they behaved with a great deal of courage, and ſeconded with intrepidity the military talents of their chief, and the exact and judicious diſcipline of the other commanders. But after all, there were but few of theſe troops; the Portugueſe are not worth ſpeaking of, as their officers were totally ignorant of the art of war, and they had nothing but that ſtupid haughtineſs ſo common to cowardly and uninſtructed men: their vanity and their ignorance would have deſtroyed them and their country, had not a peace come to their aſſiſtance by the mediation

diation of England, to which at preſent Portugal is but a factory. However, at length, we retired to Caſtello Branco. It is very true, and I repeat it, that the loſs of Liſbon would have been that of the whole kingdom. Fear had entirely ſeized the whole government, and its dread could not be greater nor more remarkable. Reports were even ſpread in the army, that the king only thought of ſaving himſelf by flight, and it was ſaid, that he was already on board an Engliſh man of war, which was to carry him to London; from the nature of that reſource it follows, that the king and his miniſtry could find no other, to prevent ſinking under the force of our arms which was ready to fall on their unfortunate capital. It ſeems that in all former wars Portugal was ſpared only by contempt, for a nation whoſe extreme ſmallneſs made it appear ſo little on the theatre of the world. In the preſent war, where it was thought fit to make it play ſome part, it ſhewed all its weakneſs, all the cowardice of its inhabitants, and all the perfidiouſneſs of its officers, of whom it is ſuppoſed their ſovereign will one day make an example. Portugal recovered, in 1640, by the help of France and England, and in 1762, was delivered by the ſole aſſiſtance of Great Britain; the Portugueſe themſelves cannot deny it. But do they make that acknowledgment with all the ſincerity they ought? I believe not, and am witneſs myſelf, that the Portugueſe cannot hide their hatred for the Engliſh. I wanted to know what could make them ſhew that

antipathy

antipathy at the very time they were ſo indebted to theſe faithful allies; the reaſon they gave me was very extraordinary.

Among the priſoners then at Caſtello Branco there was an officer, who had given us many proofs of his good ſenſe. Is it poſſible, ſaid I to him one day, that there ſhould be, in the midſt of Europe, a kingdom which can preſerve itſelf without diſciplined troops, and with officers of no experience, and even uninſtructed in their military functions? He anſwered me, with tears, that Portugal had the misfortune to be now only a kingdom of prieſts, monks, and nuns, who entirely devour the ſubſtance of the country, without being in a condition to render it the leaſt ſervice in the moſt preſſing conjunctures. All the eccleſiaſtics in general make their pulpits continually reſound with the horror they ought to have for the Engliſh; for theſe heretical and excommunicated men, whoſe humiliation and deſtruction the public prayers of their church conſtantly beg of God. So that the Portugueſe people are obliged, whether they will or no, to wiſh all ſorts of evil to the very people from whom they receive the greateſt benefits, and all this in good conſcience, becauſe the moſt holy father hath decided it ſo, and the Roman church muſt think the ſame. The people from whom good troops were formerly furniſhed, added the officer, having remarked the poverty, nakedneſs, and bad pay of the ſoldiery, preferred the idleneſs and eaſe of a religious life to that ſtate: thence

thence comes it, that the greateſt part become prieſts, monks, or laybrothers. The younger ſons of gentlemen, from among whom officers of courage and honour ſhould be taken, now aſpire only to the title of Monſignore, in becoming canons or principals of the royal chapel.

Thoſe who by their birth, and following the ſteps of their illuſtrious anceſtors, ſhould have formed the chief officers of our regiments, now are ambitious for the purple, and cabal with all their might for biſhoprics and archbiſhoprics, as the only road to be cardinal or patriarch. Such a man who ſhould this day be viceroy of the Indies or Braſil, or commander in chief of our armies, is now no more than inquiſitor-general; who, far from thinking to preſerve or defend his countrymen, ſtrives to perſecute, debaſe, and even condemn them to the flames, for no other crime but that of embracing the religion of the Engliſh, to whom that inquiſitor-general, in imitation of his ſovereign, thought it an honour to ſtile himſelf the brother, friend, ally, and moſt humble, moſt indebted, and moſt devoted ſervant. The inferior inquiſitors, full of barbarous cruelty, and an ardent thirſt of human blood, might make very good ſoldiers; but no; they are only inquiſitors, that is to ſay, cowards who hate danger, and who only know to war againſt their own defenceleſs countrymen: a war more deſtructive to their country than that of their moſt redoubted enemies. The inquiſitors make their whole art conſiſt in a thouſand ſecret

ſtratagems,

ſtratagems, and in all ſorts of infernal ſnares: they lie in ambuſh in their holy office, whence, like lions hidden in the woods, they only ſpring forth to ſeize the prey they would devour. Woe to the victims they have ſingled out, who cannot eſcape their fate, nor elude the purſuits of thoſe bloody ſacrificers, who are both their judges and executioners. If thoſe they perſecute attempt to fly to England, they are immediately put in priſon, their wealth confiſcated, their reputation branded, and their ſufferings in the dungeons inexpreſſible. It is a thing very remarkable, and worth conſideration, that their unfortunate ſovereign was in that caſe, and upon the point of embarking, and ſeeking refuge in England, and who knows if the inquiſitors had not done the ſame?

This picture of them, which the officer drew thus, inſpired us only with contempt and horror for theſe monſters in human ſhape; and I believe this officer ſpoke to us juſtly and truly.

Another officer, a priſoner alſo, and extremely bigoted, told us very gravely on that ſubject, that Portugal did not want generals, witneſs, ſaid he, St. Anthony, protector of the kingdom, to whom our ſovereign every year ſends 3000 cruſadoes for his pay. Aſtoniſhed at this diſcourſe we aſked an explanation, and we learned that this protector of the kingdom was only a capuchin friar, who was born in Liſbon, and died about five ages ago at Padua in Italy. I own that this made us deſpiſe him heartily, and we could not help laughing at ſo great

great a weakneſs. How much better would your king have done, replied I, to have laid out that money in Swiſs troops, or thoſe of ſome other warlike nation, in the room of giving it to a ſimple monk ſo long ſince dead, or rather to living monks, who are worth leſs than he? Certain it is, that every monk, when alive, could not defend your king againſt the claws of an angry cat, how then can he, after his death, protect him from the well-diſciplined troops of an enemy? But ſuppoſing he had the power, why did he not defend thoſe places we have taken; or rather the two provinces which the Portugueſe have ſo baſely abandoned? The officer ſeemed greatly diſconcerted at theſe words, and we were convinced by our own experience, that Portugal, formerly illuſtrious in hiſtory, is, at preſent, only the center of ſuperſtition, ignorance, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed cowardice. Theſe barbarians, whoſe nobility formerly prided themſelves on a ſteady fidelity to their kings, are thoſe who have juſt given Europe the moſt infamous ſpectacle of treaſon and ingratitude. Their firſt lords have not hesitated to become regicides, and to employ ſacrilegious hands to take away their ſovereign's life. In ſo total a degeneracy, Portugal is unable to defend itſelf by land againſt one ſingle province of Spain, and by ſea they can only oppoſe an enemy's fleet by baubles of ſhips deſtitute of every thing, unleſs indeed their monk Anthony was miraculouſly to convert himſelf into ſhips of war.

The

The miſeries we have endured in this country can only be believed by thoſe who have felt them, ſeeing the general ſcarcity we found of every thing uſeful and neceſſary for our preſervation. By this ſorrowful ſituation in which Portugal is, judge, Sir, yourſelf, what is the nature of its preſent government, and what thoſe talents can be which they aſcribe to the prime miniſter, the only one who appears at preſent at the head of affairs.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

*Paris, Dec.* 19, 1762. H. C. V. T.

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TRANSLATION of a LETTER from Signior BIMOLLE, a Florentine fidler, in London, to the Signora CHIARA AQUILANTE, the famous Opera Broker, at Naples.

MADAM, *London, March.* 18, 1763.

I AM honoured with your obliging letter of the 5th of laſt month; and in obedience to your orders, ſhall give you an account of the merits and ſucceſs of the operas and burlettas here. The Aquilante commands, and Bimolle muſt obey.

Give

Give me leave, however, Madam, firſt to return you my moſt humble and ſincere thanks for the noble preſent you have ſo generouſly been pleaſed to ſend me. The muſic I ſhall publiſh by ſubſcription, being encouraged thereto by ſeveral munificent patrons here, who having in their travels made large collections of our compoſitions, are now become my ſcholars in order to learn to play them.

The theatre opened here laſt November with the *Tutore e la Pupilla;* which, notwithſtanding its own merit, and the uncommon abilities of the Amicis, met but with little applauſe. The preſence of the court filled the houſe for a few nights, but after that, the audience dwindled apace; and the piece had certainly been diſmiſſed, but for the night ſcene in the laſt act, which ſupported it about a month longer. A cat and dark lanthorn drew company, when muſic could not; and the manager was as much obliged to them as the diſtreſſed peruke-maker at Paris was to his ſign, which repreſented Abſalom hanging by the hair, with theſe words underwritten: *Ah! Seigneur, pourquoi ne portiez vous pas peruke?*

In the mean time the ſerious opera began, it was *Aſtarte Re di Tiro.* The muſic of it in general was good, and ſome airs, &c. inſerted by Bach remarkably fine: but the performers were bad; ſo that it was immediately deſerted, though never actually damned.

Immediately after Chriſtmas holidays the Caſcina was brought upon the ſtage, in which the Amicis

Amicis exerted every power; and yet, can you believe it? it ran but two nights! the audience beheld with an indifference, truly Tramontane, the moſt perfect burletta that ever was compoſed, acted by the moſt accompliſhed Buffa that ever Italy produced.

The *Calamita dei Cuori* ſucceeded the Caſcina. With leſs merit, it gained more applauſe; however, though it has hitherto ſtood its ground, it never has been able to fill the houſe.

You will certainly aſk me, what could be the cauſe of ſuch an amazing inſenſibility, that could induce a nation, profuſely fond of every thing that is foreign, to neglect ſo fine a compoſer as Bach, or ſo incomparable an actreſs as the Amicis?—the firſt I can account for, the laſt I cannot; but ſhall give you their own reaſons for it, as far I have been able to collect them.

Firſt then, Madam, you muſt know that the Engliſh, a very few excepted, neither reliſh nor underſtand our muſic; the German manner has almoſt univerſally prevailed amongſt them; and ſuch is the force of prejudice, that the ponderous harmony of Handel outweighs by far, with them, the elegant taſte of Italian melody. This, Bach at firſt did not ſuſpect; but, finding it by experience, has prudently changed his ſtyle; and now his choruſſes roar, his baſſes thunder, and his airs float in an ocean of ſymphony. In a word, he has Handelized, and acquired a reputation here, by the very thing which would have ruined him in Italy.

As to the Amicis, the principal objections to her were, that ſhe had no body of voice, and could not be heard beyond the middle of the pit; that her ſongs were too ſerious for her natural character, and that her action was by much too burleſque. There might be, perhaps, ſome truth in the firſt objection; but the other two, with ſubmiſſion, were not ſo well grounded.

The manager finding herſelf the dupe of her own policy, in having procured ſuch bad performers, and fearing to become the victim of it too, began to think on methods for retrieving her ſhattered finances. Of many propoſed, none appeared ſo expeditious, and ſo cheap, as that of vamping the old ſet by the addition of the Amicis. The agreement was ſoon made; neceſſity urged one party, youthful vanity allured the other. An increaſe of ſalary, a benefit, and ſome theatrical douceurs were offered and accepted; and a new ſerious opera, called *Orione o ſia Diana vindicata*, was quickly produced under the auſpices of Bottarelli, Bach, and the ill adviſed *Anna de Amicis*.

The ſtory of Orion, as related by our poet, is as follows: the ſtates of Arcadia and Thebes being about to give battle to the Achaians, Eunopion, king of the firſt, and Retrea, queen of the ſecond, meet, attended by their reſpective courts, in a temple of Diana, to conſult the oracle about the event of it. With Eunopion come his two daughters, Candiope and Argia. With Retrea, her ſon Orion, who is commander in chief of the allied

allied army, and who loves, and is beloved by the fair Candiope. Orion is accompanied by his father Mercury, diſguiſed, for ſome time, under the form of Arcades; an officer who ſeems of the rank of major general, and appears to be actually on the ſtaff. Diana likewiſe, dreſſed in a yellow ſattin gown and petticoat, is ſo obliging as to attend the ceremony; where ſhe modeſtly takes the loweſt place, joins in a chorus to herſelf, conſults her own oracle, and is terrified at her own thunder. The doubts propoſed are, "The event of the im-"pending battle," and "The ſucceſs of the loves of "Orion and Candiope," the anſwer, that the victory will be fatal to the conqueror, that Orion may go to heaven if he pleaſes, but that he can never marry Candiope. Upon this he reſolves to march againſt the enemy, and after ſome whimpering with his *Caro Bene*, ſets out, beats the Achaians, over-runs and ſubdues their country, returns triumphant and loaded with ſpoils, and all within the ſpace of twenty minutes. The king then propoſes going back to the temple of the goddeſs, to thank her for her protection; but Orion begs to be excuſed, declaring, that ſhe is his inveterate enemy, and that it is owing to her, and her alone, that his match with Candiope is broken off. Diana enraged at this reſolves to kill him. Mercury does all he can, nay even ſings her a ſong to appeaſe her, but in vain. She talks of her birth and family, ſwears ſhe will teach the youngſter to know his betters, flings out of the room in a paſſion, meets him,

and ſhoots him through the body. A ſhepherd brings the account of his death, which diſtracts the court to ſuch a degree, that they forget to go into mourning for him, all but the diſtreſſed Candiope, who, having in leſs than three quarters of an hour built a ſuperb Mauſoleum, and buried him in it, appears at the foot of it in a ſuit of black bombaſin. Here follows a moſt melancholy ſcene; ſhe rants, ſhe raves, ſhe grows delirious. She thinks ſhe ſees him firſt to the left, then to the right, then to the left again; but finding at laſt that ſhe does not ſee him at all, ſhe draws out a dagger, and is within an inch of ſuicide, when Mercury ſtops her, and promiſes, if ſhe will be quiet, to conduct her down to him to the Elyſian Fields. Accordingly ſhe gives him her word, makes a ſhort prayer to the devil, and away they go. The next ſcene diſcovers Orion in Elyſium. He ſeems highly delighted with his new lodgings; and in a very ſublime ſoliloquy diſcuſſes and elucidates ſeveral abſtruſe points in metaphyſics and theology; ſuch as the nature, faculties, and immortality of the ſoul; the certainty of future rewards and puniſhments, &c. &c. &c. adding withal, that though he wonders much at Candiope's delay, and is extremely impatient for her coming, yet, when ſhe does come, he ſhall ſee her without any emotion whatever. The words are hardly out of his mouth, when the fond Candiope enters with all her fleſh and blood about her, and, after paying him a compliment on his new clothes, drops him a

broad

broad hint about marriage. He declines the propoſal on account of a certain diſparity in their preſent circumſtances; a difficulty which ſhe offers to obviate by dying on the ſpot: but Mercury fruſtrates all her hopes at once by taking her back to earth again. After this Diana comforts the queen for the loſs of her ſon; Mercury aſſures the court and people that he is to be transformed into a conſtellation; Candiope quits her mourning, and they all ſing a long ſong about a man in a boat, whilſt Neptune and Amphitrite, *pour chommer la fete*, politely conclude the whole by dancing a *Pas-de-deux*.

The moral of this opera, if it has any moral at all, is, I ſuppoſe, "That men ſhould reverence "the gods." But then what a ſtrange overſight has our poet been guilty of? Orion only complains of Diana's cruel treatment of him in depriving him of his beloved Candiope, and for this offence he muſt die; while Thirſis, the gentle Thirſis! who, merely to compliment Nice, adjures gods, oracles, and deſtiny, all in a breath, comes off with flying colours.

——— "*i labri tuoi*
"*Sono gli oracoli miei;*
"*Tu la mia Diva, il mi Deſtino tu ſei.*"

Sure the happy Theban may well ſay with the frolickſome Sienneſe, who had been ſeverely puniſhed by the magiſtrate for robbing an orchard; and who ſome time after paſſing through a large vineyard, which had juſt been laid waſte by a hur-

ricane, cried out to his friends, "*Guardate, di "grazia, ora ſe l'aveſſi fatto io!*"

I have mentioned Thirſis and Nice; I muſt not omit their duet. Thirſis comes in on one ſide of the ſtage, and immediately turning about, aſks his Couliſſes, whether they have ſeen Nice? Nice, in the mean time, enters from the other ſide, and inſtantly turning about likewiſe, inquires of her's, what is become of Thirſis? as neither of them receives any anſwer, they wriggle diagonally towards the front of the ſtage, where, back to back, like a cleft Janus, they aſſure the audience, that they are miſerable to the laſt degree in living ſo far aſunder.

As this ſlight ſketch may ſuffice, Madam, to give you an idea of the merits of the drama, I ſhall now proceed to examine a little into thoſe of the muſic.

Bach having diſcovered the vitiated taſte of the town, by an ill ſucceſs of the Aſtarte, prudently reſolved, as I mentioned before, to comply with it, as far the nature of the thing could poſſibly admit of. This ſage policy likewiſe anſwered another very important purpoſe, which was, to aſſiſt the defects and conceal the faults of the voices he had to compoſe for. Flutes, hautboys, baſſoons, and clarinets were accordingly employed; and with ſo much art, that both actors and audience were equally deceived, the actors attributing the applauſe to their own abilities, the audience never diſtinguiſhed between an intrinſically good opera and

and a merely judicious one. It would be unjuſt, however, not to except from the number a few gentlemen, whoſe knowledge in compoſition was too great to be thus impoſed on; and who perceived with pain our Italian Cantilena toiling to animate a dull German Contrappunto; incumbered by its weight, and hampered in its unweildineſs, like David in Saul's armour.

Such was the drama, and ſuch the muſic, of the *Orione o ſia Diana vindicata.* There wanted but one thing more to render it complete, which was, that the parts ſhould be ſo caſt, that the principal performers ſhould repreſent characters diametrically oppoſite to their natural ones. Even this was provided for. The boiſterous Quilici became the pacific Eunopione; the ſluggiſh Ciardini, the impetuous Orion; the gay Amicis, the puling Candiope; and the placid Zingoni, the ſprightly ſon of Maia.

On Saturday the 19th of February this motley compound was exhibited for the firſt time, and was—damned, you will ſay: far from it, Madam, loudly applauded by a noble and numerous audience. The Amicis, whoſe flimſy pipe had hitherto neither ſhake nor ſwell, was now diſcovered to be endowed with uncommon execution: ſhe, for whom even comic airs were too ſerious, was now found to touch the tendereſt paſſions in the moſt delicate, moſt pathetic manner; ſhe, whoſe action was cenſured as too burleſque even for a lively Italian country girl, now dignified the ſorrow of a

diſtreſſed Arcadian princeſs: in a word, the ſame Amicis, who for three months before had been overlooked and neglected, was now eſteemed equal to the Mingotti for voice, to the Sani for expreſſion, and to the Gabrieli for juſtneſs of action. This ſudden and total change of opinion puts me in mind of what a great monarch once told a celebrated poet, who had written both a lampoon and a panegyric on him within a fortnight, *Ou vous mentiez tantot, ou vous mentez à preſent.*

The Orione has met with the reception that the Burlettas had merited; and the manager, in ſix nights only, amply repaired by it the loſſes ſhe had ſuſtained during the foregoing part of the winter. I ſincerely wiſh, however, that the event may not prove fatal to the deluded Amicis. Her talents, with proper application and inſtructions, might render her in a few years what this faſcinated town already deems her; but if, fired by ambition, and intoxicated by this injudicious applauſe, ſhe ſhould raſhly attempt in Italy what ſhe has ſo wonderfully atchieved in London, her ruin is inevitable; ſhe muſt fall, like Icarus, for having ſoared above her pitch, and the world be deprived of the moſt promiſing actreſs that ever charmed an audience at eighteen years of age. I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt humble ſervant,

ARCAN. BIMOLE.

The

## The HISTORY of QUACKS.

THE hiſtory of Quacks, or ſtrolling vagrants, called *Mountebanks*, *Water Caſters*, *Ague Charmers*, &c.

In Edward the Sixth's reign, one Grig, a poulterer in Surry, was ſet in the pillory at Croydon, and again in the Borough, Southwark, during the time of the fair, for cheating people out of their money, by pretending to cure them by charms, by only looking at the patient, or by caſting his water.

In the reign of King James the Firſt, the council diſpatched a warrant to the magiſtrates of the city of London, to take up all reputed empirics, and bring them before the cenſors of the college, to examine how properly qualified they were to be truſted either with the limbs or lives of his Majeſty's ſubjects.

Dr. Lamb, a moſt noted quack, and one who had acquired a large fortune by his pretended medicines, was at laſt obliged to confeſs he knew nothing of phyſic.

Read and Woodhouſe, two other cotemporary quacks, were likewiſe brought to juſtice, and acknowledged the ſame.

In Stowe's chronicle we meet with a relation of a Water-caſter being ſet on horſeback, his face to the horſe's tail, which he held in his hand, with a collar

collar of urinals about his neck, led by the hangman through the city, whipped, branded, and then baniſhed.

However lenient we are at preſent, with reſpect to the notorious illiterate empirics that now infeſt this nation, more care was taken formerly of the ſubjects conſtitution, and their health not ſuffered to be infected by theſe poiſoners of whole pariſhes.

Fairfax was fined and impriſoned in King William's time for doing great damage to ſeveral people by his Aqua Celeſtis. One Anthony with his Aurum Potabile; Arthur Dee, for advertiſing medicines which he gave out would cure people of all diſeaſes; Forſter, for ſelling a powder for the green ſickneſs; Tenant, an urine-caſter, who ſold his pills for ſix pounds each; Aires for ſelling purging ſugar-plums; Hunt was puniſhed for putting bills up in the ſtreets for the cure of diſeaſes; Philips, a diſtiller, for ſelling his ſtrong waters with directions what they were good for, and how perſons were to take them.

Any idle mechanic, not caring longer to druge at day-labour, by chance gets a diſpenſatory, or ſome old receipt book, and poring over it, or perhaps having it read to him, for many of theſe preſent mountebanks cannot read, he finds that wild cucumber is powerful in the dropſy; that mercury is good for the itch, and old ulcers; that opium will give eaſe; ſavin help young wantons; and glaſs of antimony will vomit.

Down at once goes the hammer, or the ſaw, razor, awl, or ſhuttle—and away to work, to make electuaries, tinctures, elixirs, pills, plaiſters, and poultices. Each preparation new named, and his own name decorated with M. D. purchaſed a lumping penny worth in Scotland. He ſpreads peſtilence around him,—as the mad ſavage ſhooting among the multitude with poiſoned arrows.

At the beſt, if any good can be done by theſe miſcreants, it is a chance, as if twenty people fell down a precipice, and two of them ſhould happen to be ſaved, but not by ſkill or foreſight, but ſome unforeſeen accident in their favour.

People may ſay, that moſt quack medicines are not intended againſt the conſtitution but only the pocket, and they are too inſipid to do either good or harm; but the medicines mentioned above, and which now every dabbler deals in, are in unſkilful hands deſtructive; and we find in our records ſeveral perſons brought to condign puniſhment for adminiſtering ſuch compoſitions ignorantly. Particularly one John Not was fined and impriſoned for having killed ſundry perſons with ſome of thoſe before mentioned dangerous medicines. Thomaſine Scarlet, and two more women, were ſeverely puniſhed for tampering with mercurial medicines.

Formerly theſe poiſon-venders were proſecuted by the government with proper rigour: they were tried and convicted for deſtroying people, by giving them medicines unduly prepared; and tranſ-

ported

ported for the ſame. This was the caſe of one Trig, a ſhoemaker, in Queen Ann's time.

One William Forreſter was ſeverely puniſhed for ſelling the bitter apple; and one Simon Foreman, for adminiſtering the wild cucumber, as ſpecifics. Theſe fellows confeſſed, that they knew nothing of the effects of thoſe medicines; that neither of them could write nor read; but that an old woman in the country told them that the bitter apple was good for the ſcurvy, and the wild cucumber for the dropſy. Evans, a prieſt, about the ſame time was puniſhed for running about the country with his antimonial cup, and killing people with it.

It is not four years ſince a great parcel of the coarſeſt aloes, which to the writer's knowledge, two farriers refuſed to buy to give to horſes, were ſent up to London, and ſold to one of theſe deſperate quacks, made into pills, and given as an univerſal medicine.

The impoſtors of the preſent times would perſuade the world, that there is not any thing more eaſy than curing the moſt inveterate diſeaſe—they put at the end of their names, M. D. juſt as ſome gamblers are directed to with Eſq; after their's, to impoſe on the multitude.

Coblers now ſet up for regular-bred phyſicians; hackney coachmen and ticket porters for anatomiſts and natural philoſophers; waſher-women for chymiſts; tumblers, merry-andrews, and poſture-maſters, for bone-ſetters, oculiſts, and menmidwives.

Nothing

Nothing can equal the ignorance of ſuch empirics, but the ſtupidity of thoſe people who buy their unwholſome preparations.

Let us conſider only, in the caſe of thoſe patients who have purchaſed any of theſe medicines, called Purging ones, and that the Old Bailey, or Ludgate-hill M. D.'s inſiſt on it, their medicines are wholſome.—Granted, that they are ſo, and will act cathartically. Is purging neceſſary, do they know? or what particular purge will beſt ſuit the years, ſex, and conſtitution? and how, or in what quantity, to be adminiſtered?

I have known men troubled with the piles, deſtroyed by ſuch contra-acting purges; and ſeveral women, weak enough to fancy themſelves judges of their own caſes, or by an ill-timed nicety, not caring to acquaint their apothecary or phyſician, have been ruined by ſuch terrible forcing compoſitions.

Many are torn to pieces by violent cholics, and killed out right by bloody-fluxes. Fevers, conſumptions, palſies, and ruptures are often occaſioned by ſuch preparations; and I will affirm, that theſe helliſh drugs are always attended with a train of fatal conſequences.

The ſcurvy and the worms are two names, now become a ſubterfuge of ignorance, for every leſs apparent diſtemper, or the more hidden ſymptoms of diſeaſe; and many under dangerous miſtakes of this ſort are lamentably harraſſed. Alſo ſcores of little infants yearly deſtroyed by the very remedies

the

the unhappy parents were prevailed on to adminiſter, in order to deſtroy theſe ſuppoſed worms.

The uſe of cordials, as advertiſed, is extremely prejudicial. There is no proviſion theſe puffed ſpecifics make for particular caſes; and the ſpirit, with which they are drawn off, to infirm conſtitutions is fatal; yet the common people believe it is in thoſe caſes they are moſt wanted.

A few ſimples, with ſome ſpices, ſuch as nutmegs, cloves, &c. ſteeped in wine or French brandy, make a cordial bitter, or ſtomach elixir: but theſe quacks don't prepare what they ſell us as ſuch, in any thing better than malt ſpirits, or molaſſes.

At this time of the year, the common people begin to drink the ſpirits of ſcurvy-graſs, as a fine alterative or expeller: yet, as it is ſold by thoſe impoſters, it is one of the moſt pernicious and deſtructive remedies ever advertiſed, eſpecially to hot ſaline habits, with whom the diſeaſe has been ſo aggravated, that they have broke out in boils; others have been drove into hectics and conſumptions. Nor is it likely it ſhould be otherwiſe, where no regard is had to ſtate, ſex, age, or habit of body.—But, led away by the name, it is indiſcriminately ſold alike to all.

## An original Letter from a Knight of the Poſt, to a celebrated Quack Doctor.

To Doctor ——

Hond. Sir,

AS I ſee you ave afferdavids at the end off yor bil, I ſhall be redy too ſarve you as chep as any bodey in London will do. I ave bin imploide by a grat maney Doctors to ſware for hem, and I will ſware wat you pleſe, butt you muſt kep it a ſiccritt. I ham verry thinn in my body, and lok ſiccely, ſo as how the Juſtice will believe I ave ben cewrd. I will ſware before my Lord Mare, or any of the ſittin Aldurmens, excep Juſtis Feeldin, for he fond me out onct, for ſwarin falſley for the Grek Water Doctor. I will alſo drau up the Affardavids if you pleſe, for I was bredd to phizzic myeſelf, and no moſt of the turms and ard wurds. Mye pric for a Kanſur is five ſhillings, and the ſam for the fool dizzies, and the Kin zevel. Pleſe to dirrec for me at Mrs. Jonſon's in Lon Lain, Chepſide.

Your humble ſarvant to command,

JOHN WITTAKKER.

P. S. I ſhant ſware by mye one name, but aney others, and mye wif will ſware alſoe, iff you want her.

Mr.

## Mr. OAKLEY's LETTER, or a WARNING for JEALOUSY.

YOU muſt know, Sir, that I am lately married to a young lady, as the news-papers very juſtly ſaid, of *beauty and fortune, and who poſſeſſes every accompliſhment neceſſary to make the marriage ſtate happy;* and what I thought no ſmall accompliſhment among the reſt, ſhe was never in London any more than myſelf before I made her my wife. We have been married but four months, and you ſee I date my letter from Groſvenor-ſtreet. However, if I can perſuade her to go back into Worceſterſhire again, all may be well, for I believe there is no harm done yet, though I think ſhe will have had an eſcape; and I ſhall be relieved from many a ſweat for my forehead.

I am not naturally jealous, nor did ſhe ever give me the leaſt room for jealouſy, till lately; I was going one morning up to her dreſſing-room, to aſk her if ſhe would walk in the Park; I overheard her ſay, "It is impoſſible, Mr. Baltazer, to-day, "but to morrow Mr. Oakley will be out all the "morning, and I will expect you at twelve pre-"ciſely." Bleſs me! thought I, what, an aſſignation with a man in her dreſſing-room! and immediately a good ſmart young fellow tript by me down ſtairs; I took no notice to him, but I haſtened to my wife: "Who," ſays I with much confuſion,

"was

"was that who left you just now?" "Nobody, my "dear," says she, "but the hair-dresser." "Nay," says I, "I am sure, I saw a man, a young fellow." "I tell you, my dear, you saw nobody but the "hair-dresser;" and she said it with so much unconcern, that it confirmed my suspicion, and I took her negligent air for a proof of her being practised in this business of intrigue. I then took her hastily by the hand, and with much earnestness, "Don't "distress me, Mrs. Oakley," said I, "tell me who "that person was, that you have made an appoint-"ment with for to-morrow at twelve?" "Why, "with Mr. Baltazer, the hair-dresser: you know "you are to be out to morrow, and I ordered him "to come then, that he might not prevent my going "out with you to-day." "What," said I, "would "you have a man to dress your hair, Mrs. Oak-"ley? you who would scarce let me see you put "your cap on till within this week." "Why, my "dear," says she, "I desired lady Midnight to re-"commend me to her tire-woman, and she smiled, "and told me, no woman could dress hair fit to "be seen; Baltazer, who did her business, was "employed by all the ladies of fashion, and was "the only man in his way: you know, my dear, "if one lives in London, one would do the same as "other people." I dropt the conversation, and we sallied forth towards the Park; but I own I could not help ruminating on her parting so readily with that remarkable delicacy, which I had ever admired her for, out of compliance with fashion.

I don't believe the affair of Baltazer kept me at home, but I found no inclination to keep my engagement the next morning; and as my ſtaying away would be no great diſappointment to my party, I determined not to ſtir out. About eleven o'clock, a ſervant comes into the room and aſked for his miſtreſs, ſaying, there was a perſon come to wait upon her; ſhe overheard the ſervant, and ordered him to ſend the young man up ſtairs. Bleſs me, thinks I, this male hair-dreſſer is in a great hurry to wait upon her, when he comes an hour before he is ordered. I felt a curioſity to talk with this *friſeur*; and to ſay the truth, my curioſity was, ſtrange as it may ſeem, to ſee him firſt through the key-hole. Accordingly I ſoon applied my eye to the place of obſervation, and, to my ſurprize and mortification, ſaw Mr. Baltazer, as I imagined, down upon his knees before my wife, holding her right foot, with the ſhoe off, elevated ſome diſtance from the ground, and preſſing it, ſeemingly with great earneſtneſs, between both his hands; ſo as to convince me that he was going to ſhew the ardour of his paſſion, by kiſſing her ladyſhip's toe, if I was not to make my appearance. This I immediately did, to the great ſurprize of the happy pair; for Mrs. Oakley gave a violent ſhout at my entrance, and cry'd out, "Bleſs me, my dear! I "thought you had been out: was not you engag-"ed?" and my hapleſs rival at the ſame time dropt her foot, roſe up, and made me a moſt reſpectful bow. "Oh! your ſervant, Mr. Baltazer," ſaid

ſaid I, "I perceive your buſineſs is rather to adorn "my head than my wife's."—"Baltazer!" ſays Mrs. Oakley; "this, my dear, is Mr. Upperleather the "ſhoemaker" "—go on with your meaſure, Mr. "Upperleather, I expect Mr. Baltazer every minute; "but, my dear Mr. Oakley, as I find you are at "home, I'll not have my hair dreſſed to-day, if you "think of our walk in the Park."—I was glad to find my ſurprize was not perceived by her, and agreed that we ſhould walk to prevent my diſcovering it, if I was to enter into any diſcourſe, and I left the room under pretence to fetch my hat and cane.

A few days after this I had another ſweat; I had one morning juſt placed my faithful meſſenger at the key-hole of Mrs. Oakley's dreſſing-room; for theſe he-creatures that ran ſo familiarly about my houſe, had made ſuch an impreſſion upon me, that I never came into her preſence without this method of enquiring firſt whether I was impertinent or not; I found this morning another Baltazer along with Madam, who could not pretend to be either hair-dreſſer or ſhoemaker; ſhe was ſtanding before him without her gown, and with her neck quite bare; he appeared to me as if he was admiring the charms which preſented themſelves to his view; though I muſt confeſs, not as a lover, but with the cool curious eye of a dealer in female ſlaves. As they ſtood, I conſidered her as a fair Circaſſian paſſing an examination for ſale, and that he was ſurveying the premiſes, marking the air and mien, the ſym-

metry and proportion of limbs, to ſee whether ſhe would be worth his money. I could not refrain from laughing at this ſight, which I did not comprehend the meaning of, though I felt at the ſame time a degree of anger and uneaſineſs. I was angry to ſee this Cimon, who ſeemed young, and in good caſe, though a Frenchman, ſo dull and inſenſible to charms, which ſet me all on fire at the ſight, though ſhe was my wife, and I was uneaſy to find Mrs. Oakley could expoſe herſelf, without a bluſh, even to ſuch a Cimon, whatever might be his buſineſs. I opened the door, "and what! dreſſing or "undreſſing?" ſays I, "my dear! and has lady Mid-"night recommended this monſieur to you for a "lady's maid?" But juſt as I had ſaid this, I diſcovered the meaſure in his hand, and by the piece of ſilk which I ſaw upon the table, I found that honeſt Mrs. Flounce, the mantuamaker, was not ſo good a hand at a lady's ſhape, as one of our ſex.

My next alarm was ſomewhat more affecting than this. A few mornings after, I ſaw a fourth gentleman in great familiarity with my dear tormentor. He pulled off her gown, ſhe then ſuffered him to pull off her handkerchief, which he ſeemed to do with great eagerneſs: I thought I perceived the dog's eyes, at what he ſaw, flaſh with fire: he directly went behind her, and with much haſte began to unlace her ſtays, which he performed with ſuch dexterity, that I could not doubt but he was uſed too much to this buſineſs. When I ſaw the ſtays off, I was ſatisfied, and could not wait

to

to ſee what was to be done next; in I go, and "pray," ſays I, "my dear, is this lady Midnight's "man-milliner? and is he going to try on your "new ſhifts? In the name of decency what are you "both about? Upon my honour I bluſh for you, "my dear." "Bluſh for me, Mr. Oakley! Pray is "there any harm in having my new ſtays tried on?" "No harm," ſays I, "perhaps, but much indeli- "cacy, by any man but your huſband." "Lord, "Sir," ſays monſieur Tagg with a ſneering ſmile, "I lace and unlace ladies ſtays of the firſt faſhion "every day in my life; and unmarried ladies too." "Very likely ſo," ſays I, "Mr. Tagg, and I be- "lieve you are often forced to change their ſtays "for jumps. But go on with your buſineſs."—"I "aſk your pardon," ſays I, "my dear, for inter- "rupting you," and I left the room.

But all that has hitherto paſſed does not in any degree equal what I am going to relate. Goats and monkeys——I could almoſt ſwear to part beds, when I think of what my wife endured from the fifth man that made his appearance in her dreſſing room. In my curious peeping as uſual, I ſaw a male figure on the couch with Mrs. Oakley, whom I could not conſider as friſeur, ſhoemaker, man- tuamaker, or ſtaymaker. He had her not by the foot, he had not ſtripped her of her gown, nor was ſhe without her ſtays; he was more modeſt than the former male attendants on her, and yet leſs modeſt. I ſaw him,—I ſaw him—in ſhort, I was convinced my rival was in the room with her,

and I could not reſt a moment till I took the villain by the throat. Upon endeavouring to open the door, I found it was locked; this, and the bluſh which I had ſeen on her cheek, for the firſt time, the low voice in which they both talked, added to the couch ſcene, determined me to break open the door. My foot applied to a pannel, ſoon gained me admiſſion into the room; you will perhaps be at a loſs to figure to yourſelf the appearance of all three at my entrance; Mrs. Oakley ſcreamed out, and fell back, quite pale, upon the couch; my rival ſtarted up, and looked as red as a turkey-cock, and I by turns appeared as white as the one, and as red as the other. I rung the bell for a maid to look to her miſtreſs, who lay in a ſwoon on the couch, and I carried the gentleman down ſtairs, to ſatisfy me about what had, or what had liked to have paſſed. I ſoon found that the gentleman I had treated ſo roughly, had acted in his profeſſion as a midwife, having been ſent for by Mrs. Oakley, on a ſuſpicion of her being with-child. I was ſorry I had expoſed myſelf, but I own I was very happy that I was not in the right, and that my wife was not in the wrong. The doctor ſhall have my conſent to ſay I looked like a jack-aſs, as he can't ſay I could butt like a bull.

I have ſent you this ſimple narrative about a ſimple country couple, in hopes of having your thoughts upon this prevailing practice of employing men in thoſe occupations that, modeſtly ſpeaking, belong to women: I will not ſay, that what

has

has paſſed has made me conclude harſhly about my wife's virtue, but I muſt confeſs ſhe dreſſes looſer than ſhe was uſed; ſhe ſuffers greater familiarities from impertinent young coxcombs, and I don't look upon theſe charms, which I uſed to dwell with raptures upon, as entirely my own, ſince I have enjoyed them in common with hair-dreſſers, ſhoemakers, mantuamakers, ſtaymakers, and man-midwives. I will go ſo far as to own, that I do not ſuffer ſo much in the thought of my wife's having miſcarried ſince the laſt mentioned ſurprize, as I ſhould have done had ſhe never ſeen London.

I am, *&c.*

Yours

JOHN OAKLEY.

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## The HISTORY of MONJOY and Madam D'ESCOMBAS. A true Story.

A CITIZEN of Paris, who, though he could not amaſs wealth, for the acquiſition where of he had an inordinate paſſion, made by his unwearied efforts, wherewithal to maintain his ſmall family handſomely; he had a daughter, whoſe beauty ſeemed to be the gift of heaven beſtowed upon her to encreaſe the happineſs of mankind, though it proved in the end fatal to herſelf, her lover, and her huſband. Monſieur D'Eſcombas, a citizen advanced in years, could not behold this brilliant

beauty without deſire. The father of Iſabella, for that was the name of the young lady, was highly pleaſed at meeting with ſo advantageous a match for his daughter, as old D'Eſcombas was very rich, and willing to take her without a portion; which circumſtance was ſufficient, in the opinion of a man, whoſe ruling paſſion was a ſordid attachment to intereſt, to atone for the want of perſon, virtue, ſenſe, and every other qualification. Iſabella, who had no alternative but the choice of a convent, or Mr. D'Eſcombas, preferred being conſigned to his monumental arms, to being, as it were, buried alive in the melancholy gloom of a convent. The conſequences of this unnatural union were ſuch as might be expected; as Madam D'Eſcombas in ſecret loathed her huſband, her temper was in a ſhort time ſoured by living with him, and ſhe totally loſt that ingenuous turn of mind and virtuous diſpoſition, which ſhe had received from nature. Certain it is that a woman's virtue is never in greater danger, than when ſhe is married to a man ſhe diſlikes; in ſuch a caſe, to adhere ſtrictly to the laws of honour is almoſt incompatible with the weakneſs of human nature. Madam D'Eſcombas was courted by ſeveral young gentlemen of an amiable figure and genteel addreſs; and it was not long before her affections were entirely fixed by Monjoy, an engineer, who was equally remarkable for the gentility of his perſon, and the politeneſs of his behaviour. There is not a city in the world where married women live with leſs reſtraint than at Paris;

Paris; nothing is more common there than for a lady to have a declared gallant, if I may be allowed the expreſſion; inſomuch, that women, in that gay and faſhionable place, may be juſtly ſaid to change their condition for the reaſon aſſigned by lady Townly in the play, namely, to take off that reſtraint from their pleaſures which they lie under when ſingle. Monſieur D'Eſcombas was highly mortified to ſee Monjoy in ſuch high favour with his wife; yet he did not know how to get rid of him, though he had not the leaſt doubt that he diſhonoured his bed. On the other hand, Madam D'Eſcombas and Monjoy, who looked upon the old man as an obſtacle to their pleaſures, were impatient for his death; and the lover often declared, in the preſence of his miſtreſs, that he was reſolved to remove the man who ſtood between him and the happineſs of calling her his own. In a word, he plainly diſcovered his intention of aſſaſſinating her huſband, and ſhe, by keeping the ſecret, ſeemed to give a tacit conſent to his wicked purpoſe. Their deſign was to marry publicly, as ſoon as they could diſpatch a man who was equally odious to them both, as a ſpy who watched all their motions, and kept them under conſtant reſtraint. It was not long before Monjoy had the opportunity he wiſhed for; he happened accidentally to ſup with the huſband of his miſtreſs at a houſe not far from the Luxemburgh palace, and ſupper being over, deſired him to take a walk with him in the garden belonging to it, which the old man, who dreaded

dreaded Monjoy as much as he hated him, did not dare to decline. In their way thither, Monjoy found ſome pretence or other to quarrel with him; and having joſtled him down, juſt as they came to the ſteps at the entrance of the garden, ſtabbed him ſeveral times in the back, and left him there breathleſs and covered all over with wounds, which were given in ſuch a manner as made it evident to every body that he had been threacherouſly killed. It has been juſtly obſerved, that murderers often run headlong into the puniſhment which they have incurred by their crime; and the conduct of Monjoy ſhews this obſervation to be juſt. No ſooner had he committed the barbarous action above-mentioned, but he went to a commiſſary, whoſe office is much the ſame in France with that of a juſtice of peace in England, and declared upon oath, that he had killed D'Eſcombas in his own defence. The commiſſary was at firſt ſatisfied with his account, and would have diſmiſſed him; but Monjoy being in a great flutter, and continuing to ſpeak, dropt ſome words, which gave the commiſſary a ſuſpicion of his guilt. He accordingly ſent for the body, and his ſuſpitions were confirmed by a view of it. The aſſaſſin was therefore committed to the Chatelet, which is the city priſon at Paris, as Newgate is here; the body was likewiſe ſent there, according to cuſtom, and expoſed to public view, that the relations and friends of the deceaſed might come and lay claim to it. No ſooner was Madam D'Eſcombas informed of the confinement of her lover

lover, but, blinded with her paſſion, ſhe went to viſit him in priſon, and was there detained upon a ſuſpicion of being an accomplice in the murder.

In the priſon Madam D'Eſcombas and her gallant plunged deep in guilty joys, and a child, whoſe education Madam Adelaid took charge of, after the tragical death of theſe lovers, was the fruit of their unlawful amours. Monjoy, though he rioted in bliſs, and his paſſion for Madam D'Eſcombas continued unabated, was, however, from time to time ſeized with a deep melancholy: he knew himſelf to be guilty of the murder, and had not the leaſt doubt but he ſhould fall a victim to public juſtice: he therefore joined with the friends and relations of Madam D'Escombas, in endeavouring to perſuade her to go for England, for he was aware of the weakneſs of human nature, and juſtly apprehenſive that tortures might force from him a confeſſion which would prove fatal to one who was dearer to him than himſelf. Madam D'Eſcombas, blinded by her paſſion for Monjoy, and doomed to deſtruction, would never give ear to this advice; ſhe thought herſelf ſecure in her lover's attachment, and never once imagined, that a near view of death might ſhake the firm reſolution he had made never to impeach her. Juſt about the time that the murder above related was committed, the parliament of Paris, which is the chief court of juſtice in the kingdom, and without the concurrence of which no criminal can be brought to juſtice, was firſt removed to Pontoiſe, and then baniſhed

baniſhed to Soiſſons, on account of their ſevere proceedings againſt the archbiſhop of Paris, who had given poſitive orders to all prieſts and curates, not to adminiſter the ſacrament to any but ſuch as could produce certificates from their confeſſor. This circumſtance procured our guilty lovers a year and a half of added life, for that ſpace of time elapſed before the return of the parliament, and till then it was not poſſible to bring them to a trial. They availed themſelves of the time which they owed to the abſence of their judges, and drank deep draughts of the cup of love; but it was daſhed with poiſonous ingredients, which at laſt made them both rue their ever having taſted it. They were rouſed from their trance of pleaſure by the return of the parliament, which was no ſooner recalled, but Monjoy was brought to a trial, and being upon the fulleſt evidence found guilty of the murder of Monſieur D'Eſcombas, was condemned to be broke alive upon the wheel. Amidſt all the torments which he ſuffered in receiving the queſtion ordinary and extraordinary, he perſiſted to affirm that he had no accomplices; and the guilty wife of D'Eſombas would have eſcaped from juſtice, had not a principle of religion, imbibed from his infancy, had more power upon the mind of her lover than even the moſt excruciating bodily pain.

The confeſſor who attended Monjoy upon the ſcaffold refuſed poſitively to give him abſolution if he did not diſcover his accomplices, telling him in the moſt peremptory ſenſe, that he could not hope

hope for ſalvation, if he concealed them from the knowledge of the world. This had ſuch an effect upon the unhappy man, who was on the verge of eternity, that he deſired Madam D'Eſcombas might be ſent for; ſhe was accordingly brought in a coach, and Monjoy, told her in the preſence of the judges, that ſhe was privy to the murder of her huſband. Upon hearing this ſhe immediately fainted away, and was carried back to priſon. Her lover was, purſuant to his ſentence, broke alive upon the weel, after having made a pathetic remonſtrance to the ſtanders-by, and Madam D'Eſcombas was about a month afterwards hanged at the Greve at Paris upon his impeachment.

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## HAPPINESS: Or the Hiſtory of M. G.

I HAVE been thirty-five years in purſuit of happineſs, and like moſt other mortals engaged in the ſame chace, find myſelf thrown out, as it were, and as diſtant from the object as at my firſt ſtarting. You muſt know, Madam, that at the age of eighteen I came to this great metropolis, conſigned to the care of a rich uncle in a wholeſale way of buſineſs. My attention and aſſiduity recommended me to his favour; and after the expiration of eight years, during which time I had ſerved him with diligence and fidelity, he took the reſolution, being then in his ſixty-ſecond year, of retiring into the country, and

and put me in poſſeſſion of his trade and warehouſe. For twenty years I purſued his ſteps with all the care, and, as the faſhionable word is, œconomy, that I was maſter of. During theſe twenty years of labour and fatigue, I was conſtantly envying the happy ſituation of my uncle's retirement, and painted in my mind ten thouſand beauties that his little box and fields all about in the country afforded him. I reſolved to pay him a viſit for three years ſucceſſively, before I had time, or, in other words I had reſolution to lay out ſo much money as the journey would coſt me; however, I arrived at laſt, in the month of Auguſt, at his little houſe near Salop. After the uſual queſtions of "how do you "do?" and "what ſort of a journey have you had?" and the like, he came to the main point. "Well, George, what have you ſaved? "How does your book ſtand?" I told him I had realized ſix thouſand pounds, beſides my ſtock in trade. The old gentleman with rapture cried out, "that's a good boy— "I now ſhew you my grounds and fields with "pleaſure; follow me." As we walked on, you may eaſily conceive, that, after twenty years confinement in London, every lawn, every dale, and every hill, afforded infinite pleaſure and ſatisfaction to my mind; and I painted to myſelf a thouſand raptures and enjoyments, that my uncle muſt be poſſeſſed of in this his ſituation.

My buſineſs, Sir, ſoon demanded my return to town; but from the moment I came to my counting-houſe, inſtead of giving attention to my books and

and trade, retirement was all in my thoughts, and it was the whole of my wiſhes. When I roſe in the morning, if the ſun was out, I was lamenting I had not ſuch a ſpot as my uncle's, where I might ſee the force and powers of this wonderful luminary acting upon my flowers, ſhrubs, and plants. If it rained, I lamented being in London, where I could not obſerve the great utility of theſe refreſhing ſhowers to bring up the hay, corn, peaſe, and beans, and other fruits of the earth. From theſe conſiderations I determined at all events to quit my buſineſs, and retire into the country. I ſoon found a proper object to reſign to, a diſtant relation of my wife's, who had been bred to the ſame buſineſs. After having fixed him properly in my warehouſe, I looked out for my retirement; and as I had been uſed to drive my wife on a Sunday to Hampton, Dobbin dragged us to the Bell there without my ever thinking of it. But it was the ſame thing to me. Upon enquiry I found a houſe was to be let about a mile from the town, with every convenience that I wanted. This I thought would do, as I could come in my chaiſe to the Sunday night's club, ſmoke my pipe, and hear the news from my London friends that come to paſs the Saturday and Sunday nights. I took the houſe, and remained in it two years and a half: but, alas! I now found, inſtead of that happineſs which I expected from retirement, the hours between breakfaſt and dinner were miſerably ſpent; neither could I contrive how to paſs them away.

My

My upholſterer, who furniſhed my houſe for me, told me I muſt have a good book-caſe, and What's-his-name, the Philobiblian in Piccadilly, filled it for me. But though I had Pope's Homer, and Dryden's Virgil, and ſome poems by one Churchhill, who they tell me is ſtill alive, and a volume of the St. James's Magazine by R. Lloyd, M. A. I never looked into any of them. As to my land, I loſt the firſt year more than double my rent: for I knew nothing of ploughing and ſowing, tho' I fancied I knew it better than the farmers all put together. Hunting, fiſhing, and ſhooting could afford me no entertainment: for I never galloped after any thing but a brother tradeſman on a Saturday afternoon, or Sunday morning or night. I never wiſhed to draw other fiſh to my net, that is, cuſtomers to my ſhop, than thoſe gudgeons who would pay ſauce for it. Though a militia-man, I never let off a gun in my life; I ſhould faint at the ſmell of powder.

I determined therefore to be nearer London, nearer my friends, and yet enjoy my retirement too. For this purpoſe I took a houſe by Vauxhall, with ſome land, which I intended to improve: but inſtead of turning my thoughts upon that, I was anxious to know how the warehouſe and my young relation went on. Accordingly, as ſoon as breakfaſt was over, I uſed to croſs the bridge, and had more ſatisfaction in walking round the warehouſe, and ſeeing the old ſpot where I had made my money, than all the beauties of Vertumnus

and

and Pomona. I put in theſe hard names on purpoſe to convince you, that I was bred at Pole's ſchool. Practice gave an habit; and under pretence of ſeeing how my relation went on, I went every day to the old ſhop: and now I find, that not being content with being the real maſter, I am now at the age of fifty, really and truly, his foreman or journeyman. Habitude has made every other ſcene of life taſteleſs and inſipid to me; and I as conſtantly find myſelf in his warehouſe at eleven in the morning, as if I was paid for it, and had no other ſupport. Now, Madam, for the moral. My own practice will ſhew the extreme folly of ſtriking out new paths, at my age, unſuitable to the mind and education: it will ſhew alſo, how very few are capable, from the weakneſs of their underſtanding and incapacity of reflecting, to bear that retirement which all men of buſineſs are in purſuit of as the certain means of their happineſs. Let not, therefore, thoſe who have been uſed to an active life think of finding happineſs in a rural ſituation, till they are ſure that their mind can reliſh it. Pleaſure and pain are greater in imagination than in reality; and however tireſome or diſagreeable a man may imagine his own burden to be, was he to exchange it with his neighbour, he would find that load but little different from that which he deſigned to throw off from his own ſhoulders. A rural retirement to a man that has been in active ſcenes in London, I am ſure muſt be a ſtate of miſery. Half

our pleaſure in this world is owing to our imagination; and though I fancied a retirement was happineſs, while I was in poſſeſſion of its miſerable alternative, I am now, in a manner, come back to my old warehouſe, to the aſtoniſhment of my friends and acquaintance. I, indeed, get nothing by it, as I work even harder than I uſed to do, without fee or reward: but experience has convinced me, that cuſtom or habitude in man makes his happineſs or miſery in this world.

M. G.

## ACCOUNT of a SUMMER TOUR.

SIR,

I AM juſt returned from a tour in the country, upon one of theſe parties of pleaſure; but I confeſs that I never ſpent three weeks together more miſerably. There were four of us in all—two ladies in a poſt-chaiſe, with a gentleman and myſelf, who rode on horſeback. There were great diſputes among us, before our ſetting out, concerning what rout it were beſt to make. The ladies, who are accuſtomed to call any thing pleaſure, provided they have a jaunt, were indifferent to what point of the compaſs we turned our noſes; but they wiſhed us to go to ſome of the public watering places which have lately come into ſo much

vogue

vogue. Briſtol, Tunbridge, Scarborough, Brighthelmſtone, Harrowgate, &c. were all cried up in their turns: my friend wanted us to go weſtward, for no other reaſon than becauſe, he ſaid, the inns were very good upon the weſtern road. However, I unfortunately happened to mention the wonders of the Peak, and it was preſently agreed, that we ſhould take the tour of Derbyſhire on purpoſe to ſee them.

We accordingly ſet out, the chaiſe loaded with hat-caſes, and bundles innumerable, belonging to the ladies. I ſhall not trouble you with every incident that befel us in our journey; as how we were wet through and through; as how I got a fall from my horſe; as how the chaiſe was in continual danger, as the ladies apprehended, of being overturned; as how we went from the Bear to the Red Lion, from the Red Lion to the Black Swan, and ſo on; as how, in ſhort, we breakfaſted, dined, ſupped, went to bed, and got up again.

We had not been out four days, but it plainly appeared that the company were tired of each other, and were conſequently out of humour with each other. The ladies were under terrible apprehenſions about damp ſheets and unair'd beds; we curſed the proviſion, and damned the liquor; all of us yawned in our turns, ſat ſilent, complained of fatigue, or of the weather; and our horſes themſelves could not be more unwilling to proceed on the journey than we were.

One principal object of theſe jaunts of pleaſure is to ſee ſights, with no other intention than that the travellers might be able to ſay, that they have ſeen 'em. How many Londoners have made a party to go to Oxford or Cambridge, and have come away with no greater idea of the colleges and public buildings, than they have of the Charter-houſe or the companies halls! How many ſober tradeſmen have left their ſhops and compting-houſes in the ſummer, while buſineſs was ſlack, and dragged their wives and eldeſt daughters with them to ſee the houſe and gardens at Stowe, though they can have no higher reliſh for their beauties than they have for the villas about Clapham and Camberwell, or the White Conduit houſe. You may be ſure, Sir, that we did not neglect this material part of our ſcheme. We went to all the remarkable ſeats in our way, not becauſe we wanted to ſee them, but becauſe we had heard them talked of. This was more fatiguing to us than any other part of our journey. Sometimes we were hurried from apartment to apartment, without having leiſure or inclination to examine either the building or the furniture. We ſtared at fine pictures, though we did not know the difference between a Reubens and a ſign painter. We admired the architecture, though we could not tell but it might be as heavy and diſproportioned as the Manſion-houſe. At other times, we were ſweltered in the ſun, or blown through with a north-eaſt wind, while we traverſed ſhrubberies and ſerpentine walks, and

temples,

temples, and canals, with as much ſpeed as if we were walking for a wager. Yet the ladies, Sir, never failed of ſaying indiſcriminately of every thing they ſaw, or rather not ſaw——That indeed it was vaſtly pretty.

We at laſt came to the famous wilds of Derbyſhire, which is called the Peak. Not to dwell upon too many particulars—You may have read, Sir,—perhaps you have printed an account of that part of it, which is diſtinguiſhed by too coarſe an appellation for me to mention; if ſo, you know full as much, or more of it, I aſſure you, than we do—who, after having travelled above four hundred miles to and fro on purpoſe to ſee it, came back juſt as wiſe as we went. The ladies were too *narvous* to venture further than the entrance of the cavern; and the gentlemen, you know, were in good manners bound not to leave them. They were ſeized with the ſame horrors at Poole's Hole, which is a cave of the ſame nature: but I muſt do them the juſtice to acknowledge, that they were charmed with the grand caſcade at the Duke of Devonſhire's houſe at Chatſworth, and declared it to be infinitely ſuperior to thoſe tin ones at Vauxhall, or either of the playhouſes.

Thus have I ſquandered my time and my money without reaping the leaſt ſatisfaction in return. And now I have mentioned the expence, give me leave to obſerve to you, that I do not mean only what it coſt me in ducks, chickens, &c. at the inn, in turnpikes, in fees to the chambermaid, oſtler,

and boots, or in fees for free ingreſs and egreſs at gentlemens houſes, parks, and gardens, which latter no traveller ought to grudge, as it is frequently the caſe, that the ſervants have no other allowance, and ſometimes the owner himſelf has a ſhare in the perquiſites; as ſome ladies who keep routs go ſnacks in the card-money. In my late tour it coſt me no inconſiderable ſum, becauſe we happened to go through Buckinghamſhire, when the ladies fell in love with ſome very fine laces, for which that county is famous: this we men underſtood as a hint for us to make each of them a preſent of ruffles, handkerchief, and lappets. At Derby they were put in mind, that no ſuch ſilk ſtockings could be had any where as here; conſequently we could do no leſs than deſire their acceptance of half a dozen pair each. They wanted ſadly to make Mancheſter in their way; but I objected to it, as a place not worth ſeeing, becauſe I ſecretly knew that all ladies of taſte are prodigiouſly fond of the ginghams manufactured there, which make the prettieſt negligees for ſummer imaginable.

I ſhall conclude, Sir, with telling you, that if I ever travel again upon a party of pleaſure, it ſhall be alone, like an out-rider, with no other incumbrance than my bags ſwung acroſs the horſe's back, and my great coat ſtrapt upon the ſaddle before me.

Yours,

HUMPHRY GADABOUT.

The

## The Bad CONSEQUENCES of keeping LOW COMPANY

I KNOW not any greater misfortune that can happen to a young fellow at his firſt ſetting out in life, than in falling into low company. He that ſinks to a familiarity with perſons much below his own level, will be conſtantly weighed down by his baſe connections; and though he may eaſily plunge ſtill lower, he will find it impoſſible ever to riſe again. We cannot give a liberal turn of mind to a vulgar man, by introducing him to genteel company, any more than we can make a beau of him by dreſſing him in embroidery: but a gentleman will as naturally catch the manners of a blackguard by mixing with blackguards, as he would daub his cloaths with ſoot by running againſt a chimney-ſweeper.

By low company I would not be ſuppoſed to mean the beſt and moſt valuable part of mankind, which have been diſtinguiſhed by the name of middling ſort of people; though I am not ignorant, that theſe are deſpiſed by all who would be thought to keep the beſt company. The apes of quality affect to look upon all others, who have no reliſh for the amuſements of high life, or do not chuſe to pay a guinea for their ordinary, as downright vulgars: and it was with the utmoſt

contempt I once heard a young coxcomb of faſhion ſpeak of a moſt intimate friend, "that he ſhould "be forced to drop his acquaintance, becauſe he "kept ſuch low company." Neither would I confine this appellation ſolely to the inferior order of tradeſmen and merchants, or the whole body of the nobility in general: for although this rank of people may be literally ſaid to be in low life, a right honourable, who lets himſelf down to the manners of a porter or a hackney-coachman, differs from them in nothing but his title.

A propenſity to low company is either owing to an original meanneſs of ſpirit, a want of education, or an ill-placed pride, commonly ariſing from both the fore-mentioned cauſes. Thoſe who are naturally of a grovelling diſpoſition ſhew it even at ſchool by chuſing their play-mates from the ſcum of the claſs; and are never ſo happy, as when they can ſteal down to romp with the ſervants in the kitchen. But the moſt frequent cauſe is the deſire of being, as it is called, the head of the company; and a perſon of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being diſtinguiſhed by the title of the gentleman. It ſometimes happens, that a man of genius and learning will ſtoop to receive the incenſe of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-houſe or a cyder-cellar: and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a bawdy-houſe in the very fact of reading his verſes to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There

There are ſome, who have been led into low company merely from an affectation of humour, and from a notion of ſeeing life, and a deſire of being accounted men of humour, have deſcended to aſſociate with the meaneſt of the mob, and picked their cronies from Whitechapel and Broad St. Giles's. Of theſe characters the moſt remarkable is a young fellow of family and fortune, who was born and bred a gentleman, but has taken great pains to degrade himſelf, and is now as complete a blackguard as thoſe whom he has choſen for his companions. He will drink purl in a morning, ſmoke his pipe in a night-cellar, and eat black-puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. All the while he his reckoned by his friends to be a mighty good natured gentleman, and without the leaſt bit of pride in him.

In order to qualify himſelf for the ſociety of the vulgar, Bob has ſtudied and practiſed all the vulgar arts under the beſt maſters. He has therefore cultivated an intimacy with Buckhorſe, and is very proud of being ſometimes admitted to the honour of converſing with the great Broughton himſelf. He is alſo very well known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: but his greateſt excellence is cricket-playing, in which he is reckoned as good at bat as either of the Bennets; and is at length arrived at the ſupreme dignity of being diſtinguiſhed among his brethren of the wicket by the title of Long Robin.

It is diverting enough to conſider the fate of many of Bob's intimate friends and acquaintance. It muſt be owned, that ſome of theſe have come to an untimely end; that ſome have been ſent abroad, and others been ſet in the pillory, or whipt in Bridewell. One of Bob's favourite amuſements is attending the executions at Tyburn: and it once happened, that one of his companions was unfortunately brought thither; when Bob carried his regard for his deceaſed friend ſo far, as to get himſelf knocked down in endeavouring to reſcue the body from the ſurgeons.

As Bob conſtantly affects to mimic the air and manners of the vulgar, he takes care to enrich his converſation with the emphatical oaths and expreſſive dialect of Billingſgate and St. Giles's; which never fails to recommend him as a man of excellent humour among the Choice Spirits, and the ſons of ſound ſenſe and ſatisfaction, and frequently promotes him to the chair in theſe facetious ſocieties. But he is particularly famous for ſinging thoſe cant ſongs, drawn up in the lingo of ſharpers and pickpockets; the humour of which he greatly ſets off and heightens by ſcrewing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws.

Bob has indulged the ſame notions of humour even in his amours: and he is well known to every ſtreet-walker between Charing-Croſs and Cheapſide. This has ruined his conſtitution, and often involved him in ſeveral unlucky ſcrapes. He has been frequently

quently bruiſed, beat, and kicked by the bullies in Fleet Ditch and Blood-bowl Alley; and was once ſoundly drubbed by a ſoldier for engaging with his trull in St. Jame's Park. The laſt time I ſaw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight ſkirmiſh about a miſtreſs in a night-cellar. He had carried down a bunter which he had picked up in the ſtreets, in order to treat her with a quartern of gin-royal; when a ſturdy chairman attempting to take away his doxy, a battle enſued between them, and he was ſeverely handled, amidſt the univerſal cry of the whole company of—"Kick him up ſtairs, "kick him up ſtairs."

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## CHARACTERS of CAMILLA and FLORA.

CAMILLA is really what writers have ſo often imagined; or rather, ſhe poſſeſſes a combination of delicacies, which they have ſeldom had minuteneſs of virtue and taſte enough to conceive; to ſay ſhe is beautiful, ſhe is accompliſhed, ſhe is generous, ſhe is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would deſcribe. In her perſon ſhe is almoſt tall, and almoſt thin; graceful, commanding, and inſpiring a kind of tender reſpect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and ſhe can neither look nor move without expreſſing ſomething to her

her advantage. Poſſeſſed of almoſt every excellence, ſhe is unconſcious of any, and this heightens them all: ſhe is modeſt and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the ſubject on which ſhe gives it, and ſees the queſtion in its true light: ſhe has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to miſguide her; ſhe is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are ſubjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine ſimplicity of her ſoul, her ignorance of them ſerves only to diſplay a new beauty in her character, which reſults from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her poſſeſſing that very ignorance. The great characteriſtic of Camilla's underſtanding is taſte; but when ſhe ſays moſt upon a ſubject, ſhe ſtill ſhews that ſhe has much more to ſay, and by this unwillingneſs to triumph, ſhe perſuades the more. With the moſt refined ſentiments ſhe poſſeſſes the ſofteſt ſenſibility, and it lives and ſpeaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does ſhe ſigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that ſhe ſighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected ſtill more. Young, lovely, aud high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever ſhe appears, all others ſeem by a natural impulſe to feel her ſuperiority; and yet when ſhe converſes, ſhe has the art of inſpiring others with an eaſe which they never knew before: ſhe joins to the moſt ſcrupulous politeneſs a certain feminine gaiety, free

both

both from reſtraint and boldneſs; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unaſſuming, yet never aſhamed or aukward; for ſhame and aukwardneſs are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modeſty: nay, to the moſt critical diſcernment, ſhe adds ſomething of a bluſhing timidity, which ſerves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true ſuperiority! by this ſilent unaſſuming merit ſhe overawes the turbulent and the proud, and ſtops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noiſe, with which inferior natures in ſuperior ſtations overwhelm the ſlaviſh and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You ſee a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almoſt equally ſtriking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuſe it to the infinity of nature! how different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has diſplayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant ſoftneſs of female propriety: in Flora, ſhe charms with a certain artleſs poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled, yet blameleſs freedom. Flora has ſomething original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not eaſily defined; to know her and to love her is the ſame thing; but you cannot know her by deſcription. Her perſon is rather touching than majeſtic, her features more expreſſive than

regular

regular, and her manner pleaſes rather becauſe it is reſtrained by no rule, than becauſe it is conformable to any that cuſtom has eſtabliſhed. Camilla puts you in mind of the moſt perfect muſic that can be compoſed; Flora, of the wild ſweetneſs which is ſometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive ſweetneſs of the Loves. Artleſs ſenſibility, wild, native, feminine gaiety, and the moſt touching tenderneſs of ſoul, are the ſtrange characteriſtics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art ſeems rather to diminiſh than increaſe, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dreſs, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifeſted in Camilla and Flora! yet while ſhe has, in this contrariety, ſhewn the extent of her power to pleaſe, ſhe has alſo proved, that truth and virtue are always the ſame. Generoſity and tenderneſs are the firſt principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never poſſeſſed in an higher degree than they are poſſeſſed by Flora: ſhe is juſt as attentive to the intereſt of others, as ſhe is negligent of her own; and though ſhe could ſubmit to any misfortune that could befal herſelf, yet ſhe hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility with the

the moſt lively gaiety; and both are expreſſed with the moſt bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inſpires a reverence that keeps you at a reſpectful, yet admiring diſtance, Flora excites the moſt ardent, yet moſt elegant deſire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive ſenſibility of Caliſto: Camilla almoſt elevates you to the ſenſibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliеſt idea of woman.

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## An Essay on Impudence.

THERE is a certain quality, which, though univerſal conſent hath not enrolled it among the cardinal virtues, is often found ſufficient of itſelf, not only to carry its poſſeſſor through the world, but even to carry him to the top of it. It is almoſt perhaps unneceſſary to inform my reader, that the quality I mean is Impudence; ſo dear is this to one female at leaſt, that it effectually recommends a man to Fortune without the aſſiſtance of any other qualification. She ſeems, indeed, to think with the poet, that,

*——He who hath but Impudence*
*To all things hath a fair pretence;*

and accordingly provides, that thoſe who want modeſty, ſhall want nothing elſe.

What

What are the particular ingredients of which this quality is compoſed, or what temper of mind is beſt fitted to produce it, is perhaps difficult to aſcertain: ſo far I think experience may convince us, that, like ſome vegetables, it will flouriſh beſt in the moſt barren ſoil. To ſay truth, I am almoſt inclined to an opinion, that it never arrives at any great degree of perfection, unleſs in a mind totally unincumbered with any virtue, or with any great or good quality whatever. It would indeed ſeem, that Nature had agreed with Fortune, in ſetting a high value on Impudence; and had accordingly decreed, that thoſe of her children who had received this rich gift at her hands, were amply provided for without any other portion.

And ſurely it is not without reaſon, that I call this the gift of nature; indeed Genius itſelf is not more ſo. We may here apply a phraſe which the French uſe on an occaſion, not ſo proper to be mentioned, and affirm, "That it is not in the "power of every man to be impudent who would "be ſo." A man, born without any genius, may as reaſonably hope to become ſuch a poet as Homer, or ſuch a critic as Longinus, as one born without impudence can pretend, without any merit, to aſpire to theſe characters.

Though nature, however, muſt give the ſeeds, art may cultivate them. To improve, or to depreſs their growth, is greatly within the power of education. To lay down the proper precepts for this purpoſe would require a large treatiſe. It

ſhall

ſhall ſuffice to mention only two rules, which may be partly collected from what I have above aſſerted, and which are of univerſal uſe. This is, with the utmoſt care, to ſuppreſs and eradicate every ſeed or principle of what is any wiſe praiſe-worthy out of the mind; and ſecondly, to preſerve this in the pureſt ſtate of ignorance, than which nothing more contributes to the higheſt perfection and conſummation of Impudence; the more a man knows, the more inclined is he to be modeſt; it is, indeed, within the province only of the higheſt human knowledge to ſurvey its own narrow compaſs.

It may, I think, be predicated in favour of Impudence, that it is the quality, which, of all others, we are capable of carrying to the greateſt height; ſo far indeed that, did not the ſtrongeſt force of evidence convince us of the truth of ſome examples, we ſhould be apt to doubt the poſſibility of their exiſtence. What but the concurrent teſtimony of hiſtorians, and the indubitable veracity of records, could impel us to believe, that there have been men in the world of ſuch aſtoniſhing impudence, as, in oppoſition to the certain knowledge of many thouſands, to take upon themſelves to perſonate kings and princes, as well in their lifetime, as after their death? and yet our own, as well as foreign annals, afford us ſuch inſtances.

But the greateſt hero in Impudence, whom perhaps the world ever produced, appeared in France at the end of the laſt century. His name was Peter Mege, and he was a common ſoldier in the marines.

This fellow had the aſſiſtance only of one who had been a footman to a certain man of quality, called Scipion le Brun de Caſtellane, Signeur de Caille & de Rougon, a nobleman who had fled from France to Switzerland, to avoid a religious perſecution. With this confederate alone, Peter Mege had the amazing impudence to perſonate the young Seigneur de Caille, who was at that time dead; aud this in the life time of the father, in defiance of all his noble relations then in poſſeſſion of his forfeited eſtate, upon the ſpot where the young gentleman had lived to the age of twenty-one; and all this without the leaſt reſemblance of features, ſhape, or ſtature; without being acquainted with any part of the hiſtory of him whom he was to repreſent, or being able to give the leaſt account of any of his family? indeed, without being able to write and read.

But how much more will the reader be ſurprized to hear, that this moſt impudent of all attempts ſucceeded ſo far as to obtain a ſentence in the parliament of Provence in favour of the ſoldier? and this ſucceſs would have been final, had not the canton of Bern interpoſed, and obtained an appeal to the parliament of Paris; where, at laſt, the impoſtor was defeated.

To account for all this, and to aſſuage his reader's aſtoniſhment, the very ingenious author of the trial, when he informs us, that this impoſtor was confronted with twenty witneſſes who ſwore to the identity of Peter Mege, and as many more who had

had been fellow ſtudents with the young nobleman, and who, on their oaths, declared that this Pete was not the perſon, goes on thus: "But what was "moſt ſtrange, was the ſteady countenance of the "ſoldier, which never once betrayed him, nor gave "the leaſt ſymptom of any doubt of his ſucceſs. "It is in vain to form a project of uſurping the "name of another, to lay your plan ever ſo regu- "larly and ſyſtematically, if you do not provide "yourſelf with a ſtock of impudence to ſupport "every attack to which you may be expoſed. In "ſuch an attempt the forehead muſt be furniſhed "as well without as within; more indeed will "depend on the outſide: for it is the ſteadineſs of "the front, hardineſs, or downright audacity, "which impoſe on mankind the moſt, and make "amends for all defects in the underſtanding. The "ſoldier had made many blunders; but his invin- "cible aſſurance repaired all, and brought over "even his enemies to his ſide." And to ſay truth, I know ſcarce any thing to which ſuch a degree of aſſurance is not equal.

This attempt, indeed, of perſonating who you are not, ſeems to be attended with too great difficulties; and to ſucceed in it, is perhaps beyond the power of Impudence; we are not, therefore, to wonder that all the heroes in this way have been unſucceſsful. In fact, we ought to fix our whole attention on the undaunted Impudence of engaging in ſuch a deſign, and not to ſuffer the deſeat to

leſſen our admiration, but to ſay of ſuch a hero with Ovid,

——*Si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit auſis.*

But if, in perſonating the *who*, Impudence is found unequal to the taſk; in perſonating *what* we are not is almoſt ſure to come off triumphant. Here, I believe, the undertaker ſeldom fails but through his own fault; that is, by not being impudent enough.

My Lord Bacon adviſes a modeſt man to ſhelter his vices under thoſe virtues to which they are the neareſt allied. The avaricious man, he would have to affect frugality; the extravagant, liberality, and ſo of the reſt. Now the reverſe of this ſhould be the rule of our impudent man.—If you are a blockhead, my friend, be ſure to commence writer; and if entirely illiterate, be ſure to pretend to learning. If you are a coward, be a bully, and always talk of feats of bravery: if, again, you are a beggar, boaſt of your riches. In ſhort, whatever vice or defect you have, ſet up for its oppoſite virtue or endowment. And if you are poſſeſſed of every ill quality, you may aſſert your title to every good one.

The laſt ſpecies of Impudence which I ſhall mention, is to aſſert openly and boldly what you really are, let this be ever ſo bad. Own your vices, and be proud of them; and in time, perhaps, you may laugh virtue out of countenance, and bring your vices into faſhion. This, however, is a little

to

to attempt, unleſs you are very ſure of yourſelf, and of the degree of impudence which you poſſeſs. A modeſt woman may be a w—— e; but to behave with indecency in public, indeed, to throw of all that would recommend a woman to a vicious man of ſenſe and taſte; to ſhew, as De Roty ſays of a court lady, not the leaſt ſenſe of virtue in the practice of every vice; this requires the higheſt degree of Impudence; that degree, indeed, which is inconſiſtent with every great or good quality whatever.

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## An ESSAY on the SPLEEN.

THE ſpleen is a tyrannical diſtemper, which, in defiance of reaſon, rules us by fancy; for it is evident, that though the painful folly of this perturbation of mind be obvious to common ſenſe, yet the greateſt ſenſe cannot cure it. It makes us ſick without diſeaſe, and angry without provocation; we feel tortures where there is no pain, und ſee terrors where there is no danger. To pretend to remove it by argument and conſideration, is, by the remedy, to increaſe the diſeaſe; it is fed by reflection, and ſerious thoughts are fuel to it. It is therefore to reaſon, what the gout is to phyſicians, the bane and diſgrace of it.

When one is under the ſtrong influence of this malady, I know not whether a rigorous application

to religion be adviſeable; ſince it is the nature of it to fill the head with fanaticiſm, or the mind with deſpair; for, as I believe, the ſpleen will, upon a fair trial, be found anſwerable for moſt of the ſelf-murders that have been committed, ſo I doubt not, but all devotional ravings, wild viſions, and idle prophecies, may be honeſtly laid to the ſame parent. How many tomes of divinity have been begotten by the vapours? Such ſyſtems are the gloomy dreams of melancholy monks, who cloath religion with the blackneſs, giddineſs and anguiſh of their own ſolitary ſpirits.

In conſtitutions where this humourous diſtemper prevails, it is ſurprizing how trifling a matter will inflame it. I have known a gentleman of the fineſt underſtanding more diſturbed by killing of a ſpider, than he would have been at the death of a coach-horſe. There was a melancholy old fellow in Somerſetſhire, who being a great ſmoaker, had ſet his heart ſo much upon tobacco-pipes, that to have broken one in his preſence would certainly have coſt you a broken head. He is ſaid to have conſulted a civilian, whether he could not be divorced from his wife, becauſe ſhe had been the deſtruction of half a dozen of theſe his beloved tubes by ſitting down upon them. And I could likewiſe mention a profeſſor of mathematics, in a certain univerſity, who, by the long ſtudy of ſounds, came to fancy himſelf a bell; and claiming kindred of all braſs pots and kettles, ſtruck three of his maid's teeth down her throat, for laming a little ſwarthy couſin

of

of his called a Saucepan. I ſhall never forget an ingenious doctor of phyſic, who was ſo jealous of the honour of his whiſkers, which he was pleaſed to chriſten, The emblems of his virility, that he reſolutely made the ſun ſhine through every unhappy cat that ill fate threw in his way. He magnanimouſly profeſſed, That his ſpirit could not brook it, that any cat in Chriſtendom, noble or ignoble, ſhould rival the reputation of his upper lip.—In every other reſpect our phyſician was a well-bred perſon, and, which is as wonderful, underſtood Latin. But we ſee the deepeſt learning is no charm againſt the ſpleen.

As the ladies rival the men in moſt things, and outſhine them in all, they have run away with an elder brother's part, even of the ſpleen. It ſeems to have taken a liking to their conſtitutions, and even kills them with its company and kindneſs: for this harpy has a nice ſtomach, and loves to prey upon female fleſh. It is therefore no wonder that ſo many of them look wan and withered, when they are forced to give ſuck and nouriſhment to a glutton, that is ever feeding, but never full.

But they bear this diſtemper, not only with contentment but triumph; for it is the mode; and a queen's handkerchief, a monkey, and a pretty fellow, are not more faſhionable. There's the ſwimming Mrs. Armful in Cheapſide, who has cheeks like a pair of globes, and eats two pounds of pudding at a meal, beſides roaſt beef and cuſtard; and yet is ſo bewitched with an unnatural love of the

ſpleen, that neither her bulk nor her ſtomach can ſhame her out of it. It is not much otherwiſe with Miſs Biddy, her daughter, who romps, and laughs, and leaps over ſtools, and then cries, Oh, the vapours! I freely grant there are many faſhionable females, who need not be at the leaſt pains to convince us, that they are troubled with ſpleen and peeviſhneſs; or, if they pleaſe, with the vapours. That modiſh merchant's wife near Crutched Friars muſt have been over head and ears in the faſhion, who going one morning to church, and perceiving a drop at the poor reader's noſe, went home and miſcarried, and never went to church ſince. My lady Pepper is a very fond wife, but very apt not to ſleep at nights, and to wonder that Sir Thomas will not keep himſelf awake, and divert her; but Sir Thomas is not always in the humour: however, madam never fails, by ſeveral arts and motions, to interrupt his quiet and ſnoring. The knight, being in years, loves reſt better than he ſhould do; and, to obtain it, is grown cunning and ſpiteful; for, when he would avoid theſe nocturnal hints and perſecutions, he always picks a quarrel with my lady's parrot; and one croſs word to that favourite fowl is ſure to intitle him to ſleep in lazineſs and ſecurity for a fortnight together. In the beginning of May laſt, the politic old fellow had a mind to live a ſingle life for ſome time; and, to procure it, told Madam, one day, as ſhe was diſcourſing to Poll, "Damn your parrot! he's as hoarſe as a raven." It was enough!—The baronet had his bed

to

to himſelf all ſummer long: but I am told, that he had the goodneſs, in the Dog-days, to be friends with his wife and the parrot. Who does not pity the gentle counteſs of Startwell? By the tragical ſhutting of a door, her monkey loſt a joint of his tail, and ſhe an heir to the earl's eſtate.

So eaſy it is to put theſe puny creatures into the ſpleen, that is, into the faſhion, I am apt to think their huſbands, and their ſervants, would paſs their time of vaſſalage with much more peace and reſignation, if theſe thorough-bred ladies were not quite ſo modiſh.

If I may ſpeak of myſelf towards the rear of this eſſay, I muſt own, that as good a natured civil perſon as I am, the ſpleen is now and then too hard for me: nothing is ſo apt to fling me into it as harſh noiſes and uncouth ſounds; a ſow-gelder's horn, or a poet's repeating his own verſes, never miſſes to ſet my ſpirit and my teeth on edge. Let this warn a little gentleman with a great voice, who generally ſtands with his back to the fire, in a great coffee-houſe near the Temple, not to pour any more of his poetry into my ear; for it always turns my ſtomach, and puts me into a moſt perverſe humour. I know he cannot help it; for by long obſervation I find, that as ſoon as the heat of a good coal fire inſpires his poſteriors, his wit and verſes riſe forcibly from below, and bubble in great profuſion out at his mouth.

To conclude with a piece of advice, and a moral, I cannot but think it oppoſite to good nature to be angry

angry at a ſplenetic: his reaſon is ſuſpended by his diſtemper; and while he bites his lips and nails he puniſhes himſelf upon himſelf.

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## On the SAGACITY of ſome INSECTS.

ANIMALS, in general, are ſagacious in proportion as they cultivate ſociety. The elephant and the beaver ſhew the greateſt ſigns of this when united: But when man intrudes into their communities, they loſe all their ſpirit of induſtry, and teſtify but a very ſmall ſhare of that ſagacity, for which, when in a ſocial ſtate, they are ſo remarkable.

Among inſects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturaliſt; but their whole ſagacity is loſt upon ſeparation, and a ſingle bee, or ant, ſeems deſtitute of every degree of induſtry, is the moſt ſtupid inſect imaginable, languiſhes for a time in ſolitude, and ſoon dies.

Of all the ſolitary inſects I have ever remarked, the ſpider is the moſt ſagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively conſidered them, ſeem almoſt to exceed belief. This inſect is formed by nature for a ſtate of war, not only upon other inſects, but upon each other. For this ſtate nature ſeems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breaſt are covered with a ſtrong natural coat of

of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other inſect, and its belly is inveloped in a ſoft pliant ſkin, which eludes the ſting even of a waſp. Its legs are terminated by ſtrong claws, not unlike thoſe of a lobſter, and their vaſt length, like ſpears, ſerve to keep every aſſailant at a diſtance.

Not worſe furniſhed for obſervation than for an attack or a defence, it has ſeveral eyes, large, tranſparent, and covered with an horny ſubſtance, which however does not impede its viſion. Beſides this, it is furniſhed with a forceps above the mouth, which ſerves to kill or ſecure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furniſhed; but its net to entrangle the enemy ſeems what it chiefly truſts to, and what it takes moſt pains to render as complete as poſſible. Nature has furniſhed the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which proceeding from the anus, it ſpins into a threat coarſer or finer as it chuſes to contract or dilate its ſphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a ſmall drop of its liquid againſt the wall, which, hardening by degrees, ſerves to hold the thread very firmly; then receding from the firſt point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the ſpider has come to the place where the other end of the thread ſhould be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwiſe be too ſlack, it is ſtretched tightly, and fixed in the ſame manner to the wall as before.

In

In this manner it ſpins and fixes ſeveral threads parallel to each other, which ſo to ſpeak, ſerve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it ſpins in the ſame manner its thread tranſverſely fixing one end to the firſt thread, that was ſpun, and which is always the ſtrongeſt of the whole web, and the other to the wall, All theſe threads being newly ſpun, are glutinous, and therefore ſtick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in thoſe parts of the web moſt expoſed to be torn, our natural artiſt ſtrengthens them, by doubling the threads ſometimes ſix fold.

Thus far naturaliſts have gone in the deſcription of this animal; what follows is the reſult of my own obſervation upon that ſpecies of the inſect called an Houſe-ſpider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large ſpider in one corner of my room making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom againſt the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its deſtruction, and I may ſay it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the inſect ſeemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traverſed round, examined the ſtrength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The firſt enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger ſpider, which, having no web of his own, and having probably exhauſted all its ſtock in former

labours

labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter enſued, in which the invader ſeemed to have the victory, and the laborious ſpider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor uſing every art to draw the enemy from his ſtrong-hold. He ſeemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demoliſh the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious ſpider became conqueror and fairly killed his antagoniſt.

Now then, in peaceable poſſeſſion of what was juſtly its own, it waited three days with the utmoſt patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no ſuſtenance that I could perceive. At laſt, however, a large blue fly fell into the ſnare, and ſtruggled hard to get looſe. The ſpider gave it leave to entangle itſelf as much as poſſible, but it ſeemed to be too ſtrong for the cobweb. I muſt own I was greatly ſurprized when I ſaw the ſpider immediately ſally out, and, in leſs than a minute, weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was ſtopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was ſeized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious ſtate, and nature ſeemed to have fitted it for ſuch a life, for upon a ſingle fly it ſubſiſted for more than a week. I once put a waſp into the neſt, but when the ſpider came out in order to ſeize it as uſual, upon per-

perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, inſtantly broke all the bands that held it faſt, and contributed all that lay in its power to diſengage ſo formidable an antagoniſt. When the waſp was at liberty, I expected the ſpider would have ſet about repairing the breaches that were made in his net, but thoſe, it ſeems, were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forſaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the uſual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a ſingle ſpider could furniſh, wherefore I deſtroyed this, and the inſect ſet about another. When I deſtroyed the other alſo, its whole ſtock ſeemed entirely exhauſted, and it could ſpin no more. The arts it made uſe of to ſupport itſelf, now deprived of its great means of ſubſiſtence, were indeed ſurprizing. I have ſeen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionleſs for hours together, but cautiouſly watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach ſufficiently near it would dart out all at once, and often ſeize its prey.

Of this life, however, it ſoon began to grow weary, and reſolved to invade the poſſeſſion of ſome other ſpider, ſince it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at firſt was as vigorouſly repulſed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay ſiege to another's web for three days, and, at length, having killed the defendant, actually took poſſeſſion.

When

When ſmaller flies happen to fall into the ſnare, the ſpider does not ſally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is ſure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive ſtrength ſufficient to get looſe: the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent ſtruggles, the captive has waſted all its ſtrength, and then he becomes a certain and an eaſy conqueſt.

The inſect I am now deſcribing lived three years; every year it changed its ſkin, and got a new ſet of legs. I have ſometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At firſt, it dreaded my approach to its web, but at laſt it became ſo familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this deſcription, it may be obſerved, that the male ſpider is much leſs than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they ſpread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If diſturbed in their holes, they never attempt to eſcape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are ſacrificed to their maternal affection.

As ſoon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to ſpin, and almoſt ſenſibly ſeem to grow bigger. If they have the good for-

ſortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites; but they live ſometimes three or four days without any ſort of ſuſtenance, and yet ſtill continue to grow larger, ſo as every day to double their former ſize. As they grow old however they do not ſtill continue to encreaſe, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a ſpider becomes entire ſtiff with age, and unable to ſeize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

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## A LETTER from a TRAVELLER to his Friend in ENGLAND.

My dear WILL, *Cracow, Aug.* 2, 1765.

YOU ſee, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my reſtleſs diſpoſition give me leave to enjoy the preſent hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happineſs lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myſelf ſtill in want of ſomething, and expected to leave ſolicitude behind me by going into Romelia, and now you find me turning back, ſtill expecting eaſe every where but where I am. It is now ſeven years ſince I ſaw the face of a ſingle creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendſhip, or ſociety, I feel the ſolitude of an hermit, but not his eaſe.

The

The prince of *** has taken me in his train, ſo that I am in no danger of ſtarving for this bout. The prince's governor is a rude, ignorant, pedant, and his tutor a battered rake: thus, between two ſuch characters you may imagine he is finely inſtructed. I made ſome attempts to diſplay all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or obſervation; but I find myſelf regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I ſhall never be able to acquire a power of expreſſing myſelf with eaſe in any language but my own; and out of my own country the higheſt character I can ever acquire, is that of being a philoſophic vagabond.

When I conſider myſelf in the country which was once ſo formidable in war, and ſpread terror and deſolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the preſent wrechedneſs and puſillanimity of its inhabitants; a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magiſtrates ſeeking redreſs by complaints, and not by vigour. Every thing conſpires to raiſe my compaſſion for their miſeries, were not my thoughts too buſily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in ſtrange diſorder; when our equipage, which conſiſts of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at ſome towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have ſeen a woman travel thus on horſeback before us for thirty miles, and think herſelf highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving with ecſtaſy about two pence

for her trouble. In general we were better ſerved by the women than the men on theſe occaſions. The men ſeemed directed by a low ſordid intereſt alone; they ſeemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horſes. If we gently deſired them to make more ſpeed, they took not the leaſt notice; kind language was what they had by no means been uſed to. It was proper to ſpeak to them in the tones of anger, and ſometimes it was even neceſſary to uſe blows, to excite them to their duty. How different theſe from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront ſeven fold! Theſe poor people, however, from being brought up to vile uſage, loſe all the reſpect which they ſhould have for themſelves. They have contracted an habit of regarding conſtraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildneſs, they no longer continued to perceive a ſuperiority. They fancied themſelves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them inſolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows, at once changed their ſenſations and their ideas: their ears and their ſhoulders taught their ſouls to ſhrink back into ſervitude, from which they had for ſome moments fancied themſelves diſengaged.

The enthuſiaſm of liberty an Engliſhman feels, is never ſo ſtrong as when preſented by ſuch proſpects as theſe. I muſt own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts, perhaps, indeed, it is my only

only boaſt, that I am of that happy country: though I ſcorn to ſtarve there; though I do not chuſe to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the eaſe and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a ſingle anchor to lay hold by, or a friend, except you, to confide in.

Yours, &c.

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## An ESSAY on the NECESSITY of a POLITE INTERCOURSE between Men and Women.

IT is a general complaint made by my fair countrywomen, that the gentlemen, regardleſs of that reſpect and attention which are at all times due to their charms, ſhew a great averſeneſs to their company. I fear this charge cannot be controverted, and am ſorry to ſee the truth manifeſted in the conſtrained deportment, inelegant addreſs, and uncouth attempts at politeneſs, that almoſt univerſally characterize the youth of this iſland.

Certain it is, that a frequent liberal intercourſe with that more refined part of our ſpecies, which is happily deſcribed by the appellation of the Beau Sex, ſo powerfully influences, not only our manner and behaviour, but our way of thinking, that from thence we acquire a certain delicacy of ſentiment,

which extends itſelf even to the moſt minute circumſtances of life. And from hence it is, that our neighbours, the French, have eſtabliſhed throughout Europe that character of politeneſs, which we do not chuſe to be at the trouble of emulating, as we find it much more eaſy to ridicule and laugh at it. My Lord Anglois, while the profuſion with which he diſperſes his guineas, creates aſtoniſhment in the mechanics of Paris, conſcious of a deficiency in that eaſe and elegant freedom which he obſerves in every man of education whom he meets, ſhuns all good company; and after reluctantly ſpending three months between the Hôtel and the ſeveral places of public diverſion, returns to his native ſoil, ſtrongly impreſſed with the moſt contemptuous idea of the French, whom, though he has but literally ſeen, he takes the liberty to deſcribe as a ſuperficial, volatile nation, for no other reaſon perhaps than that they are perfectly ſkilled in the moſt entertaining, I had almoſt ſaid, uſeful art, that invention can ſuggeſt, which is, to trifle agreeably.

A Frenchman has no more idea of a party of pleaſure without ladies, than an Engliſhman can entertain the leaſt conception of enjoying himſelf, until they retreat. From thoſe oppoſite diſpoſitions it ariſes, that the firſt introduces himſelf with a becoming unconcern into company, and is maſter of that *bienſeance*, which diſtinguiſhes the gentleman, and performs all offices of life without the leaſt embarraſſment: whereas nothing is more common among us, than to find gentlemen of family and fortune

fortune who know nothing of the fair ſex, but what they have collected from the moſt abandoned part of it, and can ſcarce reckon a virtuous family within the whole ſcope of their acquaintance. It is not unpleaſant to obſerve one of his claſs, when chance or neceſſity has brought him into a room with ladies of reputation. An aukward reſtraint hangs about him, and he is almoſt afraid to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould inadvertently bolt out ſomething, which, though extremely ſuitable to the dialect of Covent-Garden, would be groſsly offenſive to thoſe females, who had not received their rudiments of education in that ſeminary. The gloom that hangs over an Engliſh company, while the ladies remain, and the reciprocal reſtraint that each ſex ſeems to be upon the other, has been frequently a ſubject of ludicrous obſervations to foreigners; and indeed the fair ones themſelves, though natives, and to the manner born, frequently expreſs aſtoniſhment at what myſteries the men can have to celebrate, ſo oppoſite to thoſe of the *Bona Dea*, that no female muſt be preſent at the ceremony. I am not at liberty to divulge this important ſecret, but will, for the ſatisfaction of the ladies, aſſure them, that they are not of a nature vaſtly beyond their apprehenſion; nay, on the contrary, may be eaſily underſtood, even by a miſs in hanging-ſleeves, provided ſhe has had the happineſs of a boarding-ſchool education.

At the ſame time that I condemn my countrymen for ſeparating themſelves from thoſe who have the art of refining every joy this world affords, I am

ſorry to be obliged to obſerve, that the ladies themſelves do in ſome meaſure contribute to this great evil. The ſcandalous practice, ſo prevalent at preſent, of giving up their whole thoughts; as well as time, to cards, has made the company of women, pardon the expreſſion, extremely inſipid to thoſe who would willingly conſider them as rational creatures, and do not depend upon ſuperior ſkill in the game of whiſt for a ſubſiſtence. Is it to be imagined, that a man, whoſe mind is the leaſt raiſed above the vulgar, will devote that time which he may employ in converſing agreeably, either with the dead or the living, to thoſe aſſemblies, where no ideas can enter beyond the reſpective excellencies of Garrick and Powel, and the ſeveral poſſible caſes ſo profoundly calculated by the incomparable Mr. Hoyle? Yet from declining theſe places, I know many intimate friends who have acquired the odious character of women-haters, though at the ſame time they entertain the higheſt eſteem for that amiable ſex, and ſincerely regret, that the tyrant faſhion has put it out of their power to enjoy more of their company than a bare view of their perſons, agitated by the various and uncertain revolutions of fortune's wheel.

Beſides what I have already mentioned, another obſtacle, extremely pernicious to ſociety, proceeds from the exceſſive officiouſneſs of the female world in cutting out matches. Mr. Pope has obſerved, that "every woman is at heart a rake," and I believe it is not leſs true, though I fear the aſſertion will

will be much more offenſive to the virgins of Britain, that "every woman is a fortune-hunter." This character is deſervedly infamous in the male part of the creation, and we deteſt the man, though of an exceeding good family in Ireland, who, aided by the friendſhip and confidence of his taylor, makes a pompous diſplay of the breadth of his ſhoulders, and the firmneſs of his calves; but conceive no indignation againſt the lovely nymph, who undreſſes herſelf in the ſame view with the moſt ſeducing art, and generouſly, much too generouſly for her own intereſt, exhibits every charm the happy man will be poſſeſſed of, who takes her to his boſom. The idea of entrapping ſomebody mixes ſo intimately with the general caſt of thought in women, that they can never diveſt themſelves of it, and if a gentleman pays that compliment to their beauty, which female pride would never pardon, if he had omitted, they immediately flatter themſelves, that he muſt have a deſign of marriage. This notion once conceived, a convocation of aunts, old maids, diſcreet friends, prudent neighbours, &c. is aſſembled, when every circumſtance muſt be diſcuſſed.—Miſs intimates,—"He is very "particular to me—what can he mean? He looked "at me all the time he was here—ſure he'll pro-"poſe ſoon.—Then did you remark, aunt Betty, "when we talked of marriage, what he ſaid?—He "certainly means to have me."—The reſult of this conſultation is, that Miſs muſt carry it with a proper reſerve, in order to compel the imaginary lover

ſorry to be obliged to obſerve, that the ladies themſelves do in ſome meaſure contribute to this great evil. The ſcandalous practice, ſo prevalent at preſent, of giving up their whole thoughts; as well as time, to cards, has made the company of women, pardon the expreſſion, extremely inſipid to thoſe who would willingly conſider them as rational creatures, and do not depend upon ſuperior ſkill in the game of whiſt for a ſubſiſtence. Is it to be imagined, that a man, whoſe mind is the leaſt raiſed above the vulgar, will devote that time which he may employ in converſing agreeably, either with the dead or the living, to thoſe aſſemblies, where no ideas can enter beyond the reſpective excellencies of Garrick and Powel, and the ſeveral poſſible caſes ſo profoundly calculated by the incomparable Mr. Hoyle? Yet from declining theſe places, I know many intimate friends who have acquired the odious character of women-haters, though at the ſame time they entertain the higheſt eſteem for that amiable ſex, and ſincerely regret, that the tyrant faſhion has put it out of their power to enjoy more of their company than a bare view of their perſons, agitated by the various and uncertain revolutions of fortune's wheel.

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to declare himſelf, who, if he be a man of experience in the ſubtleties of women, inſtantly ſees through the flimſy artifice, and diſcontinues his viſits. I ſubmit to the candor of every female reader, whether I have here drawn an ideal picture.—Can theſe angelic beings reaſonably expect then, that a man will chuſe to viſit them, under the diſagreeable alternative of behaving continually with a ceremonious diſtance, or running the riſk of being driven to the neceſſity of an awkward explanation?—No; while narrow ſentiments of this kind prevail, it will be impoſſible to introduce a truly ſocial converſe between the ſexes, which muſt be effected on the part of the ladies by an undeſigning decent freedom, the inſeparable companion of real virtue.—Let them aſſert their own dignity, and manifeſt a conſciouſneſs, that they were not created merely to be inſtrumental in the continuation of the ſpecies, but are endowed with intellectual faculties that qualify them for the ſweet joys of ſociety. Let them at length ſo far undeceive themſelves, as to think, that a man may like their company, admire their virtues, nay, even their perſonal charms, and cheriſh the warmeſt friendſhip for them, without any intention of addreſſing them on the ſcore of love; let them but offer this violence to the natural vanity of their ſex and I will undertake to promiſe, that they will not long have reaſon to complain of being neglected.—Men of ſenſe will then ſeek their company, and, what I hope may make ſome impreſ-

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ſion on a female mind, will then think of them as partners for life.

## An ESSAY on RETIREMENT.

TO be abſolute maſter of one's own time and actions is an inſtance of liberty, which is not found but in ſolitude. A man that lives in a crowd is a ſlave, even though all that are about him fawn upon him, and give him the upper hand: they call him maſter or lord, and treat him as ſuch; but as they hinder him from doing what he otherwiſe would, the title and homage which they pay him is flattery and contradiction.

Some run into this ſort of bondage by a fondneſs for popularity, and the eclat of followers; and others through an impatience of being at any time by themſelves. Poplicola lives at home in the midſt of a multitude, and abroad in a mob. His houſe his every morning a market, where complimental lies are ſold for how d'ye's; and ſupple backs, and profound bows, are trafficked away for courteous nods, and gracious grins: in this great mart of adoration and condeſcenſion there are ſometimes very good bargains to be got; you may have a place, or the promiſe of a place, for aſking; and if you want fifty guineas, it is only belying his lordſhip with ſome few praiſes, and the money is yours. Tom Magpie, the ballad-maker, has earned

of

of him twenty pounds at a time, only by preſenting him with an humble face, and a doleful ditty now and then: but ſince Tom is grown old, and cannot ſing ſo clear, nor bow ſo low as formerly, I hear the price is fallen; for the quality always meaſure the depth of your obeiſance to an inch, and the nearer you throw your head to the ground, the more they are honoured: ſo that a tall man, if he has ſenſe in him, may recommend himſelf to the nobility with great ſucceſs; eſpecially to the ladies. I myſelf miſſed preferment once, merely becauſe I was two inches lower in ſtature than my competitor.

But to make an end of the character of Poplicola; his dreſſing-room is every morning crowded like a chapel; and, on the approach of the idol of the place, every knee bows, and all pay him incenſe: he then puts on his ſhirt, as a parſon does his ſurplice, in the preſence of a congregation, who, no doubt, are mightily obliged by the ſight of his nakedneſs: every day at dinner he drinks a hundred healths, to ſhew his great courteſy to every one who ſits at his table. It is thought Poplicola, every day of his life, diſpoſes of ten thouſand nods, and twenty thouſand ſmiles, beſides innumerable half-ſmiles, and ſeveral condeſcending winks, with ſhakes of the hand not a few. Poplicola lives to the world, and the world, makes the moſt of him: he has leiſure and liberty for the ſervice of all men, but for his own proper uſe he has none.

I have already ſaid, that ſome run into this kind of vaſſalage from the impatience of being alone.

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One of this ſort ſeeks company to help him to enjoy himſelf, and at laſt, by his ſucceſs that way, gets ſuch a train of friends and coadjutors, that he has no enjoyment at all. Here, as in many other inſtances, pleaſure is ſought, and vexation found. Thus it is to be weary of ourſelves, and not to know, with the great Scipio, how to be the leaſt alone when we are alone.

I pity the caſe of ſome country gentlemen, who are obliged, by the ſenſeleſs laws of rural hoſpitality, to keep open houſe and table for every worſhipful blockhead, and others who have the complaiſance to be troubleſome to them, and to rob them of themſelves for a whole day together. A gentleman, with whom I paſſed laſt ſummer, is ſingularly happy in a freedom from this ſort of gueſts: when I was congratulating him and myſelf upon this, and enquiring into the reaſon of ſuch uncommon felicity, "Why," ſays he, "you know "I don't drink; and I have maintained, in the hear-"ing of ſome of my neighbours, that guzzling is "not the chief and ultimate end of man: beſides, "it is reported currently among them, that I can "write and read. This character of me has frightened "all the true country 'ſquires, far and near, from "any acquaintance or converſation with me: they "have juſt underſtanding enough to dread common "ſenſe."

I wiſh our fools of faſhion in town would learn diſcretion from theſe their brethren in the country. Every little laced ideot about Covent-Garden will needs

needs have it to ſay, that he keeps company with men of wit; and ſo is eternally obliging and plaguing them with his converſation and his ſnuff-box: and they muſt ſuffer, that he may make ſpeeches.

The only difference between a freeman and a ſlave is, that the former is in his own power, and the latter is ſubject to the will of another. To have one's hours and receſs at the mercy of viſitants and intruders, is arrant thraldom. There is as much reaſon and equity in robbing us of our health and our money, as of our time. For my part, I declare ſincerely, I would rather loſe a pound of blood ſometimes, than ſacrifice to company an afternoon which I had devoted to myſelf, though I had no other buſineſs to do but purely to follow my fancy, and give imagination its full play. I farther declare, that though I am an author, I had rather pay Jack Foible half a crown a time, than be entertained with his viſits, and his compliments.

Nothing is ſo valuable as time; and he who comes undeſired, to help you to paſs it away, might, with the ſame civility and good ſenſe, give you to underſtand, that he is come, out of pure love to you, with a coach and ſix, and his family, to help you to paſs away your eſtate.

I ever loved retirement, and deteſted crowds. I would rather paſs an afternoon amongſt a herd of deer, than half an hour at a coronation; and ſooner eat a piece of apple-pye in a cottage, than with a judge in a circuit. To lodge a night by myſelf in a cave would not grieve me ſo much as living half

a day

a day in a fair. It will look a little odd, when I have miſſed many a good ſermon, for no other reaſon, but that many others were to hear it as well as myſelf; I have neither diſliked the man, nor his principles, nor his congregation, ſingly; but all together I could not abide them.

Without complimenting myſelf, I always gueſs at people's diſpoſitions and parts by their love or hatred of ſolitude. None but an innocent or a diſcerning mind can be fond of it; and few, that are vicious or weak, care for it: it requires capacity, becauſe we muſt be able to entertain ourſelves; and virtue, that we may bear reflection upon our paſt behaviour. Behold here a leſſon and reproof for thoſe who cannot live without company.

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## An ESSAY on the SPIRIT of CONTEMPT.

THERE is not in human nature a more odious diſpoſition, than a proneneſs to contempt: nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this ſenſation. That which conſtitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other paſſions to a worthy and good-natured man: for in ſuch a perſon wickedneſs and vice muſt raiſe hatred and abhorrence; and weakneſs and folly will be ſure to excite compaſſion; ſo that he will find

find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.

And however deteſtable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when conſidered in the ſerious ſchool of Heraclitus, it will preſent no leſs abſurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing ſect of Democritus, eſpecially as we may obſerve, that the meaneſt and baſeſt of all human beings are generally the moſt contemptuous.

I have often wiſhed that ſome of thoſe curious perſons who have employed their time in enquiring into the nature and actions of ſeveral inſects, ſuch as bees and ants, had taken ſome pains to examine whether they are not apt to expreſs any contemptuous behaviour one towards another; the plain ſymptoms of which might poſſibly be diſcovered by the help of microſcopes. It is ſcarce conceivable that the queen bee, amongſt the hundred gallants which ſhe keeps for her own recreation, ſhould not have ſome eſpecial favourites, and it is full as likely, that theſe favourites will ſo carry themſelves towards their brethren, as to diſplay ſufficient marks of their contempt to the eye of an accurate diſcoverer in the manners of the reptile world. For my own part, I have remarked many inſtances of contempt amongſt animals, which I have farther obſerved to increaſe in proportion to the decreaſe of ſuch ſpecies, in the rank and order of the animal creation. Mr. Ellis informs me, that he never could diſcover any the leaſt indication of contempt in the lions under his care; the horſe, I am ſorry to ſay it,

it, gives us ſome, the aſs many more, the turkey-cock more ſtill, and the toad is ſuppoſed to burſt itſelf frequently with the violence of this paſſion.

And as a very good mind, as I have before obſerved, will give no entertainment to any ſuch affection; ſo neither will a ſenſible mind, I am perſuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men would make but a moderate uſe of that ſelf-examination, which philoſophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this diſpoſition. Their contempt would then perhaps, as their charity is ſaid to do, begin at home. To ſay truth, a man hath this better chance of deſpiſing himſelf, than he hath of deſpiſing others, as he is likely to know himſelf beſt.

But I am ſliding into a more ſerious vein than I intended. In the reſidue of this eſſay, therefore, I will confine myſelf to one particular conſideration only, one which will give as ridiculous an idea of contempt, and afford as ſtrong diſſuaſives againſt it, as any other which at preſent ſuggeſts itſelf.

The conſideration I mean is, that contempt is, generally at leaſt, mutual, and there is ſcarce any one man who deſpiſes another, without being at the ſame time deſpiſed by him, of which I ſhall endeavour to produce ſome few inſtances.

As the right honourable the Lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vaſt retinue, paſſes by Mr. Moſes Buckram, citizen and taylor, in his chaiſe and one, "See there!" ſays my lord, with an air of the higheſt contempt, "that raſcal Buckram, with his fat wife,

"I ſup-

"I ſuppoſe he is going to his country-houſe; for "ſuch fellows muſt have their country-houſe as well "as their vehicle. Theſe are the raſcals that com- "plain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other ſide, is no ſooner recovered from the fear of being run over, before he could get out of the way, than turning to his wife, he cries, "Very fine, faith! an "honeſt citizen is to be run over by ſuch fellows "as theſe, who drive about their coaches and ſix "with other people's money. See, my dear, what "an equipage he hath, and yet he cannot find money "to pay an honeſt tradeſman. He is above fifteen "hundred pounds deep in my books; how I deſpiſe "ſuch lords!"

Lady Fanny Rantun, from the ſide-box, caſting her eyes on an honeſt pawnbroker's wife below her, eyes on an honeſt pawnbroker's wife below her, bids lady Betty her companion take notice of that creature in the pit; "Did you ever ſee, lady Betty," ſays ſhe, "ſuch a ſtrange wretch? how the aukward "monſter is dreſſed?" The good woman at the ſame time ſurveying lady Fanny, and offended perhaps at a ſcornful ſmile, which ſhe ſees in her countenance,—whiſpers her friend,— "Obſerve lady "Fanny Rantun. As great airs as that fine lady gives "herſelf, my huſband hath all her jewels under lock "and key: what a contemptible thing is poor qua- "lity!"

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than a poor ſcholar to a ſplendid beau; unleſs perhaps the ſplendid beau to the poor ſcholar! The philo-

philoſopher and the world; the man of buſineſs, and the man of pleaſure; the beauty and the wit; the hypocrite and the profligate; the covetous and the ſquanderer, are all alike inſtances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the ſame obſervations into the loweſt life, and we ſhall find the ſame proneneſs to deſpiſe each other. The common ſoldier, who hires himſelf out to be ſhot at for five pence a day, who is the only ſlave in a free country, and is liable to be ſent to any part of the world without his conſent, and whilſt at home ſubject to the ſevereſt puniſhments, for offences which are not to be found in our law books; yet this noble perſonage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or huſbandmen, from whence he was himſelf taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brick-duſt coloured cloth, and bedaubed with worſted lace of a penny a yard, the very gentleman ſoldier is as much deſpiſed in his turn by the whiſtling carter, who comforts himſelf, that he is a free Engliſhman, and will live with no maſter longer than he likes him; nay, and though he never was worth twenty ſhillings in his life, is ready to anſwer a captain, if he offends him,—— "D——n you, Sir, who are "you? is it not we that pays you?"

This contemptuous diſpoſition is in reality the ſure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every ſtation; on the contrary, a great and good man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top

or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleaſed with a rebuke given by a blackſhoe boy to another, who had expreſſed his contempt of one of the modern town-ſmarts. "Why ſhould you "deſpiſe him, Jack?" ſaid the honeſt lad, "we are "all what the Lord pleaſed to make us."

I will conclude this eſſay with a ſtory which a gentleman of honour averred to me to be truth. His coach being ſtopt in Piccadilly by two or three carts, which, according to cuſtom, were placed directly acroſs the way; he obſerved a very dirty fellow, who appeared to belong to a mud cart, give another fellow ſeveral laſhes with his whip, and at the ſame time heard him repeat more than once—— "D——n you, I will teach you manners "to your betters." My friend could not eaſily, from theſe words, divine what might poſſibly be the ſtation of the unhappy ſufferer, till at length, to the great ſatisfaction of his curioſity, he diſcovered that he was the driver of a duſt cart drawn by aſſes.

## A LETTER from a Gentleman at PARIS.

THE other day I had the following letter put into my hand by a friend who had juſt received it from an acquaintance who lately took a trip to Paris. As it exhibits a pretty lively picture of an Engliſhman who has ſet up the cuſtoms and manners of

of his own country, as the indiſputable ſtandard of what is right, and therefore treats every thing he finds different from them with contempt, perhaps your readers will not be diſpleaſed to peruſe it. I offer it them to you without farther apology, not doubting but it will be reliſhed, at leaſt by thoſe who have had an opportunity of obſerving the ridiculous manner, in which our countrymen miſpend their time in that elegant metropolis of the polite world.

I am,

Your conſtant reader.

DEAR HARRY, *Paris, Sept.* 10, 1765.

I HAVE been in this ſtrange place about ſix weeks, and find myſelf in ſuch a whimſical ſituation, that I may truly ſay, with Petulant, in the Way of the World, I am like a dog in a dancing-ſchool. Upon our firſt arrival here, we took a *fiacre*, and drove to our banker, who lives up four pair of ſtairs. As he was our countryman, we thought him the moſt proper perſon to direct us, and accordingly enquired whether there were any good lodgings to be let in the *Ruë de Boucherie;* for you muſt know, Harry, we were informed, before we left England, by ſome gentlemen who ſaid they knew Paris very well, that we ſhould take up our reſidence in that part of the town.—But the banker ſmiled at the queſtion, and told us, that the Engliſh gentlemen

had deſerted that famous ſtreet ever ſince the harlequin at the Italian comedy, in making love to his miſtreſs, told her, among other profeſſions of his paſſion, that he loved her as violently as my Lord *Anglois* did the *Ruë de Boucherie*. He added, that he would take care to fix us in proper lodging, and conducted us to Peyri Baigneur, in the *Ruë Dauphine*, who accommodated us with a very good apartment. Our next care was to equip ourſelves in the faſhion of the country. Accordingly we ſent for a taylor, and Jack Commons, who jabbers a little French, directed him to make us two ſuits; which he brought us the next morning at ten o'clock, and made complete Frenchmen of us. But for my part, Harry, I was ſo damned uneaſy in a full-dreſſed coat, which I had never been uſed to, that I thought myſelf as much deprived of my liberty, as if I had been in the Baſtile; and I frequently ſighed for my little looſe frock, which I look upon as an emblem of our happy conſtitution; for it lays a man under no uneaſy reſtraint, but leaves it in his power to do as he pleaſes. I muſt not forget to inform you, that we hired a Swiſs ſervant, whom they call here valet de place; and to him we entruſted the management of every thing, which ſaves us a great deal of trouble; and I really believe the fellow to be extremely honeſt, for I do not find that I ſpend more money here than in London. As it is abſolutely neceſſary to have a coach at Paris, we engaged a *remiſe* during our ſtay; and indeed it was indiſpenſably incumbent upon to us ſet up an equipage,

equipage, for we commenced lords immediately upon entering the Fauxbourgh St. Germain.—— Z——ds, Harry, theſe people think, that every man who looks aukward, and throws away his money is an Engliſh Lord; nay, they are ſo liberal of this title, that they call the Engliſh taylors and perukemakers, who ſometimes pay them a viſit, *des petits my lords*. You may believe, my friend, I was very deſirous to ſee their theatrical entertainments.—I have indeed been at one or other of them every night. They are d——d ſtrange, Sir,—not the thing by any means.—I do not, it is true, underſtand the language, but their manner is quite different from ours.—The players ſeldom or ever throw out the voice with any vehemence, but ſpeak in as natural a manner as if they were off the ſtage —that would not be borne with us. You know, however, the French are pleaſed with it, as they know no better. The firſt time I was at the playhouſe, I imagined there had been a riot the night before; for I obſerved there were no benches in the pit: but in this I was miſtaken, for there never are any ſeats in that part of the houſe; the reaſon is, I ſuppoſe, becauſe a Frenchman could not ſit ſtill during the performance. With reſpect to the manner of living, Harry, it is intolerable. By Heavens! I ſhould have been ſtarved, if I had not luckily got acquainted with an Iriſh Abbé of Lombard College, one Mr. M'Manus, a very good ſort of a man, though a Popiſh prieſt. He has a curſed queer way of talking indeed, his accent being a

mixture of the brogue and the French cadence, and his phraſes generally literal tranſlations from the French. He is notwithſtanding a d——d honeſt fellow, and will get drunk with any of his friends at a minute's warning. If it had not been for this gentleman, who conducted me to a little place kept by an Engliſh woman, where I got a leg of mutton and turnips and beef ſteaks, I ſhould have been obliged to ſet out poſt for England.—'Tis true, upon honour—my life was at ſtake—I could by no means live upon their ſoup and bully, and fouty kickſhaws made of ſtinking meat. Their wines, it muſt be allowed, are pretty enough, when one is uſed to them; but at firſt they ſeem prodigious weak; they have not half the body of our wines in England; but that is eaſily accounted for, the beſt growths being always ſent to us; at leaſt Venables and Tompkins tell me ſo. In mentioning Kemp's, for it ſtill bears her name, though ſhe has been dead ſome time, I ſhould have told you of an ugly ſcrape I had like to have fallen into. I got into company with an officer of the Scotch troops in the French King's ſervice, and I began to hum him about party affairs; but, d——n me, he ſoon gave me to underſtand that I was on the wrong ſide the water for that fun, and inſiſted that I ſhould give immediate ſatisfaction. Gad, I reflected it would be confoundedly ſilly to get pinked in a Popiſh country, where they would not allow me Chriſtian burial; and ſo I aſked his pardon, and the affair was made up by the meditation of Abbé M'Manus.

This

This has cured me from attemptiug any ſport of that kind while I ſtay here. You will be ſurprized perhaps, that I give you no account of the people. To tell you the truth, my friend, I do not know any of them. I went once to an ordinary, and the company were ſo remarkably civil to me, that I began to think they had a deſign upon me; but my friend Jack Commons, who has ſtudied the law, and knows theſe things, tells me this exceſſive politeneſs proceeds from their living under an arbitrary government. I cannot help laughing at the immenſe number of Chevaliers de St. Louis, which I meet every where. Theſe gentlemen are as numerous here, as knights have been in the city of London ſince the year forty-three. They wear a little enamelled croſs hanging to a red ribbon, which is fixed in a button-hole of the coat; and moſt of them have a ſtreak of dirt on their white ſilk ſtockings, about an inch above the ſhoe, which, I ſuppoſe, is part of the order. As to the government of this country, I have not thought it worth my while to enquire about it, for I am ſatisfied with old England, and there will end my days. I have had very few amours ſince I left England, for I do not know how it is, I am d——d ſhy of the women here, they are ſo deviliſh ſprightly—I know three or four of them, whom my barber recommended me to, but they are not of the firſt claſs.

To conclude, dear Harry, Mr. M'Manus has carried me through all the curioſities in and about Paris, and now my time lies very heavy on my

hands; for as I have no acquaintance, and am unwilling to enter into any connexion with people in a ſtrange country, I am at a loſs what to do with myſelf in an evening. The day I contrive to paſs away tolerably well, in ſauntering in the Tuilleries until dinner, which brings all the Engliſh together at Kemp's; from thence we adjourn to Procope's, until it is time to go to the play, which kills the time till about half an hour after eight; but when the actors diſmiſs us, we are perplexed to determine how we ſhall diſpoſe of ourſelves, and are in the end obliged, in our own defence, to return to Kemp's, and play a game at whiſt. This way of life will not do with me, and in about a fortnight you may expect to ſee me, when we will laugh over theſe ſtrange ſcenes at the Shakeſpeare.

I am ſincerely yours, &c.

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## An ESSAY in Praiſe of GOOD LIVING.

THE pleaſure which comes from the gratification of any appetite, bears proportion to the force or feebleneſs of that appetite: and it is very lucky and providential that it thus happens; for if the ſame agreeable ſenſations which are occaſioned by a compliance with the demands of nature, and are, in health, ſo quick and exquiſite, did continue with us in time of ſickneſs, we ſhould be apt to indulge them,

them, and by clogging the wheels of life, put an end to it: but diſorders taking off the edge of appetite, nature is at leiſure to reſcue itſelf from a preſent grievance.

To humour nature is neceſſary; and to follow her as far as ſhe will go without a ſpur, is lawful; but to provoke her, when ſhe grows ruſty, to new employments, to cram her after ſatiety, is madneſs and ſelf-murder. The root of this vice is in the imagination; for our fancy belyes our abilities, making them greater than they are, and we take its word, and are led by flattering inclinations into continual purſuits of new pleaſure, which end in diſappointment or pain. When therefore our deſires outrun our ſtrength, it is high time to rebuke them.

I deſign this as a preface to a diſſertation upon eating, which I have choſen for the ſubject of my preſent eſſay.

"I was acquainted," ſays a merry fellow of my acquaintance, "with a venerable father of the "Popiſh church beyond ſea, who was remarkable "for two things; a great ſtock of faith, and as "great a ſtomach. He believed all the lying mi-"racles of their ſaints, and eat all the capons within "ſeven miles of him. This reverend glutton had "already, by the inceſſant induſtry of his grinders, "built himſelf three ſtories of chin, and laid the "foundation of a fourth, when I met him one "morning exceedingly dejected, and wofully out of "humour: How now, dear devourer, ſaid I to him, "why

"why ſo gloomy? is the pantry empty, or does "the ſpit ſtand ſtill? He told me, no; their kitchen "was warm, and their table well loaded, and they "had choice and plenty thrice a day, and often, "even four times a day. Why then, ſaid I, in the "name of beads and holy water, my moſt religious "father, in what branch of gluttony doth thy grief "conſiſt? for I know, if thoſe catholic guts of "thine proſper, neither heaven nor earth can "diſturb thee. Why, ſays he, wiping his eyes, "and fetching a great ſigh, in my mind a man "ſhould always be eating."

Now, though I do not think that a man ſhould be always filling himſelf, and growing in greaſe, according to the laudable principle and practice of this holy and reverend friar, who by his trade had little elſe to do but gormandize, yet I freely allow there is a good deal of pleaſure in eating; and I fancy he that ſhould ſet up to live without it, would ſoon make a ſlender figure, and be forced, in a ſhort time, either to reſume the uſe of his teeth, or die a lean martyr to abſtinence.

Temperance is the mid-way between gluttony and faſting, and neither permits us to ſuffocate our ſenſes on the one hand, nor to emaciate our bodies on the other hand. One extreme makes us ſtupid, and the other peeviſh. The firſt renders us unfit to act at all, the ſecond makes us fanciful, and conſequently to act wrong. If there be any preference, it lies on the ſide of luxury; for who would not rather be uſeleſs or ſleepy, than illnatured or whimſical? Faſting

Faſting being practiſed by holy men of old, as a means to recommend their prayers and themſelves to the acceptance of heaven, all churches have come into the uſe of it, either at ſtated times, or occaſionally. But, now-a-days, though the name remains, the thing is much laid aſide: and on Wedneſdays and Fridays, beef, mutton, and poultry are in as good repute as at other times. There are indeed ſome, who, with the neceſſary help of a good breakfaſt in the morning, are now and then piouſly diſpoſed to faſt till the evening, and then, by eating a double meal, beg pardon of their appetite for their godlineſs, and ſacrifice to their belly, for having ſinned againſt it. In ſhort, this generation, whether they have conſulted carnal reaſon, or the example of their teachers, I can't tell, ſeem to be of opinion, that God Almighty can have no pleaſure in beholding his creatures ill-favoured and hide-bound; and it muſt be owned, that his miniſters, in every country, keep themſelves ſo plump, and in ſuch good caſe, as if they placed but little devotion in the griping of the guts.

As there is a ſenſible and a neceſſary pleaſure attending the performance of every office of nature, it is impoſſible to ſatisfy hunger without it; and they contradict common ſenſe and experience, and themſelves into the bargain, who make it a crime; and thoſe who make it a duty to eat without delight, muſt ſtarve before they can practiſe their own precept. A gentleman in the army told me ſome time ago, that while he was in Scotland, being entertained

tained at a gentleman's table, he happened to commend very highly a diſh of fiſh, which taſted very deliciouſly: but an auſtere parſon of the kirk, who was preſent, taking it for a ſign of reprobation, that he was pleaſed with his victuals; "Sir," quoth he to the officer, "while you pamper the fleſh, I wiſh "you do not ſtarve the inward man; the ſoul is not "fed at the mouth, and you ought not to luſt after "the food which periſheth." The colonel told me, that this ſhort ſermon, when he was minding better things, made him ſtare; "But," ſays he, "perceiving "that my ghoſtly adviſer was two yards round the "middle, I aſſured him, I would be admoniſhed "by his example; for I ſaw by his tabernacle his "food did not periſh; and then took t'other cut."

I have often obſerved, that eating is a rare help to good humour. I knew an old fellow, who, from his firſt getting up in a morning, made it his conſtant employment to ſcold at his family till he ſat down to dinner; and then the firſt mouthful of pudding calmed his fretful heart, and made him pleaſed with his wife, and all the world: he was particularly fond of beef, which he called Proteſtant victuals; and uſed to ſay, there was religion and liberty in an Engliſh ſir-loin; but that French cookery was like the Latin maſs, and nobody knew what was in it: he therefore wiſhed, that ſoups and ragoûs were out of faſhion; for that, in his opinion, they ſavoured ſtrangely of Popery and wooden ſhoes. "Let "us," ſays he old man, "in the name of liberty "and full bellies, ſtick to beaf and pudding; and "then

"then I'll enſure church and ſtate for half a "crown."

I am one of thoſe perſons who think, that there is much ſatisfaction in a hearty meal; and, as my luck this way is pretty good, I confeſs I make the moſt of it; having for theſe two laſt months been more than ordinary happy in my company, diet, and diverſions, I doubt not but my reader can eaſily diſcover that my labours reliſh highly of the brighteſt French wine, the richeſt veniſon, and the politeſt converſation. I am ſorry to add, that my enjoyment of theſe bleſſings is at preſent ſomewhat ruffled by the arbitrary ſpirit of a member of parliament, who is come on a viſit to the gentleman whoſe debtor I am for all the above-named pleaſures. This dogmatical perſon, becauſe he has a finger in making laws for the nation, ſets up for a ruler of my throat, and pretends to preſcribe laws to my ſtomach, which it is well if I can do myſelf. He has a ſmart appetite, and therefore I would be well enough contented, if I might be allowed to keep cloſe to his example in the manufacture of the teeth; but he is like other legiſlators, and ſcorns to ſtand to his own ſtatutes: he watches every morſel that I cut; and when he ſees me making my fourth tour, with knife in hand, towards the haunch, he ſeizes my weapon, cries, "Pry'thee, author, don't "oppreſs your genius with roaſt meat, but keep "your brains in tune for the public." And when he has thus pinned me down to involuntary temperance, he puts out his fork, without e'er a bluſh

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in his face, and recruits his plate with the other half pound of veniſon. If I eat a ſmall ſlice of ham for ſupper, he holds up his hands, and wonders where I can find ſtowage; but he, at the ſame time, devours a couple of partridges, and ſwallows a quart of codlins and cream; and then wipes his mouth, and gives us to know, that he has made a ſlender ſupper, becauſe he intends to ſleep ſound. He this very day ſpoiled my dinner; and, for aught I know, by that means, this eſſay; I was, however, reſolved to write upon a ſubject, which this mercileſs tyrant keeps me, as much as he can, from knowing by experience. How to deal with him, I know not. If I ſhould challenge him, he might perhaps, like others of his houſe, plead privilege, or, which is as bad, though not ſo likely, take me at my word.

But as this eſſay grows too long, I muſt ſuppreſs or defer twenty good things which I have to ſay of eating; and finiſh my preſent panegyric upon it with a word of advice to the glutton. And I aſſure him, as hard a doctrine as he may think it, that cramming is not the chief end of man: I muſt alſo inform him, that, upon diligent ſearch, he will find a thing within him called the mind, which ought to be fed as well as his belly, and yet has lain long ſtarved and neglected; and, in fine, I muſt deſire him, while he is wholly taken up in cultivating the life and genius of a pig, not to forget altogether that he has an human face, and had once a human ſhape. Lord Gormond will, I hope, take this hint; and preſently diſmiſs, at leaſt, half

half a dozen of his twenty cooks, and not overload his limbs at every meal, as he does; ſo as they cannot carry him from table without the aſſiſtance of ten ſervants.

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## General REMARKS on our THEATRES.

SINCE the opening of our theatres, all Grub-ſtreet, as uſual, has been buſy in offering its advice to the managers. We have been told of their want of judgment, capacity, and candour; we have been entertained with wiſe diſquiſitions on tones, attitudes, and enunciations, and our ſlighteſt pleaſures have been commented upon by didactic dullneſs. Our actors have been inſtructed to amuſe us by rule, and the chimes have been rung, till we are ſtunned, upon feeling, action, pathos, and ſpirit, and many other precious terms that eſcape my memory.—As I love to be adviſing too, for advice is eaſily given, and bears a ſhew of wiſdom and ſuperiority, I muſt be permitted to offer a few obſervations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occaſion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is ſomething in the deportment of all our players infinitely more ſtiff and formal than amongſt the actors of other nations. Their action ſits uneaſy upon them; for as the Engliſh uſe very little geſture in ordinary converſation, our Engliſh-bred

bred actors are obliged to ſupply ſtage geſtures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company, and in every coffee-houſe he enters. An Engliſhman is obliged to take his models from the ſtage itſelf; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no ſet of men more likely to be improved by travelling than thoſe of the theatrical profeſſion. The inhabitants of the continent are leſs reſerved than here; they may be ſeen through upon a firſt acquaintance; ſuch are the proper models to draw from; they are at once ſtriking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcuſable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may ſhew the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactneſs of his judgment; we ſcarce ſee a coxcomb or a fool in common life, that has not ſome peculiar oddity in his action. Theſe pecularities it is not in the power of words to repreſent, and depend ſolely upon the actor. They give a reliſh to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illuſive; the Italians, it is true, maſk ſome characters, and endeavour to preſerve the peculiar humour by the make of the maſk; but I have ſeen others ſtill preſerve a great fund of humour in the face without a maſk; one actor, particularly, by a ſquint which he threw into ſome characters of low life, aſſumed a look of infinite ſolidity. This, though

though upon reflection we might condemn, yet, immediately upon repreſentation, we could not avoid being pleaſed with. To illuſtrate what I have been ſaying by the plays I have ſeen at Paris: in the Miſer, the French comedian, in the character of Lovegold, in the midſt of one of his moſt violent paſſions, while he appears in an ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice ſtill upon him, and ſtoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat pocket with great aſſiduity. Two candles were lighted up for his wedding; he flies and turns one of them into the ſocket; it is, however, lighted up again; he then ſteals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. In the Mock Doctor alſo, the French player ſits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to ſhew away by talking nonſenſe, which he would have thought Latin by thoſe whom he knows do not underſtand a ſyllable of the matter. At laſt he grows enthuſiaſtic, enjoys the admiration of the company, toſſes his legs and arms about, and in the midſt of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital, but the gravity of Cato could not ſtand it in the repreſentation. In ſhort, there is hardly a character in comedy to which a player of any real humour might not add ſtrokes of vivacity that could not fail applauſe. But inſtead of this we too often ſee our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part, but ſtrut, and open their ſnuff-box; our pretty fellows ſit indecently with their legs acroſs, and our clowns pull

up their breeches. Theſe, if once, or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to ſee them ſerved up in every ſcene, argues the actor almoſt as barren as the character he would expoſe.

The magnificence of our theatres is far ſuperior to any others in Europe where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactneſs in all the minutiæ of dreſs, and other little ſcenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Ricoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe with no other deſign, but to remark upon the ſtage; but there are ſeveral apparent improprieties ſtill continued, or lately come into faſhion. As, for inſtance, ſpreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death ſcene, in order to prevent our actors from ſpoiling their cloaths; this immediately apprizes us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more ſure indication of dinner, than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury-Lane. Our little pages alſo with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princeſs, and our aukward lords in waiting, take off much from her diſtreſs. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and leſſen our ſenſibility: but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we ſee them ſeriouſly employed in doing nothing. If we muſt have dirty-ſhirted guards upon the theatres, they ſhould be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty methinks ſeems a requiſite qualification in an actreſs. This ſeems ſcrupulouſly obſerved elſewhere, and for my part I could wiſh to ſee it obſerved at home. I can never conceive an hero dying for love of a lady totally deſtitute of beauty. I muſt think the part unnatural, for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I muſt condemn him of ſtupidity, and the perſon whom I can accuſe for want of taſte will ſeldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what muſt be the entire perverſion of ſcenical decorum, when, for inſtance, I have ſeen an actreſs that might act the Wapping Landlady without a bolſter, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and, while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that ſhe is dying with hunger.

For the future then, I could wiſh that the parts of the young or beautiful were given to performers of ſuitable figures; for I muſt own, I could rather ſee the ſtage filled with agreeable objects, though they might ſometimes bungle a little, than ſee it crowded with withered or miſhapen figures, be their emphaſis, as I think it is called, ever ſo proper. The firſt may have the aukward appearance of new raiſed troops, but in viewing the laſt, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myſelf placed in an hoſpital of invalids.

## Of the EXPEDIENTS to get rid of TIME.

THE ſeveral buſy actions of men, and the perpetual means they contrive to find themſelves employment, are only ſo many arts to get rid of life without dying. We are in haſte to get over the preſent moment, and graſping at ſomething future, which, when it comes, will alſo cloy us. We grow weary of an inſtant enjoyment, after we had, perhaps, paſſionately longed for it: and conceive pleaſure in the proſpect of one at a diſtance; but when we have overtaken it, it grows taſteleſs, and, as contradictory as it may ſeem, diſcontent ariſes from gratification. Thus our life lies in hope, and is in a reſtleſs ſucceſſion of ſatiety and deſire.

But though experience ſhews us the vanity and emptineſs of our wiſhes, we are for ever ſtarting and indulging new ones, with as little ſucceſs; and our hopes and deſires, though they are continually baffled, are for all that continually riſing. The greateſt prince lives as much upon expectation as the meaneſt ſlave; and, as he has fewer things to wiſh for, as being already maſter of all things, he is the more unhappy perſon of the two; eſpecially if he carries in his boſom the reſtleſs ſting of ambition. Though he commands every thing in his own territory, yet he cannot enjoy it, becauſe it is his; and ſo with great ſlaughter and violence makes a prey of his neighbour's property, which yet does not pall his appetite for more.

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The great buſineſs, therefore, and hurry of the world, is nothing elſe but diverſion, and a way of waſting the time; and princes go to war as they do to a hunting-match, to keep themſelves in exerciſe. Great men ſtrive for ſcepters and white ſtaves, as children do for whiſtles and bells, only to play with them; and when they plague and harraſs mankind about theſe their baubles, they do it but to entertain themſelves. The miſchief and miſery of the world is, to one of theſe mighty infants, no more than a matter of mirth and amuſement. To Alexander the great, Cæſar, Hannibal, and the like children of blood, fighting was like a game at tennis-ball; and when they were men, they rode upon provinces, as they did upon hobby-horſes, when they were boys. But whether in infancy or age, an impatience to ſtand ſtill and be quiet begot both theſe different exerciſes. Cutting of throats is as much a piece of ſport to a warrior, as playing at marbles is to a child. The overrunning of provinces, and the plundering of nations, are to him but taking of the air; and he kills, burns, and ravages to paſs away the time.

There is nothing more ridiculous in men, or argues greater ignorance of themſelves, than to be crying, as they frequently do, we will do ſuch a thing, or ſuch a thing, and then have done, Alas! there is no ſtobbing the progreſs of the paſſions without extinguiſhing life: a fire will as ſoon burn without air. While there is life there will be deſires; and theſe being of things to come, it is im-

poſſible to confine them to the preſent inſtant, or any ſtated point of time: we cannot ſay to them, Thus far go, and no further, ſince progreſſion is neceſſary to their exiſtence. There is no medium between death and motion; and when we ceaſe to proceed, we ceaſe to be.

To be doing, therefore, is a conſequence of living; and idleneſs is but a deliberation of what is to be done next. Old men are generally blamed for laying platforms and foundations of great works and buildings, which they cannot live to ſee finiſhed; but I think the cenſure is groundleſs, ſince by this means they cut out certain buſineſs and entertainment for themſelves, and open a ſource of perpetual new action and obſervation, and conſequently of new pleaſure. Such laſting projects are therefore proper methods to keep up and encourage expectation, which is the food and relief of life. Our whole delight is in proceeding.

Beſides, theſe gentlemen who turn undertakers when it is grown late in life, do ſeldom or never conſider, that they muſt depart and leave their ſchemes unexecuted: they think they have got a knack of living; and as every man is apt to prefer himſelf to all the reſt, he is alſo apt to flatter himſelf with the hopes of better fortune, and longer life, than any other enjoys.

There was a gentleman in Devonſhire, who, after he was fourſcore, planted in a field a row of walnut-trees, which, it ſeems, do not bear fruit in many years after they are ſet: and when a neigh-

neighbour told him, that the boys would ſteal all the nuts, "Oh," ſays old eighty, "let me alone to "deal with the boys." And Mr. Hobbs, in the ninetieth year of his age, made him a warm winter-coat, which he ſaid muſt laſt him three years, and then he would have ſuch another.

The famous dialogue between Pyrrhus king of Epirus, and Cineas his prime counſellor, is full of inſtruction, and excellently ſets forth the reſtleſs ſpirit of man.

"What, Sir, do you propoſe in this expedition "againſt the Romans?" ſays Cineas. "To conquer "all Italy," anſwers Pyrrhus. "And what next?" ſays the counſellor. "Then we will tranſport our "army into Sicily, and make that kingdom our "own," replied his majeſty. "And what is to be "done then?" continued Cineas. "Then," quoth the hero, "we will ſail to Africa, and bring the "country under ſubjection." "And what remains "to be done after that?" ſays the ſtateſman. "Why? "then," ſays the monarch, "we will ſit down and "be merry." "And what hinders us, I beſeech you, "Sir, from doing ſo now?" ſaid Cineas.

What anſwer the king gave to this laſt queſtion, is either not ſaid, or I have forgot; but it is certain he made fighting his conſtant diverſion to the laſt gaſp, and never came an inch nearer to that ſame merry hour, which he propoſed as the heroic end and iſſue of all his bravery and battles. He was knocked on the head in an aſſault upon the city of Argos, and ſo died in his calling.

Many are the arts and devices practiſed by weak mortals to diſpatch their time: they are equally impatient of idleneſs and action; every hour is a burden, and they muſt be doing ſomewhat to make them forget that they are tired; and when the expedient itſelf grows alſo tireſome, as it ſoon does, then they try another. Thus they go on in an eternal round of curioſity and wearineſs, and ſubſiſt upon looking forward.

The methods of wearing away our days are as various as the humours and capacities of mankind. Some, as has been obſerved before, lead armies; ſome diſturb the public in a civil way; ſome make ſpeeches; and ſome pick their teeth. Snuff has got great and univerſal reputation this way, and the takers of it can recreate their whole body with a little labour of the fingers and the noſe. I know an eminent ſerjeant at law, who finds curious diverſion in drawing a ſtring through his fingers; and tying knots upon it; and moſt of his learned brethren keep themſelves in practice by ſtroking down the ſides of their perukes with remarkable gravity. The ladies divert themſelves with tea, and ſlander, and viſits, and their fans, and ſeveral other amuſements, about which I ſhall ſay nothing. There are ſome few of both ſexes, who find devotion as good a ſtratagem as any to ſhake off time, and ſo make piety a conſiderable diverſion. With others, gaming is in great repute, for waſting their money, and their time, with wonderful facility. About the Royal Exchange, tricking and over-reaching are notable

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and approved cures for lazineſs; but at court, there are no means known or practiſed.

Since therefore people will be ever doing ſomething, the beſt advice I can give them is, that while they are amuſing themſelves they do not prejudice others. It is contrary to reaſon and religion, that one man ſhould reap ſorrow from the recreation of another. Every one has a title to make himſelf happy, provided he does it at no one's expence but his own. Innocent diverſions, though ever ſo trifling, are lawful; and we have a right upon theſe terms to rejoice in our own folly. And whoever thinks to be ſevere upon it, will find, that thoſe animadverſions can do the world but little good, which are made upon trifles that do it no hurt.

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## An ESSAY on a LIFE of INDEPENDENCE.

FEW virtues have been more praiſed by moraliſts, than generoſity; every practical treatiſe of Ethics tends to increaſe our ſenſibility of the diſtreſſes of others, and to relax the graſp of frugality. Philoſophers that are poor, praiſe it becauſe they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himſelf has written a treatiſe on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

But among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am ſurprized there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to ſhew that by every favour we accept, we in ſome meaſure forfeit

feit our native freedom, and that a ſtate of continual dependence on the generoſity of others is a life of gradual debaſement.

Were men taught to deſpiſe the receiving obligations with the ſame force of reaſoning and declamation that they are inſtructed to confer them, we might then ſee every perſon in ſociety filling up the requiſite duties of his ſtation with cheerful induſtry, neither relaxed by hope, nor ſullen from diſappointment.

Every favour a man receives, in ſome meaſure ſinks him below his dignity; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up ſo much of his natural independence. He therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any ſenſibility, ſuffers the worſt of ſervitude; the ſhackled ſlave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependent is taxed with ingratitude upon every ſymptom of diſcontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the ſilence of mental confinement. To increaſe his diſtreſs, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from riſing; till at laſt, elaſtic no longer, it ſhapes itſelf to conſtraint, and puts on habitual ſervility.

It is thus with the feeling mind; but there are ſome who, born without any ſhare of ſenſibility, receive favour after favour, and ſtill cringe for more, who accept the offer of generoſity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make

make thanks for paſt benefits an indirect petition for new; ſuch I grant can ſuffer no debaſement from dependence, ſince they were originally as vile as was poſſible to be; dependence degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the ſordid mind in priſtine meanneſs. In this manner therefore long continued generoſity is miſplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthleſs, or it makes him ſo; and true it is, that the perſon who is contented to be often obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

Yet while I deſcribe the meanneſs of a life of continued dependence, I would not be thought to include thoſe natural or political ſubordinations which ſubſiſt in every ſociety; for in ſuch, though dependence is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either ſide is mutual. The ſon muſt rely upon his parent for ſupport, but the parent lies under the ſame obligations to give, that the other has to expect; the ſubordinate officer muſt receive the commands of his ſuperior, but for this obedience the former has a right to demand an intercourſe of favour; ſuch is not the dependence I would depreciate, but that where every expected favour muſt be the reſult of mere benevolence in the giver, where the benefit can be kept without remorſe, or transferred without injuſtice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for inſtance, is deteſtable in ſome countries, and deſpicable in all; this univerſal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of ſociety, ſome moraliſts have

have arraigned as a popular and unjuſt prejudice; never conſidering the neceſſary degradations a wretch muſt undergo, who previouſly expects to grow rich by benefits without having either natural or ſocial claims to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourſe of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver; a man can gain but little knowledge of himſelf, or of the world, amidſt a circle of thoſe whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him; their unceaſing humiliations muſt neceſſarily increaſe his comparative magnitude, for all men meaſure their own abilities by thoſe of their company; thus being taught to over-rate his merit, he in reality leſſens it; increaſing in confidence, but not in power, his profeſſions end in empty boaſt, his undertakings in ſhameful diſappointment.

It is perhaps one of the ſevereſt misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to live among men whoſe real value is leſſened by dependence, and whoſe minds are enſlaved by obligation. The humble companion may have at firſt accepted patronage with generous views, but ſoon he feels the mortifying influence of conſcious inferiority, by degrees ſinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at laſt degenerates into ſtupid veneration. To remedy this the great often diſmiſs their old dependents, and take new. Such changes are falſely imputed to levity, falſhood, or caprice in the patron, ſince they may be more juſtly aſcribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

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No, my ſon, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the ſoul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendſhip. To give ſhould be our pleaſure, but to receive our ſhame; ſerenity, health, and affluence attend the deſire of riſing by labour; miſery, repentance, and diſreſpect that of ſucceeding by extorted benevolence: the man who can thank himſelf alone for the happineſs he enjoys, is truly bleſt, and lovely, far more lovely the ſturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning ſimper of thriving adulation.

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## A good TASTE in Eating the true STANDARD of MERIT.

CALLIGULA never ſuffered any thing at his table but what was procured with the utmoſt difficulty and expence; therefore, when he was at the greateſt diſtance from the ſea, he always made lenten feaſts.

The ſmall ill taſte prevailing among the Engliſh quality, no doubt, gave riſe to the trite proverb, "Far fetch'd and dear bought, is food for ladies." To us the familiar practice of eſteeming things by the length of time required, and the hazards run to import them, and not by their intrinſic value, has made our wonder ceaſe: but were a man of good ſenſe, a ſtranger to this common vanity, to ſee a perſon

perſon pay fifty guineas for as many Indian birds neſts diſſolved in a ſoup not ſufficient to ſatisfy the appetite of a hungry peaſant, and know the ſame perſon had fifty duns at his levee every morning, who, while he threw away their ſubſtance, were wanting neceſſary ſupport for their families; would he not deem ſuch a one more criminal than the poor half-ſtarved wretch; who, by endeavouring to prolong a miſerable life, is deprived of it by the ſentence of the law, which gives him up to the executioner to be ſuſpended as unworthy of either heaven or earth? But the moſt favourable ſentence he could paſs on ſuch a thoughtleſs and unjuſt procedure, muſt be confinement and a dark room till the offender had recovered the uſe of his reaſon, and the inveſting his eſtate, till he was himſelf capable of acting, in the hands of truſtees, for the preſervation of his family and the doing juſtice to his creditors. How much below the dignity of a reaſonable being does he act, who ſtudies nothing but the gratifying his palate; who ranſacks earth and ſea to pleaſe his taſte, laviſhes his eſtate to have the reputation of keeping an elegant table; not only ſwallows his own fortune, but the fortunes of his creditors; by his delicacies brings his children to the want of neceſſaries, as the Engliſh proverb ſays, "To leap at a cruſt;" and thus, by his luxury, entails want and miſery on his poſterity?

Epicurus, who never admitted any thing at his table but when it was firſt in ſeaſon, or brought from ſome other clime; who had no reliſh for peaſe

which

which did not coſt a guinea a plate; was ſick at the ſight of a mackarel under five half-crowns; could not taſte any but virgin pullets; has ſent an hundred and fifty miles for a diſh of freſh ſturgeon, and whoſe gardener has rode poſt an hundred and twenty with a couple of cucumbers; lives now three parts of the year on ſheep's hearts, and the refuſe of the markets. Epicurus was not ſo vain in his fine equipage, as of his elegant taſte, and his great ſkill in knowing the critical ſeaſons for all viands; and he was as much overjoyed at an opportunity of ſpeaking on this topic, as Archimedes was at the finding out of the hydroſtatic balance; nay, the wretchedneſs of his condition has not yet had ſtrength to baniſh this vanity, and he comforts himſelf in the want of every thing, with the reflection, that nobody underſtands good eating better, or kept a more polite table than himſelf. I was one day deſired by an acquaintance of mine, who knew the ſtraits he was in, to leave a guinea, he gave me for him, at his lodgings, it being in the way to the place I was going to. I found him with a pair of compaſſes in his hand, drawing circles on a paper. I aſked him, if he was ſtudying the mathematics? "No;" ſaid he, "but as I was alone, I "diverted myſelf with my own thoughts: I was "thinking of the abſurdities I remarked once at a "high-ſheriff's feaſt, where there was abundance "of good meat ſpoiled in the dreſſing, and placed "on the table without the leaſt ſymmetry. At "the head were ſet all ſort of jellies, which claim

"the

"the center; and in the center were ſet muſh-
"rooms, ſweet-breads, peaſe, fat livers, and pup-
"ton of quinces, without the leaſt regard to order
"or decency; and every one knows, theſe, regu-
"larly diſpoſed, arrogate to themſelves the upper
"end of the board. As I remember the diſhes per-
"fectly well, I was diſpoſing of them in their pro-
"per ſtation: I have made theſe circles to repreſent
"the different plates: I have poſed the laſt men-
"tioned at, as I have already ſaid they have juſt
"pretenſions to claim, the head of the table: as
"'ſquires on each hand, I have raiſed five turkey
"pouts, with a larded one in the centre. On the
"right and on the left I have ſet down three brace
"of partridges ſwimming in gravy, which the ab-
"ſurd fool, who had the ordering of this table, had
"ſet as ſupporters to the pyramid of ſweet-meats."
He proceeded to ſhew me how he had marſhalled about forty other diſhes, and the blunders he had rectified. But telling him, I was an entire novice in the art of cookery, with ſome emotion he threw aſide his paper, and ſaid, "He wondered a gentle-
"man who had travelled ſhould be ignorant of
"what the French allowed a neceſſary, nay, an
"eſſential qualification for a man of rank and for-
"tune. Sir," continued he, "my teaching the
"marſhal Villeroy to grill a beef-ſteak à l'Angloiſe,
"gave me a greater reputation at the court of
"France than the moſt artful miniſter ever gained
"by his negotiations. In return, the marſhal en-
"gaged the cardinal—to let me into the ſecret of

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"farcing ſturgeon with vipers tails, and to teach "me the method of making a ſauce of ſparrows "brains to a diſh of flaminge tongues. The genius "of a nation is known by its taſte in cookery. I "conclude the Dutch to be a phlegmatic people, "from their water zooties. The Spaniards are "revengeful; and their great uſe of garlic and ſpices "ſpeaks them ſo; and if you can but tell me the "favourite viands of a people, I will immediately "tell you their propenſity: ſo that to be an able "ſtateſman, it is abſolutely neceſſary to be a perfect "cook: nothing, as Mr. Lamb ſays in his preface "to the treatiſe of Royal Cookery, has given the "Engliſh ſo great a character abroad, as the ele-"gance of their tables at home. I will quote his "own words: "I may venture to ſay, that our "credit and eſteem with foreign miniſters, has, in a "great meaſure, been built and ſupported on this "foundation; for thoſe whoſe ſhortneſs of parts, "or perhaps reſidence amongſt us, would not "qualify them to remark upon the nicer parts of "our conſtitution, have yet gone away with ſuch "a reliſh of our magnificence, as to lament their "own barreneſs, whenever they reflected on the "fleſh-pots they left behind them." "Where you ſee "he judiciouſly makes good eating part of our "conſtitution; and a little before this, he ſets our "public entertainments on a foot with the Roman "triumphs and ovations: "I was at dinner once at "Carthagene with the governor; the ſerjeant-major "was at table; he had been in England, and enter-

"tained me all dinner-time with the excellencies of "Engliſh roaſt beef: he thought it tautology to "mention the intrepidity of the Engliſh, their ge- "neroſity, and other remarkable virtues; or he "very juſtly thought they were all included in "roaſt beef. Were I in the miniſtry, I would en- "deavour at an act of parliament, which ſhould for- "bid any young gentleman's travelling till he had "paſſed his examination in the king's kitchen, as a "lieutenant does at the Admirality." When he had ended, I diſcharged my truſt; and Epicurus, on the receipt of the gold, begged I would do him the honour to take part of a couple of boiled mullets, and a plate of ruffs, which were in their prime in March. He was ſorry the guinea would not hold out to accompany them with a battelio pie, and a pottage ſante. The recital of this gentleman's inveterate folly, and his inviting me to be a witneſs how well he employed my friend's charity, put me in mind a part of the eleventh ſatire of Juvenal.

*But when poor Rutilus ſpends all his worth,*
*In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth,*
*'Tis downright madneſs; for what greater jeſts,*
*Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feaſts?*

Gratitude

## GRATITUDE incompatible with LOVE; an ESSAY.

A PROPER application of benefits will ſupply every other external advantage in life, but the love of thoſe we converſe with. Love is the ſpontaneous production of the mind; no generoſity can purchaſe, nor rewards increaſe, and no liberality can continue it. The very perſon who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affections, and voluntarily mix gratitude with paſſion.

Imparted fortune, and well placed liberality, may procure the benefactor eſteem; may load the perſon obliged, with the ſenſe of the duty he lies under to retaliate: this is gratitude; and gratitude for benefits received is all the return an ingenuous mind can beſtow.

But love and gratitude are almoſt oppoſite affections. Love is often an involuntary paſſion, placed upon our companions without our conſent, and frequently conferred without our eſteem. We love ſome men, we know not why; our tenderneſs is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuſe their faults with the ſame indulgence, and approve their virtues with the ſame applauſe, with which we conſider our own. While we entertain the paſſion, it pleaſes us; we cheriſh it with delight, and part from it with reluctance; love for love being all the reward we expect or deſire. Gratitude, on

the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous endeavours to excite it; we conſider it as a debt, and our ſpirits are a load till we have diſcharged the obligation; every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumſtance of humiliation; and ſome are found to ſubmit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what they owe, as thinking it in ſome meaſure cancels the obligation.

Thus one is the moſt eaſy and agreeable; the other, the moſt humiliating affection of the mind; we never reflect on the man we love without exulting in our choice; while he who has bound us to him by benefits, alone riſes to our idea as a perſon to whom we have, in ſome meaſure, forfeited our freedom. They are ſeldom therefore found in the ſame breaſt without impairing each other; we muſt be contented either with giving love or gratitude to thoſe we converſe with, for they cannot have both together. Men may be too much obliged; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large an arrear, and all additional benefits only diminiſh every hope of future return.

In all our connections with ſociety, therefore, it is not only generous but prudent to appear inſenſible of the value of thoſe favours we beſtow; love and friendſhip muſt be taken by ſtratagem, and not by open force; in conferring benefits, we ſhould ſeem ignorant that we oblige; and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuſe its affections;

fections; for conſtraint will certainly produce diſguſt.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquiſition. A benefit conferred demands a juſt acknowledgment, and we have a right to inſiſt upon our due; but it were much more prudent, however, to forego our right on ſuch an occaſion; for we receive but little advantage from repeated proteſtations of gratitude, while they coſt him very much from whom we exact them in return.

As Mencius the philoſopher was travelling in purſuit of wiſdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was ſtraying, while rain and thunder conſpired to make ſolitude ſtill more hideous, he perceived a hermit's cell, and approaching, aſked for ſhelter. "Enter," cries the hermit in a ſevere tone; "men deſerve not to be obliged; "but it would be imitating their ingratitude to "treat them as they deſerve. Come in; examples "of vice may ſometimes ſtrengthen us in the ways "of virtue."

After a frugal meal, which conſiſted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repreſs his curioſity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, whoſe actions taught the trueſt leſſons of wiſdom. "Mention not the name of man," cried the hermit with indignation; "here let me live retired from a "baſe ungrateful world; here, in the foreſt, I ſhall "find no flatterers: the lion is an open enemy, and

"the dog a faithful friend; but man, baſe man, can "poiſon the bowl, and ſmile when he preſents it." "You have then been uſed ill by mankind?" interrupted the philoſopher dryly. "Yes," returned the hermit; "on mankind I have exhauſted my whole "fortune; and this ſtaff, and that cup, and thoſe "roots, are all that I have in return." "Did you "beſtow your fortune among them, or did you "only lend it?" returned Mencius. "I beſtowed "it undoubtedly," replied the other; "for where "were the merits of being a money-lender?" "Did "they ever own that they received your benefits?" ſtill adds the philoſopher. "A thouſand times," cries the hermit; "they every day loaded me with "profeſſions of gratitude for favours received, and "ſolicitations for future." If then," ſays Mencius ſmiling, "you did not lend your fortune in order "to have it returned, it is injuſtice to accuſe them "of ingratitude: they owned themſelves obliged; "you expected no more; and they certainly earn a "favour, who ſtoop to acknowledge the obligation." The hermit was ſtruck with the reply; and, ſurveying his gueſt with great emotion, "I have "heard of the great Mencius, and thou certainly "art the man: I am now fourſcore years old, but "ſtill a child in wiſdom; take me back to the world, "and educate me as one of the moſt ignorant and "youngeſt of thy diſciples."

"Indeed, my ſon, it is better to have friends in "our paſſage through life than admirers; and as love "is a more willing, ſo it is a more laſting tribute "than

"than extorted obligation. As we are uneaſy when "greatly obliged, gratitude once refuſed can never "after be recovered: the mind that is baſe enough "to diſallow the juſt return, inſtead of feeling any "uneaſineſs upon recollection, triumphs in its new "acquired freedom, and in ſome meaſure is pleaſed "with conſcious baſeneſs. Very different is the "ſituation of diſagreeable friends; their ſeparation "produces mutual uneaſineſs, like that divided "being in faboulous creation; their ſympathetic "ſouls once more deſire their former union, the "joys of both are imperfect, their gayeſt moments "tinctured with uneaſineſs; each ſeeks the ſmalleſt "conceſſions to clear the way to a wiſhed-for ex- "planation; the moſt trifling acknowledgment, the "ſlighteſt accident, ſerves to effect a mutual agree- "ment. But, inſtead of purſuing the thought, "permit me to ſoften the ſeverity of my advice by "an European ſtory which fully ſerves to illuſtrate "my meaning.

"A fiddler and his wife, who had rubbed through "life, as moſt couples uſually do, ſometimes good "friends, at others not quite ſo well; one day hap- "pened to have a diſpute, which was conducted "with becoming ſpirit on both ſides. The wife "was ſure ſhe was right; and the huſband was re- "ſolved to have his own way. What was to be "done in ſuch a caſe? The quarrel grew worſe by "their explanations; and at laſt their fury roſe to "ſuch a pitch, that each made a vow never to ſleep "in the ſame bed for the future. This was the

"moſt raſh vow that could be imagined; for they "ſtill were friends at bottom, and beſides they had "but one bed in the houſe: however, reſolved they "were to go through with it; and, as they had not "ſeparate beds, at night the fiddle-caſe was laid be- "tween them in order to make a ſeparation. In "this manner they continued for three weeks; "every night the fiddle-caſe being placed as a barrier "to divide them. By this time, however, each heart- "ily repented of their vow, their reſentment was "at an end, and their love began to return; they "wiſhed the fiddle-caſe away, but both had too "much ſpirit to ſubmit. One night, however, as "they were both lying awake, with the deteſted "fiddle-caſe between them, the huſband happened "to ſneeze; to this the wife, as is uſual in ſuch "caſes, bid God bleſs him: "Ay, but," returns the "huſband, "Giles, do you ſay that from your heart?" "Indeed, I do, my poor Nicholas," cries his wife; "I ſay it with all my heart." "If ſo then," ſays the "huſband, "I fancy we had as good remove the "fiddle-caſe."

## The FOLLY of attempting to learn WISDOM in RETIREMENT.

BOOKS, while they teach us to reſpect the intereſts of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they inſtruct the youthful reader to graſp

graſp at ſocial happineſs, he grows miſerable in detail; and, attentive to univerſal harmony, often forgets that he himſelf has a part to ſuſtain in the concert. I diſlike therefore the philoſopher who deſcribes the inconveniencies of life in ſuch pleaſing colours that the pupil grows enamoured of diſtreſs, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniencies till he ſeverely feels them.

A youth, who has thus ſpent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philoſophic information, may be conſidered as a being whoſe mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wiſe; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own ſkill in the direction, he ſets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himſelf at laſt undone.

He firſt has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in exceſs; and he has been long taught to deteſt vice and to love virtue: warm therefore in attachments, and ſtedfaſt in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from thoſe he loves unerring integrity, and conſigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begins his diſappointments: upon a cloſer inſpection of human nature, he perceives, that he ſhould have moderated his friendſhip, and ſoftened his ſeverity; for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind clouded

clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character ſo ſanctified that has not its failings; none ſo infamous, but has ſomewhat to attract our eſteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards ſhould have been more cool, and his hatred leſs violent; that the truly wiſe ſeldom court romantic friendſhip with the good, and avoid, if poſſible, the reſentment even of the wicked: every moment gives him freſh inſtances that the bonds of friendſhip are broken if drawn too cloſely, and that thoſe whom he has treated with diſreſpect more than retaliate the injury; at length therefore he is obliged to confeſs, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to eſpouſe his quarrel.

Our book-taught philoſopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the juſt conſequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is reſolved to meet it without ſhrinking: philoſophers have deſcribed poverty in moſt charming colours; and even his vanity is touched in thinking, that he ſhall ſhew the world in himſelf one more example of patience, fortitude, and reſignation: "Come then, O Po-"verty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the "wiſe! Temperance, health, and frugality walk in "thy train; cheerfulneſs and liberty are ever thy "companions. Shall any be aſhamed of thee of

"whom

"whom Cincinatus was not aſhamed? The running "brook, the herbs of the field, can amply ſatisfy "nature; man wants but little, nor that little long. "Come then, O Poverty! while kings ſtand by and "gaze with admiration at the true philoſopher's re- "ſignation."

The goddeſs appears; for Poverty ever comes at the call: but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his own imagination had painted. As when an eaſtern bride, whom her friends and relations had long deſcribed as a model of perfection, pays her firſt viſit, the longing bride-groom lifts the veil to ſee a face he had never ſeen before; but inſtead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the ſun, he beholds deformity ſhoting icicles to his heart; ſuch appears Poverty to her new entertainer; all the fabric of enthuſiaſm is at once demoliſhed, and a thouſand miſeries riſe upon its ruins; while contempt, with pointing finger, is foremoſt in the hideous proceſſion.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating; he finds, that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philoſopher in all the majeſty of ſolitude. It might be agreeable enough to play the philoſopher, while we are conſcious that mankind are ſpectators; but what ſignifies wearing the maſk of ſturdy contentment, and mounting the ſtage of reſtraint, when not one creature will aſſiſt at the exhibition? Thus is he forſaken of men, while his fortitude wants the ſatis-

faction

faction even of ſelf-applauſe; for either he does not feel his preſent calamities, and that is natural inſenſibility; or he diſguiſes his feelings, and that is diſſimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man; not diſtinguiſhing in his reſentments, he regards all mankind with deteſtation; and commencing man-hater, ſeeks ſolitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been ſaid, that he who retires to ſolitude, is either a beaſt or an angel: the cenſure is too ſevere, and the praiſe unmerited; the diſcontented being, who retires from ſociety, is generally ſome good-natured man who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourſe with mankind.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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